A TALE
OF
TWO CITIES

DICKENS

ECLECTIC ENGLISH
CLASSICS

PEARCE

Walter Eckhardt

ECLECTIC ENGLISH CLASSICS

DICKENS'S

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

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TALE TWO CITIES

E. P. 1

PREFATORY NOTE.

WITH the republication of this text of "A Tale of Two Cities," first issued some years ago, it may be well to repeat the statement that, "with the exception of a few paragraphs and four chapters not necessary to the continuity of the narrative, the story is here presented just as it was first written." The present editor has added a biographical sketch of Dickens, suggestive notes and questions, and explanatory notes, such as he believes will be found adequate and useful.

CONTENTS.

BOOK THE FIRST. RECALLED TO LIFE.

Chap.		Page.
I.	The Mail	7
II.	The Preparation	11
III.	The Wine Shop	21
IV.	The Shoemaker	29

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

I.	Five Years Later	40
II.	A Sight	43
III.	A Disappointment	48
IV.	Congratulatory	60
V.	Hundreds of People	66
VI.	Monseigneur in Town	76
VII.	Monseigneur in the Country	81
VIII.	The Gorgon's Head	86
IX.	Two Promises	96
X.	A Companion Picture	103
XI.	The Fellow of Delicacy	105
XII.	The Fellow of No Delicacy	109
XIII.	The Honest Tradesman	113
XIV.	Knitting	120
XV.	Still Knitting	130
XVI.	One Night	139
XVII.	Nine Days	142

Chap.		Page
XVIII.	An Opinion	148
XIX.	A Plea	156
XX.	Echoing Footsteps	160
XXI.	The Sea Still Rises	168
XXII.	Fire Rises	172
XXIII.	Drawn to the Loadstone Rock	179

BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

I.	In Secret	189
II.	The Grindstone	199
III.	The Shadow	204
IV.	Calm in Storm	209
V.	Triumph	212
VI.	A Knock at the Door	218
VII.	A Hand at Cards	222
VIII.	The Game Made	234
IX.	The Substance of the Shadow	244
X.	Dusk	261
XI.	Darkness	265
XII.	Fifty-two	273
XIII.	The Knitting Done	286
XIV.	The Footsteps Die Out Forever	299
	Appendix:	
	Biographical Sketch of Dickens	305
	General Questions and Suggestions	311
	More Detailed Questions and Suggestions	315
	Notes	322

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

IN THREE BOOKS

BOOK THE FIRST — RECALLED TO LIFE

CHAPTER I.

THE MAIL.

It was the Dover road that lay, on a Friday night late in November,[n] before the first of the persons with whom this history has business. The Dover road lay as to him, beyond the Dover mail, as it lumbered up Shooter's Hill.[n] He walked uphill in the mire by the side of the mail, as the rest of the passengers did; not because they had the least relish for walking exercise, but because the hill, and the harness, and the mud, and the mail, were all so heavy that the horses had three times already come to a stop.

With drooping heads and tremulous tails, the horses mashed their way through the thick mud, floundering and stumbling between whiles, as if they were falling to pieces at the larger joints. As often as the driver rested them and brought them to a stand, with a wary "Wo-ho! so-ho then!" the near leader[n] violently shook his head and everything upon it — seeming to deny that the coach could be got up the hill. Whenever the leader made this rattle, the passenger started, as a nervous passenger might, and was disturbed in mind.

[n] See notes at end of volume (pp. 322–331).

There was a steaming mist in all the hollows. It was dense enough to shut out everything from the light of the coach lamps but these its own workings, and a few yards of road; and the reek of the laboring horses steamed into it, as if they had made it all.

Two other passengers, besides the one in whom we are especially interested, were plodding up the hill by the side of the mail. All three were wrapped to the cheek bones and over the ears, and wore jack boots. Not one of the three could have said, from anything he saw, what either of the other two was like. In those days, travelers were very shy of being confidential on a short notice, for anybody on the road might be a robber or in league with robbers.

The Dover mail was in its usual genial position that the guard suspected the passengers, the passengers suspected one another and the guard, they all suspected everybody else, and the coachman was sure of nothing but the horses.

"Wo-ho!" said the coachman. "So, then! One more pull and you're at the top! — Joe!"

"Halloa!" the guard replied.

"What o'clock do you make it, Joe?"

"Ten minutes, good, past eleven."

"My blood!" ejaculated the vexed coachman, "and not top of Shooter's yet! Tst! Yah! Get on with you!"

The emphatic horse, spurred on by the whip, made a decided scramble for it, and the three other horses followed suit. Once more, the Dover mail struggled on, with the jack boots of its passengers squashing along by its side. They had stopped when the coach stopped and had kept close company with it. If any one of the three had had the hardihood to propose to another to walk on a little ahead into the mist and darkness, he would have put himself in a fair way of getting shot instantly as a highwayman.

The last burst carried the mail to the summit of the hill. The horses stopped to breathe again, and the guard got down to skid

the wheel [n] for the descent, and open the coach door to let the passengers in.

"Tst! Joe!" cried the coachman in a warning voice, looking down from his box.

"What do you say, Tom?"

They both listened.

"I say a horse at a canter coming up, Joe."

"*I* say a horse at a gallop, Tom," returned the guard, leaving his hold of the door, and mounting nimbly to his place. "Gentlemen! In the king's name,[n] all of you!"

With this hurried adjuration, he cocked his blunderbuss, and stood on the offensive.

The passenger booked by this history, was on the coach step, getting in; the two other passengers were close behind him, and about to follow. He remained on the step, half in the coach and half out of it; they remained in the road below him.

The stillness consequent on the cessation of the rumbling and laboring of the coach, added to the stillness of the night, made it very quiet indeed. The panting of the horses communicated a tremulous motion to the coach, as if it were in a state of agitation. The hearts of the passengers beat loud enough perhaps to be heard; but at any rate, the quiet pause was audibly expressive of people out of breath, and holding the breath, and having the pulses quickened by expectation.

The sound of a horse at a gallop came fast and furiously up the hill.

"So-ho!" the guard sang out, as loud as he could roar. "Yo there! Stand! I shall fire!"

The pace was suddenly checked, and with much splashing and floundering, a man's voice called from the mist, "Is that the Dover mail?"

"Never you mind what it is?" the guard retorted. "What are you?"

"Is that the Dover mail?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"I want a passenger, if it is."

"What passenger?"

"Mr. Jarvis Lorry."

Our booked passenger showed in a moment that it was his name. The guard, the coachman, and the two other passengers eyed him distrustfully.

"Keep where you are," the guard called to the voice in the mist, "because, if I should make a mistake, it could never be set right in your lifetime. Gentleman of the name of Lorry, answer straight."

"What is the matter?" asked the passenger, then, with mildly quavering speech. "Who wants me? Is it Jerry?"

"Yes, Mr. Lorry."

"What is the matter?"

"A dispatch sent after you from over yonder. T. and Co."

"I know this messenger, guard," said Mr. Lorry, getting down into the road, assisted from behind more swiftly than politely by the other two passengers, who immediately scrambled into the coach, shut the door, and pulled up the window. "He may come close; there's nothing wrong."

"I hope there ain't, but I can't make so 'nation sure of that," said the guard. Hallo you!"

"Well! And hallo you!" said Jerry, more hoarsely than before.

"Come on at a foot pace! d'ye mind me? And if you've got holsters to that saddle o' yourn, don't let me see your hand go nigh 'em."

The figure of a horse and rider came slowly through the eddying mist, and came to the side of the mail, where the passenger stood. The rider stopped, and, casting up his eyes at the guard, handed the passenger a small folded paper.

"Guard!" said the passenger, in a tone of quiet business confidence. "There's nothing to apprehend. I belong to

Tellson's Bank in London. I am going to Paris on business. A crown to drink. I may read this?"

"If so be as you're quick, sir."

He opened it in the light of the coach lamp on that side, and read — first to himself and then aloud: "'Wait at Dover for mam'selle.' It's not long, you see, guard. Jerry, say that my answer was, RECALLED TO LIFE."

Jerry started in his saddle. "That's a blazing strange answer, too," said he, at his hoarsest.

"Take that message back, and they will know that I received this, as well as if I wrote. Make the best of your way. Good night."

With those words the passenger opened the coach door and got in; not at all assisted by his fellow-passengers, who had secreted their watches and purses in their boots, and were now making a general pretense of being asleep.

"Tom!" softly over the coach roof.

"Hallo, Joe."

"Did you hear the message?"

"I did, Joe."

"What do you make of it, Tom?"

"Nothing at all, Joe."

"That's a coin*ci*dence, too," the guard mused, "for I made the same of it myself."

CHAPTER II.

THE PREPARATION.

When the mail got successfully to Dover, in the course of the forenoon, the head drawer[n] at Royal George Hotel opened the coach door as his custom was.

By that time there was only one adventurous traveler left to be congratulated; for the two others had been set down at their respective roadside destinations. The mildewy inside of the

coach, with its damp and dirty straw, its disagreeable smell and its obscurity, was rather like a larger dog kennel. Mr. Lorry, the passenger, shaking himself out of it in chains of straw, a tangle of shaggy wrapper, flapping hat, and muddy legs, was rather like a larger sort of dog.

"There will be a packet to Calais, to-morrow, drawer?"

"Yes, sir, if the weather holds and the wind sets tolerable fair. The tide will serve pretty nicely at about two in the afternoon, sir. Bed, sir?"

"I shall not go to bed till night; but I want a bedroom, and a barber."

"And then breakfast, sir? Yes, sir. That way, sir, if you please. Show Concord! [n] Gentleman's valise and hot water to Concord. Pull off gentleman's boots in Concord. (You will find a fine sea-coal [n] fire, sir.) Fetch barber to Concord. Stir about there, now, for Concord!"

The Concord bedchamber being always assigned to a passenger by the mail, and passengers by the mail being always heavily wrapped up from head to foot, the room had the odd interest that although but one kind of man was seen to go into it, all kinds and varieties of men came out of it. Consequently another drawer, and two porters, and several maids, and the landlady, were all loitering by accident at various points of the road between the Concord and the coffee room, when a gentleman of sixty, formally dressed in a brown suit of clothes, pretty well worn, but very well kept, with large square cuffs and large flaps to the pockets, passed along on his way to his breakfast.

The coffee room had no other occupant that forenoon, than the gentleman in brown. His breakfast table was drawn before the fire, and as he sat, with its light shining on him, waiting for the meal, he sat so still, that he might have been sitting for his portrait.

He had a good leg, and was a little vain of it, for his brown stockings fitted sleek and close, and were of a fine texture; his

shoes and buckles, too, though plain, were trim. He wore an odd little sleek crisp flaxen wig, setting very close to his head. His linen, though not of a fineness in accordance with his stockings, was as white as the tops of the waves that broke upon the neighboring beach. A face habitually suppressed and quieted, was still lighted up under the quaint wig by a pair of moist bright eyes that must have cost their owner, in years gone by, some pains to drill to the composed and reserved expression of Tellson's Bank. He had a healthy color in his cheeks, and his face, though lined, bore few traces of anxiety.

Completing his resemblance of a man who was sitting for his portrait, Mr. Lorry dropped off to sleep. The arrival of his breakfast roused him, and he said to the drawer, as he moved his chair to it:

"I wish accommodation prepared for a young lady who may come here at any time to-day. She may ask for Mr. Jarvis Lorry, or she may only ask for a gentleman from Tellson's Bank. Please to let me know."

When Mr. Lorry had finished his breakfast he went out for a stroll on the beach. The little, narrow, crooked town of Dover hid itself away from the beach, and ran its head into the chalk cliffs, like a marine ostrich.[n]

As the day declined into the afternoon, and the air, which had been at intervals clear enough to allow the French coast to be seen, became again charged with mist and vapor, Mr. Lorry's thoughts seemed to cloud too. When it was dark, and he sat before the coffee room fire, awaiting his dinner as he had awaited his breakfast, his mind was busily digging, digging, digging, in the live red coals.

A bottle of good claret after dinner does a digger in the red coals no harm, otherwise than as it has a tendency to throw him out of work. Mr. Lorry had been idle a long time, and had just poured out his last glassful of wine, when a rattling of wheels came up the narrow street and rumbled into the inn yard.

He set down his glass untasted. "This is mam'selle!" said he.

In a very few minutes the waiter came in to announce that Miss Manette had arrived from London, and would be happy to see the gentleman from Tellson's.

"So soon?"

Miss Manette had taken some refreshments on the road, and required none then, and was extremely anxious to see the gentleman from Tellson's immediately, if it suited his pleasure and convenience.

The gentleman from Tellson's had nothing left but to empty his glass with an air of stolid desperation, settle his odd little flaxen wig at the ears, and follow the waiter to Miss Manette's apartment. It was a large, dark room, furnished in a funereal manner with black horsehair, and loaded with heavy dark tables.

The obscurity was so difficult to penetrate that Mr. Lorry, picking his way over the well-worn Turkey carpet, supposed Miss Manette to be, for the moment, in some adjacent room, until, having got past the two tall candles, he saw standing to receive him by the table between them and the fire, a young lady of not more than seventeen, in a riding cloak, and still holding her straw traveling hat by its ribbon in her hand. As his eyes rested on a short, slight, pretty figure, a quantity of golden hair, a pair of blue eyes that met his own with an inquiring look, and a forehead with a singular capacity (remembering how young and smooth it was), of lifting and knitting itself into an expression that was not quite one of perplexity, or wonder, or alarm, or merely of a bright, fixed attention, though it included all the four expressions, — as his eyes rested on these things, a sudden vivid likeness passed before him of a child whom he had held in his arms on the passage across that very channel, one cold time, when the hail drifted heavily and the sea was high. The likeness passed away, like a breath along the surface of the gaunt pier glass behind her, and he made a formal bow to Miss Manette.

"Pray take a seat, sir." In a very clear and pleasant young voice; a little foreign in its accent, but a very little indeed.

"I kiss your hand, miss," said Mr. Lorry, with the manners of an earlier date, as he made his formal bow again, and took his seat.

"I received a letter from the bank, sir, yesterday, informing me that some intelligence — or discovery ——"

"The word is not material, miss; either word will do."

"— respecting the small property of my poor father, whom I never saw — so long dead —— rendered it necessary that I should go to Paris, there to communicate with a gentleman of the bank, so good as to be despatched to Paris for that purpose."

"Myself."

"As I was prepared to hear, sir."

She courtesied to him with a pretty desire to convey to him that she felt how much older and wiser he was than she.

"I replied to the bank, sir, that as it was considered necessary, by those who know, that I should go to France, and that as I am an orphan and have no friends who could go with me, I should esteem it highly if I might be permitted to place myself during the journey, under that worthy gentleman's protection. The gentleman had left London, but I think a messenger was sent after him to beg the favor of his waiting for me here."

"I was happy," said Mr. Lorry, "to be entrusted with the charge. I shall be more happy to execute it."

"Sir, I thank you indeed. It was told me by the bank that the gentleman would explain the details of the business, and that I must prepare myself to find them of a surprising nature. I have done my best to prepare myself, and I naturally have a strong and eager interest to know what they are."

"Naturally," said Mr. Lorry. "Yes — I ——"

After a pause, he added, again setting the crisp flaxen wig at the ears:

"It is very difficult to begin."

He did not begin, but in his indecision, met her glance. The young forehead lifted itself into that singular expression — and she raised her hand, as if with an involuntary action she caught at, or stayed some passing shadow.

"Are you quite a stranger to me, sir?"

"Am I not?"

Between the eyebrows and just over the little feminine mouth, the line of which was as delicate and fine as it was possible to be, the expression deepened itself as she took her seat thoughtfully in the chair by which she had hitherto remained standing. He watched her as she mused, and the moment she raised her eyes, again went on:

"In your adopted country, I can not do better than address you as a young English lady, Miss Manette?"

"If you please, sir."

"Miss Manette, I am a man of business. I have a business charge to acquit myself of. In your reception of it, don't heed me any more than if I was a speaking machine — truly, I am not much else. I will, with your leave, relate to you, miss, the story of one of our customers."

"Story!"

He seemed willfully to mistake the word she had repeated, when he added, in a hurry, "Yes, customers; in the banking business we usually call our connection our customers. He was a French gentleman; a scientific gentleman; a man of great acquirements — a doctor."

"Not of Beauvais?"

"Why, yes, of Beauvais. Like Monsieur Manette, your father, the gentleman was of Beauvais. Like Monsieur Manette, your father, the gentleman was of repute in Paris. I had the honor of knowing him there. Our relations were business relations, but confidential. I was at that time in our French house, and had been — oh! twenty years."

"At that time — I may ask, at what time, sir?"

" I speak, miss, of twenty years ago. He married — an English lady — and I was one of the trustees. His affairs, like the affairs of many other French gentlemen and French families, were entirely in Tellson's hands. In a similar way I am, or I have been, trustee of one kind or other for scores of our customers."

" But this is my father's story, sir; and I begin to think that when I was left an orphan through my mother's surviving my father only two years, it was you who brought me to England. I am almost sure it was you."

" Miss Manette, it *was* I. You have been the ward of Tellson's house since, and I have been busy with the other business of Tellson's house since. So far, miss (as you have remarked), this is the story of your regretted father. Now comes the difference. If your father had not died when he did — Don't be frightened! How you start!"

She did, indeed, start. And she caught his wrist with both her hands.

" Pray," said Mr. Lorry, in a soothing tone, " pray control your agitation — a matter of business. As I was saying ——"

Her look so discomposed him that he stopped, wandered, and began anew.

" As I was saying; if Monsieur Manette had not died; if he had suddenly and silently disappeared; if he had been spirited away; if it had not been difficult to guess to what dreadful place; though no art could trace him; if he had had an enemy in some compatriot who could exercise a privilege [n] that I in my own time have known the boldest people afraid to speak of in a whisper, across the water there; for instance, the privilege of filling up blank forms for the consignment of anyone to the oblivion of a prison for any length of time; if his wife had implored the king, the queen, the court, the clergy, for any tidings of him, and all quite in vain; — then the history of your

father would have been the history of this unfortunate gentleman, the doctor of Beauvais."

"I entreat you to tell me more, sir."

"I will. I am going to. You can bear it?"

"I can bear anything but the uncertainty you leave me in at this moment."

"You speak collectedly, and you — *are* — collected. That's good! A matter of business. Regard it as a matter of business — business that must be done. Now if this doctor's wife, though a lady of great courage and spirit, had suffered so intensely from this cause before her little child was born ——"

"The little child was a daughter, sir?"

"A daughter. A — a — matter of business — don't be distressed. Miss, if the poor lady had suffered so intensely before her little child was born, that she came to the determination of sparing the poor child the inheritance of any part of the agony she had known the pains of, by rearing her in the belief that her father was dead — No, don't kneel! In heaven's name why should you kneel to me!"

"For the truth. Oh dear, good, compassionate sir, for the truth!"

"A — a matter of business. You confuse me, and how can I transact business if I am confused. Let us be clear-headed."

Without directly answering to this appeal, she sat so still when he had very gently raised her, and the hands that had not ceased to clasp his wrists were so much more steady than they had been, that she communicated some reassurance to Mr. Jarvis Lorry.

"That's right, that's right. Courage! Business! You have business before you; useful business. Miss Manette, your mother took this course with you. And when she died — I believe broken-hearted — having never slackened her unavailing search for your father, she left you, at two years old, to grow to be blooming, beautiful, and happy, without the dark cloud upon you

of living in uncertainty whether your father soon wore his heart out in prison, or wasted there through many lingering years."

As he said the words, he looked down, with an admiring pity, on the flowing golden hair; as if he pictured to himself that it might have been already tinged with gray.

"You know that your parents had no great possession, and that what they had was secured to your mother, and to you. There has been no new discovery of money, or of any other property; — but ——"

He felt his wrist held closer, and he stopped. The expression in the forehead, which had so particularly attracted his notice, and which was now immovable, had deepened into one of pain and horror.

"But he has been — been found. He is alive. Greatly changed, it is too probable; almost a wreck, it is possible; though we will hope the best. Still, alive. Your father has been taken to the house of an old servant in Paris, and we are going there; I, to identify him if I can; you, to restore him to life, love, duty, rest, comfort."

A shiver ran through her frame, and from it through his. She said, in a low, distinct, awe-stricken voice, as if she were saying it in a dream:

"I am going to see his ghost! It will be his ghost — not him!"

Mr. Lorry quietly chafed the hands that held his arm. "There, there, there! See now, see now! The best and the worst are known to you, now. You are well on your way to the poor, wronged gentleman, and, with a fair sea voyage, and a fair land journey, you will soon be at his dear side. Only one thing more," said Mr. Lorry, laying stress upon it as a wholesome means of enforcing her attention; "he has been found under another name; his own, long forgotten or long concealed. It would be worse than useless now to inquire which; worse than useless to seek to know whether he has been for years overlooked,"

or always designedly held prisoner. It would be worse than useless now to make any inquiries, because it would be dangerous. Better not to mention the subject, anywhere or in any way, and to remove him — for awhile at all events — out of France. Even I, safe as an Englishman, and even Tellson's, important as they are to French credit, avoid all naming of the matter. I carry about me not a scrap of writing openly referring to it. This is a secret service altogether. My credentials, entries, and memoranda, are all comprehended in the one line 'Recalled to Life;' which may mean anything. But what is the matter? She doesn't notice a word! Miss Manette!"

Perfectly still and silent, and not even fallen back in her chair, she sat under his hand, utterly insensible; with her eyes open and fixed upon him, and with that last expression looking as if it were carved or branded into her forehead. So close was her hold upon his arm, that he feared to detach himself lest he should hurt her; therefore he called out loudly for assistance without moving.

A wild-looking woman, whom even in his agitation Mr. Lorry observed to be all of a red color, and to have red hair, and to be dressed in some extraordinary tight-fitting fashion, and to have on her head a most wonderful bonnet, came running into the room in advance of the inn servants, and soon settled the question of his detachment from the poor young lady, by laying a brawny hand upon his chest, and sending him flying back against the nearest wall.

("I really think this must be a man!" was Mr. Lorry's breathless reflection.)

"Why, look at you all!" bawled this figure, addressing the inn servants. "Why don't you go and fetch things, instead of standing there and staring at me? I am not so much to look at, am I? Why don't you go and fetch things? I'll let you know, if you don't bring smelling salts, cold water and vinegar, quick, I will!"

There was an immediate dispersal for these restoratives, and she softly laid the patient on a sofa, and tended her with great skill and gentleness; calling her "my precious!" and "my bird!" and spreading her golden hair aside over her shoulders with great pride and care.

"And you in brown!" she said, indignantly turning to Mr. Lorry; "couldn't you tell her what you had to tell her, without frightening her to death? Look at her, with her pretty pale face, and her cold hands. Do you call that being a banker?"

"I hope she will do well now," said Mr. Lorry.

"No thanks to you in brown, if she does."

"I hope," said Mr. Lorry, after another pause of feeble sympathy and humility, "that you accompany Miss Manette to France?"

"A likely thing, too!" replied the strong woman. "If it was ever intended that I should go across salt water, do you suppose Providence would have cast my lot in an island?"

This being another question hard to answer, Mr. Jarvis Lorry withdrew to consider it.

CHAPTER III.

THE WINE SHOP.

A LARGE cask of wine had been dropped and broken, in the street. The accident had happened in getting it out of a cart; the cask had tumbled out with a run, the hoops had burst, and it lay on the stones just outside the door of the wine shop, shattered like a walnut shell.

All the people within reach had suspended their business, or their idleness, to run to the spot and drink the wine. The rough, irregular stones of the street, had dammed it into little pools; these were surrounded, each by its little jostling group or crowd, according to its size. Some men kneeled down, made scoops of their two hands joined, and sipped, or tried to help

women, who bent over their shoulders, to sip, before the wine had all run out between their fingers. Others, men and women, dipped in the puddles with little mugs of mutilated earthenware, or even with handkerchiefs, from women's heads, which were squeezed dry afterward. There was no drainage to carry off the wine, and not only did it all get taken up, but so much mud got taken up along with it, that there might have been a scavenger in the street, if anybody acquainted with it could have believed in such a miraculous presence.

The wine was red wine, and had stained the ground in the narrow street in the suburb of Saint Antoine,[a] in Paris, where it was spilled. It had stained many hands, too, and many faces, and many naked feet, and many wooden shoes. Those who had been greedy with the staves of the cask, had acquired a tigerish smear about the mouth; and one tall joker so besmirched, his head more out of a long squalid bag of a nightcap than in it, scrawled upon a wall, with his finger dipped in muddy wine-lees, BLOOD.

The time was to come, when that wine too would be spilled on the street stones, and when the stain of it would be red upon many there.

The wine shop was a corner shop, better than most others in its appearance and degree, and the master of the wine shop had stood outside it, in a yellow waistcoat and green breeches, looking on at the struggle for the lost wine. "It's not my affair," said he, with a final shrug of the shoulders. "The people from the market did it. Let them bring another."

This wine-shop keeper was a martial-looking man of thirty, and he should have been of a hot temperament, for, although it was a bitter day, he wore no coat, but carried one slung over his shoulder. His shirt sleeves were rolled up, too, and his brown arms were bare to the elbows. Neither did he wear anything more on his head than his own crisply-curling short dark hair. He was a dark man altogether, with good eyes and a good bold

breadth between them. Good-humored looking on the whole, evidently a man of strong resolution and a set purpose; a man not desirable to be met, rushing down a narrow pass with a gulf on either side, for nothing would turn the man.

Madam Defarge, his wife, sat in the shop behind the counter, as he came in. Madam Defarge was a stout woman of about his own age, with a watchful eye that seldom seemed to look at anything, a large hand heavily ringed, a steady face, strong features and great composure of manner. There was a character about Madam Defarge, from which one might have predicated that she did not often make mistakes against herself in any of the reckonings over which she presided. Madam Defarge being sensitive to cold, was wrapped in fur, and had a quantity of bright shawl twined about her head, though not to the concealment of her large earrings. Her knitting was before her, but she had laid it down to pick her teeth with a toothpick. Thus engaged, with her right elbow supported by her left hand, Madam Defarge said nothing when her lord came in, but coughed just one grain of cough. This, in combination with the lifting of her darkly defined eyebrows over her toothpick by the breadth of a line, suggested to her husband that he would do well to look round the shop among the customers, for any new customer who had dropped in while he stepped over the way.

The wine-shop keeper accordingly rolled his eyes about until they rested upon an elderly gentleman and a young lady who were seated in a corner. Other company were there; two playing cards, two playing dominoes, three standing by the counter lengthening out a short supply of wine. As he passed behind the counter, he took notice that the elderly gentleman said in a look to the young lady, "This is our man."

But he feigned not to notice the two strangers, and fell into discourse with the triumvirate of customers who were drinking at the counter.

"How goes it, Jacques?"[a] said one of these three to Monsieur Defarge. "Is all the spilled wine swallowed?"

"Every drop, Jacques," answered Monsieur Defarge.

When this interchange of Christian name was effected, Madame Defarge coughed another grain of cough, and raised her eyebrows by the breadth of another line.

"It is not often," said the second of the three, addressing Monsieur Defarge, "that many of these miserable beasts know the taste of wine, or of anything but black bread and death. Is it not so, Jacques?"

"It is so, Jacques," Monsieur Defarge returned.

At this second interchange of the Christian name, Madame Defarge, still using her toothpick with profound composure, coughed another grain of cough, and raised her eyebrows by the breadth of another line.

The last of the three now said his say, as he put down his empty drinking vessel and smacked his lips.

"Ah! So much the worse! A bitter taste it is that such poor cattle always have in their mouths, and hard lives they live, Jacques. Am I right, Jacques?"

"You are right, Jacques," was the response of Monsieur Defarge.

This third interchange of the Christian name was completed at the moment when Madame Defarge put her toothpick by, kept her eyebrows up, and slightly rustled in her seat.

"Hold then! True!" muttered her husband. "Gentlemen, — my wife!"

The three customers pulled off their hats to Madame Defarge, with three flourishes. She acknowledged their homage by bending her head, and giving them a quick look. Then she glanced in a casual manner around the wine shop, took up her knitting with great apparent calmness, and repose of spirit, and became absorbed in it.

"Gentlemen," said her husband, who had kept his bright eye

observantly upon her, "good day. The chamber, furnished bachelor fashion, that you wished to see, and were inquiring for when I stepped out, is on the fifth floor. The doorway of the staircase gives on the little courtyard close to the left here," pointing with his hand, "near to the window of my establishment. But, now that I remember, one of you has already been there, and can show the way. Gentlemen, adieu!"

They paid for their wine, and left the place. The eyes of Monsieur Defarge were studying his wife at her knitting when the elderly gentleman advanced from his corner, and begged the favor of a word.

"Willingly, sir," said Monsieur Defarge, and quietly stepped with him to the door.

Their conference was very short, but very decided. Almost at the first word, Monsieur Defarge started and became deeply attentive. It had not lasted a minute, when he nodded and went out. The gentleman then beckoned to the young lady, and they, too, went out. Madame Defarge knitted with nimble fingers and steady eyebrows, and saw nothing.

Mr. Jarvis Lorry and Miss Manette, emerging from the wine shop thus, joined Monsieur Defarge in the doorway to which he had directed his other company just before. It opened from a little black courtyard, and was the general public entrance to a great pile of houses, inhabited by a great number of people. In the gloomy tile-paved entry to the gloomy tile-paved staircase, Monsieur Defarge bent down on one knee to the child of his old master, and put her hand to his lips. It was a gentle action, but not at all gently done; a very remarkable transformation had come over him in a few seconds. He had no good-humor in his face, nor an openness of aspect left, but had become a secret, angry, dangerous man.

"It is very high; it is a little difficult. Better to begin slowly." Thus Monsieur Defarge, in a stern voice, to Mr. Lorry, as they began ascending the stairs.

"Is he alone?" the latter whispered.

"Alone! Who should be with him!" said the other, in the same low voice.

"Is he always alone, then?"

"Yes."

"Of his own desire?"

"Of his own necessity. As he was when I first saw him after they found me and demanded to know if I would take him, and at my peril be discreet — as he was then, so he is now."

"Is he greatly changed?"

"Changed!"

The keeper of the wine shop stopped to strike the wall with his hand. No direct answer could have been half so forcible. Mr. Lorry's spirits grew heavier and heavier, as he and his two companions ascended higher and higher.

At last the top of the staircase was gained, and they stopped for the third time. There was yet an upper staircase, of a steeper inclination and of contracted dimension, to be ascended, before the garret story was reached. The keeper of the wine shop, always going a little in advance, and always going on the side which Mr. Lorry took, as though he dreaded to be asked any questions by the young lady, turned himself about there, and, carefully feeling in the pockets of the coat he carried over his shoulder, took out a key.

"The door is locked, then, my friend?" said Mr. Lorry, surprised.

"Ay. Yes," was the grim reply of Monsieur Defarge.

"You think it necessary to keep the unfortunate gentleman so retired?"

"I think it necessary to turn the key." Monsieur Defarge whispered it closer in his ear, and frowned heavily.

"Why?"

"Why! Because he has lived so long, locked up, that he

would be frightened — rave — tear himself to pieces — die — come to I know not what harm — if his door was left open."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Lorry.

"Is it possible?" repeated Defarge, bitterly. "Let us go on."

This dialogue had been held in so very low a whisper, that not a word of it had reached the young lady's ears. But by this time she trembled under such strong emotion, and her face expressed such deep anxiety, that Mr. Lorry felt it necessary to speak a word or two of reassurance.

"Courage, dear miss! Courage! Business! The worst will be over in a moment; it is but passing the room door, and the worst is over. Then, all the good you bring to him, all the relief, all the happiness you bring to him, begin. Let our good friend here assist you on that side. That's well, friend Defarge. Come now. Business, business!"

They went up slowly and softly. The staircase was short and they were soon at the top. There, as it had an abrupt turn in it, they came all at once in sight of three men, whose heads were bent down close together at the side of a door, and who were intently looking into the room to which the door belonged, through some chinks or holes in the wall. On hearing footseps close at hand, these three turned, and rose, and showed themselves to be the three of one name who had been drinking in the wine shop.

"I forgot them in the surprise of your visit," explained Monsieur Defarge. "Leave us, good boys; we have business here."

The three glided by, and went silently down.

There appearing to be no other door on that floor, and the keeper of the wine shop going straight to this one when they were left alone, Mr. Lorry asked him in a whisper, with a little anger:

"Do you make a show of Monsieur Manette?"

"I show him in the way you have seen, to a chosen few."

"Is that well?"

"I think it is well."

"Who are the few? How do you choose them?"

"I choose them as real men, of my name — Jacques is my name — to whom the sight is likely to do good. Enough; you are English; that is another thing. Stay there, if you please, a little moment."

With a gesture to keep them back, he stooped, and looked in through the crevice in the wall. Soon raising his head again, he struck twice or thrice upon the door — evidently with no other object than to make a noise there. With the same intention, he drew the key across it, three or four times, before he put it clumsily in the lock, and turned it as heavily as he could.

The door slowly opened inward under his hand, and he looked into the room and said something. A faint voice answered something. Little more than a single syllable could have been spoken on either side.

He looked back over his shoulder, and beckoned them to enter. Mr. Lorry got his arm securely around the daughter's waist, and held her; for he felt that she was sinking.

"A — a — a — business, business!" he urged, with a moisture that was not of business shining on his cheek. "Come in, come in!"

"I am afraid of it," she answered, shuddering.

"Of it? What?"

"I mean of him. Of my father."

Rendered in a manner desperate by her state and by the beckoning of his conductor, he drew over his neck the arm that shook upon his shoulder, lifted her a little, and hurried her into the room. He set her down just within the door, and held her, clinging to him.

Defarge drew out the key, closed the door, locked it on the inside, took out the key again, and held it in his hand. All this

he did, methodically, and with as loud and harsh an accompaniment of noise as he could make. Finally, he walked across the room with a measured tread to where the window was. He stopped there, and faced round.

The garret was dim and dark; for the window, of dormer shape, was in truth a door in the roof, with a little crane over it for the hoisting up of stores from the street; unglazed, and closing up the middle in two pieces, like any other door of French construction. To exclude the cold, one half of this door was fast closed, and the other was opened but a very little way. Such a scanty portion of light was admitted through these means, that it was difficult, on first coming in, to see anything; and long habit alone could have slowly formed in anyone the ability to do any work requiring nicety in such obscurity. Yet work of that kind was being done in the garret; for, with his back toward the door, and his face toward the window where the keeper of the wine shop stood looking at him, a white-haired man sat on a low bench, stooping forward and very busy, making shoes.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SHOEMAKER.

"Good day!" said Monsieur Defarge, looking down at the white head that bent low over the shoemaking.

It was raised for a moment, and a very faint voice responded to the salutation, as if it were at a distance.

"Good day!"

"You are still hard at work, I see?"

After a long silence, the head was lifted for another moment, and the voice replied, "Yes — I am working." This time, a pair of haggard eyes had looked at the questioner, before the face had dropped again.

The faintness of the voice was pitiable and dreadful. It

was like the last feeble echo of a sound made long and long ago.

Some minutes of silent work had passed; and the haggard eyes had looked up again; not with any interest or curiosity, but with a dull mechanical perception beforehand, that the spot where the only visitor they were aware of had stood, was not yet empty.

"I want," said Defarge, who had not removed his gaze from the shoemaker, "to let in a little more light here. You can bear a little more?"

The shoemaker stopped his work; looked with a vacant air of listening, at the floor on one side of him; then similarly at the floor on the other side of him; then upward at the speaker.

"What did you say?"

"You can bear a little more light?"

"I must bear it if you let it in."

The opened half-door was opened a little further, and secured at an angle for the time. A broad ray of light fell into the garret, and showed the workman with an unfinished shoe in his lap, pausing in his labor. His few common tools and various scraps of leather were at his feet and on his bench. He had a white beard, raggedly cut, but not very long, a hollow face, and exceedingly bright eyes. The hollowness and thinness of his face would have caused them to look large, under his yet dark eyebrows and his confused white hair; though they had been really otherwise; but they were naturally large, and looked unnaturally so. His yellow rags of shirt lay open at the throat, and showed his body to be withered and worn. He, and his old canvas frock, and his loose stockings, and all his poor tatters of clothes, had, in a long seclusion from direct light and air, faded down to such a dull yellow, that it would have been hard to say which was which.

He had put up a hand between his eyes and the light, and the very bones of it seemed transparent. So he sat, with a stead-

fastly vacant gaze, pausing in his work. He never looked at the figure before him without first looking down on this side of himself, then on that, as if he had lost the habit of associating place with sound; he never spoke, without first wandering in this manner, and forgetting to speak.

"Are you going to finish that pair of shoes to-day?" asked Defarge, motioning to Mr. Lorry to come forward.

"What did you say?"

"Do you mean to finish that pair of shoes to-day?"

"I can't say that I mean to. I suppose so. I don't know."

But the question reminded him of his work, and he bent over it again.

Mr. Lorry came silently forward, leaving the daughter by the door. When he had stood for a minute or two by the side of Defarge, the shoemaker looked up. He showed no surprise at seeing another figure, but the unsteady fingers of one of his hands strayed to his lips as he looked at it, and then the hand dropped to his work, and he once more bent over the shoe. The look and the action had occupied but an instant.

"You have a visitor, you see," said Monsieur Defarge.

"What did you say?"

"Here is a visitor."

The shoemaker looked up as before, but without removing a hand from his work.

"Come!" said Defarge. "Here is monsieur, who knows a well-made shoe when he sees one. Show him that shoe you are working at. Take it, monsieur."

Mr. Lorry took it in his hand.

"Tell monsieur what kind of a shoe it is, and the maker's name."

There was a longer pause than usual before the shoemaker replied:

"I forget what it was you asked me. What did you say?"

" I said, couldn't you describe the kind of shoe, for monsieur's information ? "

" It is a lady's shoe. It is a young lady's walking shoe. It is in the present mode. I never saw the mode. I have had a pattern in my hand." He glanced at the shoe with some little passing touch of pride.

" And the maker's name ? " said Defarge.

" Did you ask me for my name ? "

" Assuredly I did."

" One Hundred and Five, North Tower."

" Is that all ? "

" One Hundred and Five, North Tower."

With a weary sound that was not a sigh, nor a groan, he bent to work again, until the silence was again broken.

" You are not a shoemaker by trade ? " said Mr. Lorry, looking steadfastly at him.

" I am not a shoemaker by trade ? No, I was not a shoemaker by trade. I — I learned it here. I taught myself. I asked leave to — I asked leave to teach myself, and got it with much difficulty after a long while, and I have made shoes ever since."

As he held out his hand for the shoe that had been taken from him, Mr. Lorry said, still looking steadfastly in his face:

" Monsieur Manette, do you remember nothing of me ? "

The shoe dropped to the ground, and he sat looking steadfastly at the questioner.

" Monsieur Manette — " Mr. Lorry laid his hand upon Defarge's arm; " do you remember nothing of this man ? Look at him. Look at me. Is there no old banker, no old business, no old servant, no old time, rising in your mind, Monsieur Manette ? "

As the captive of many years sat looking fixedly, by turns, at Mr. Lorry and at Defarge, some long obliterated marks of an actively intent intelligence in the middle of the forehead, gradu-

ally forced themselves through the black mist that had fallen on him. They were overclouded again, they were fainter, they were gone; but they had been there. And so exactly was the expression repeated on the fair young face of her who had crept along the wall to a point where she could see him, and where she now stood looking at him, with hands which at first had been only raised in frightened compassion if not even to keep him off and shut out the sight of him, but which were now extending toward him, trembling with eagerness to lay the spectral face upon her warm young breast, and love it back to life and hope — so exactly was the expression repeated (though in stronger characters) on her fair young face, that it looked as though it had passed like a moving light, from him to her.

Darkness had fallen on him in its place. He looked at the two, less and less attentively, and his eyes in gloomy abstraction sought the ground and looked about him in the old way. Finally, with a deep long sigh, he took the shoe up, and resumed his work.

The young lady had moved from the wall of the garret, very near to the bench on which he sat. There was something awful in his unconsciousness of the figure that could have put out its hand and touched him as he stooped over his labor.

Not a word was spoken, not a sound was made. She stood, like a spirit, beside him, and he bent over his work.

It happened, at length, that he had occasion to change the instrument in his hand, for his shoemaker's knife. It lay on that side of him, which was not the side on which she stood. He had taken it up, and was stooping to work again, when his eyes caught the skirt of her dress. He raised them and saw her face. The two spectators started forward, but she stayed them with a motion of her hand. She had no fear of his striking at her with the knife, though they had.

He stared at her with a fearful look, and after a while his lips

began to form some words, though no sound proceeded from them. By degrees, in the pauses of his quick and labored breathing, he was heard to say:

"What is this?"

With the tears streaming down her face, she put her two hands to her lips, and kissed them to him; then clasped them on her breast, as if she laid his ruined head there.

"Are you not the jailer's daughter?"

She sighed "No."

"Who are you?"

Not yet trusting the tones of her voice, she sat down on the bench beside him. He recoiled, but she laid her hand upon his arm. A strange thrill struck him when she did so, and visibly passed over his frame; he laid the knife down softly, as he sat staring at her.

Her golden hair, which she wore in long curls, had been hurriedly pushed aside, and fell down over her neck. Advancing his hand by little and little, he took it up and looked at it. In the midst of the action he went astray, and, with another sigh, fell to work at his shoemaking.

But not for long. Releasing her arm, she laid her hand upon his shoulder. After looking doubtfully at it, two or three times, as if to be sure that it was really there, he laid down his work, put his hand to his neck, and took off a blackened string with a scrap of folded rag attached to it. He opened this, carefully on his knee, and it contained a very little quantity of hair; not more than one or two long golden hairs, which he had, in some old day, wound off upon his finger.

He took her hair into his hand again, and looked closely at it. "It is the same. How can it be! When was it! How was it!"

As the thoughtful expression returned to his forehead, he seemed to become conscious that it was in hers too. He turned her full to the light and looked at her.

"She had laid her hand upon my shoulder, that night when I

was summoned out — she had a fear of my going, though I had none — and when I was brought to the North Tower, they found these upon my sleeve. 'You will leave me them? They can never help me to escape in the body, though they may in the spirit?' Those were the words I said. I remember them very well."

He formed this speech with his lips many times before he could utter it. But when he did find spoken words for it, they came to him coherently, though slowly.

"How was this? — *Was it you?*"

Once more, the two spectators started, as he turned upon her with a frightful suddenness. But she sat perfectly still in his grasp, and only said in a low voice, "I entreat you, good gentlemen, do not come near us, do not speak, do not move!"

"Hark!" he exclaimed. "Whose voice was that?"

His hands released her as he uttered this cry, and went up to his white hair, which they tore in a frenzy. It died out, as everything but his shoemaking did die out of him, and he refolded his little packet and tried to secure it in his breast; but he still looked at her, and gloomily shook his head.

"No, no, no; you are too young, too blooming. It can't be. See what the prisoner is. These are not the hands she knew, this is not the face she knew, this is not the voice she ever heard. No, no. She was — and he was — before the slow years of the North Tower — years ago. What is your name, my gentle angel?"

Hailing his softened tone and manner, his daughter fell upon her knees before him, with her appealing hands upon his breast.

"Oh, sir, at another time you shall know my name, and who my mother was, and who my father, and how I never knew their hard, hard history. But I cannot tell you at this time, and I cannot tell you here. All that I may tell you here and now, is, that I pray to you to touch me and to bless me. Kiss me, kiss me! Oh my dear, my dear!"

His cold white head mingled with her radiant hair, which warmed and lighted it as though it were the light of freedom shining on him.

"If you hear in my voice — I don't know that it is so, but I hope it is — if you hear in my voice any resemblance to a voice that once was sweet music in your ears, weep for it! If you touch, in touching my hair, anything that recalls a beloved head that lay on your breast when you were young and free, weep for it! If, when I hint to you of a home that is before us, where I will be true to you with all my duty and with all my faithful service, I bring back the remembrance of a home long desolate while your poor heart pined away, weep for it!"

She held him closer round the neck, and rocked him on her breast like a child.

"If, when I tell you, dearest dear, that your agony is over, and that I have come here to take you from it, and that we go to England to be at peace and at rest, I cause you to think of your useful life laid waste, and of our native France so wicked to you, weep for it! And if, when I shall tell you my name, and of my father who is living, and of my mother who is dead, you learn that I have to kneel to my honored father, and implore his pardon for having never for his sake striven all day and lain awake and wept all night, because the love of my poor mother hid his torture from me, weep for it! Weep for her, then, and for me! Good gentlemen, thank God! I feel his sacred tears upon my face, and his sobs strike against my heart. Oh, see! Thank God for us, thank God!"

He had sunk in her arms, and his face dropped on her breast: a sight so touching, yet so terrible in the tremendous wrong and suffering which had gone before it that the two beholders covered their faces.

When the quiet of the garret had been long undisturbed, they came forward to raise the father and daughter from the ground. He had gradually dropped to the floor, and lay there in a lethargy,

worn out. She had nestled down with him, that his head might lie upon her arm; and her hair dropping over him curtained him from the light.

"If, without disturbing him," she said, raising her hand to Mr. Lorry as he stooped over them, after repeated blowings of his nose, "all could be arranged for our leaving Paris at once, so that, from the very door, he could be taken away ——"

"But, consider. Is he fit for the journey?" asked Mr. Lorry.

"More fit for that, I think, than to remain in this city, so dreadful to him."

"It is true," said Defarge, who was kneeling to look on and hear. "More than that; Monsieur Manette is, for all reasons, best out of France. Say, shall I hire a carriage and post-horses?"

"That's business," said Mr. Lorry, resuming on the shortest notice his methodical manners; "and if business is to be done, I had better do it."

"Then be so kind," urged Miss Manette, "as to leave us here. You see how composed he has become, and you cannot be afraid to leave him with me now. Why should you be? If you will lock the door to secure us from interruption, I do not doubt that you will find him, when you come back, as quiet as you leave him. In any case, I will take care of him until you return, and then we will remove him straight."

Both Mr. Lorry and Defarge were rather disinclined to this course, and in favor of one of them remaining. But, as there were not only carriages and horses to be seen to, but traveling papers; and as time pressed, for the day was drawing to an end, it came at last to their hastily dividing the business that was necessary to be done, and hurrying away to do it.

Then as the darkness closed in, the daughter laid her head down on the hard ground close at her father's side, and watched him. The darkness deepened and deepened, and they both lay quiet until a light gleamed through the chinks in the wall.

Mr. Lorry and Monsieur Defarge had made all ready for the

journey, and had brought with them, besides traveling cloaks and wrappers, bread and meat, wine, and hot coffee. Monsieur Defarge put this provender, and the lamp he carried, on the shoemaker's bench (there was nothing else in the garret but a pallet bed) and he and Mr. Lorry roused the captive and assisted him to his feet.

No human intelligence could have read the mysteries of his mind, in the scared blank wonder of his face. Whether he knew what had happened, whether he recollected what they had said to him, whether he knew that he was free, were questions which no wisdom could have solved. They tried speaking to him; but he was so confused, and so very slow to answer, that they took fright at his bewilderment, and agreed for the time to tamper with him no more. He had a wild, lost manner of occasionally clasping his head in his hands, that had not been seen in him before; yet he had some pleasure in the mere sound of his daughter's voice, and invariably turned to it when she spoke.

In the submissive way of one long accustomed to obey, he ate and drank what they gave him to eat and drink, and put on the cloak and other wrappings, that they gave him to wear. He readily responded to his daughter's drawing her arm through his, and took — and kept — her hand in both his own.

They began to descend; Monsieur Defarge going first with the lamp, Mr. Lorry closing the little procession. They had not traversed many steps of the long main staircase when he stopped, and stared at the roof and round at the walls.

"You remember the place, my father? You remember coming up here?"

"What did you say?"

But before she could repeat the question, he murmured an answer as if she had repeated it.

"Remember? No, I don't remember. It was so very long ago."

That he had no recollection whatever of his having been

brought from his prison to that house, was apparent to them. They heard him mutter, "One Hundred and Five, North Tower;" and when he looked about him it evidently was for the strong fortress walls which had long encompassed him.

On their reaching the courtyard only one soul was to be seen, and that was Madame Defarge — who leaned against the doorpost, knitting, and saw nothing.

The prisoner had got into a coach, and his daughter had followed him, when Mr. Lorry's feet were arrested on the step by his asking miserably for his shoemaking tools and the unfinished shoes. Madame Defarge immediately called to her husband that she would get them, and went, knitting, out of the lamplight, through the courtyard. She quickly brought them down and handed them in; and immediately afterward leaned against the doorpost, knitting, and saw nothing.

Defarge got upon the box, and gave the word "To the Barrier!" The postilion cracked his whip, and they clattered away under the feeble over-swinging lamps, out under the great grove of stars.

Beneath that arch of unmoved and eternal lights; some so remote from this little earth that the learned tell us it is doubtful whether their rays have even yet discovered it, as a point in space where anything is suffered or done: the shadows of the night were broad and black. All through the cold and restless interval, until dawn, they once more whispered in the ears of Mr. Jarvis Lorry — sitting opposite the buried man who had been dug out, and wondering what subtle powers were forever lost to him, and what were capable of restoration — the old inquiry:

"I hope you care to be recalled to life?"

And the old answer.

"I can't say."

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK THE SECOND — THE GOLDEN THREAD

CHAPTER I.

FIVE YEARS LATER.

TELLSON'S Bank by Temple Bar[n] was an old-fashioned place, even in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty. It was very small, very dark, very ugly, very incommodious. It was an old-fashioned place, moreover, in the moral attribute that the partners in the House were proud of its smallness, proud of its darkness, proud of its ugliness, proud of its incommodiousness. Tellson's (they said) wanted no elbow-room, Tellson's wanted no light, Tellson's wanted no embellishment — Noakes and Co.'s might, or Snooks Brothers' might; but Tellson's, thank Heaven! — Any one of these partners would have disinherited his son on the question of rebuilding Tellson's.

Thus it had come to pass that Tellson's was the triumphant perfection of inconvenience. After bursting open a door with a weak rattle in its throat, you fell into Tellson's down two steps, and came to your senses in a miserable little shop, with two little counters, where the oldest of men made your check shake as if the wind rustled it, while they examined the signature by the dingiest of windows, which were always under a shower bath of mud from Fleet street,[n] and which were made the dingier by their own iron bars proper and the heavy shadow of Temple Bar.

Cramped in all kinds of dim cupboards and hutches at Tellson's the oldest of men carried on the business gravely. When they took a young man into Tellson's London house, they hid him somewhere till he was old. They kept him in a dark place, like

a cheese, until he had the full Tellson flavor and blue-mold upon him.

Outside Tellson's — never by any means in it, unless called in — was an odd-job man, an occasional porter and messenger, who served as the live sign of the house. He was never absent during business hours, unless upon an errand, and then he was represented by his son, a grisly urchin of twelve, who was his express image. People understood that Tellson's, in a stately way, tolerated the odd-job man. His surname was Cruncher, and he had received the added appellation of Jerry.

The scene was Mr. Cruncher's private lodging in Hanging Sword Alley, Whitefriars;[n] the time, half-past seven of the clock on a windy March morning, Anno Domini seventeen hundred and eighty. Mr. Cruncher's apartments were not in a very savory neighborhood, and were but two in number, even if a closet with a single pane of glass in it might be counted as one. But they were very decently kept. Early as it was, on the windy March morning, the room in which he lay a-bed was already scrubbed throughout; and between the cups and saucers arranged for breakfast, and the lumbering deal table, a very clean white cloth was spread.

Mr. Cruncher reposed under a patchwork counterpane. At first, he slept heavily, but, by degrees, began to roll and surge in bed, until he rose above the surface, with his spiky hair looking as if it must tear the sheets to ribbons.

Exceedingly red-eyed and grim, as if he had been up all night at a party which had taken anything but a convivial turn, Jerry Cruncher slowly emerged from his bed. He dressed himself with every show of ill humor; and after completing his toilet worried his breakfast rather than ate it, growling over it like any four-footed inmate of a menagerie. Toward nine o'clock he smoothed his ruffled aspect, and, presenting as respectable and business-like an exterior as he could overlay his natural self with, issued forth to the occupation of the day.

It could scarcely be called a trade, in spite of his favorite description of himself as "a honest tradesman." His stock consisted of a wooden stool, made out of a broken-backed chair cut down, which stool, young Jerry, walking at his father's side, carried every morning to beneath the banking-house window that was nearest Temple Bar; where, with the addition of the first handful of straw that could be gleaned from any passing vehicle, to keep the cold and wet from the odd-job man's feet, it formed the encampment of the day. On this post of his, Mr. Cruncher was as well known to Fleet Street and the Temple,[a] as the Bar itself — and was almost as ill-looking.

Encamped at a quarter before nine, in good time to touch his three-cornered hat to the oldest of men as they passed into Tellson's, Jerry took up his station on this windy March morning, with young Jerry standing by him. Father and son, extremely like each other, looking silently on the morning traffic in Fleet Street, with their two heads as near to one another as the two eyes of each were, bore a considerable resemblance to a pair of monkeys. The resemblance was not lessened by the accidental circumstance, that the mature Jerry bit and spat out straw, while the twinkling eyes of the youthful Jerry were as restlessly watchful of him as of everything else in Fleet Street.

The head of one of the regular indoor messengers attached to Tellson's establishment was put through the door, and the word was given:

"Porter wanted!"

"Hooray, father! Here's an early job to begin with!"

Having thus given his parent God speed, young Jerry seated himself on the stool, entered on his reversionary interest in the straw his father had been chewing, and cogitated.

"Always rusty! His fingers is always rusty!" muttered young Jerry. "Where does my father get all that iron rust from? He don't get no iron rust here!"

CHAPTER II.

A SIGHT.

"You know the Old Bailey [n] well, no doubt?" said one of the oldest of clerks to Jerry the messenger.

"Ye-es, sir," returned Jerry, in something of a dogged manner. "I *do* know the Bailey."

"Just so. And you know Mr. Lorry?"

"I know Mr. Lorry, sir, much better than I know the Bailey."

"Very well. Find the door where the witnesses go in, and show the doorkeeper this note for Mr. Lorry. He will then let you in."

"Into the court, sir?"

"Into the court."

"Am I to wait in the court, sir?" he asked.

"I am going to tell you. The doorkeeper will pass the note to Mr. Lorry, and do you make any gesture that will attract Mr. Lorry's attention, and show him where you stand. Then what you have to do, is, to remain there until he wants you."

"Is that all, sir?"

"That's all. He wishes to have a messenger at hand. This is to tell him you are there."

As the aged clerk deliberately folded and superscribed the note, Mr. Cruncher remarked:

"I suppose they'll be trying forgeries this morning?"

"Treason!"

"That's quartering," said Jerry. "Barbarous!"

"It is the law," remarked the ancient clerk, turning his surprised spectacles upon him. "It is the law."

"It's hard in the law to spile a man, I think. It's hard enough to kill him, but it's wery hard to spile him, sir."

"Not at all," returned the ancient clerk. "Speak well of the law. Take care of your chest and voice, my good friend,

and leave the law to take care of itself. I give you that advice."

"It's the damp, sir, what settles on my chest and voice," said Jerry. "I leave you to judge what a damp way of earning a living mine is."

Jerry took the letter, made his bow, informed his son, in passing, of his destination, and went his way.

The jail was a vile place, where dire diseases were bred, that came into courts with the prisoners, and sometimes rushed straight from the dock at my lord chief justice himself, and pulled him off the bench. It had more than once happened, that the judge in the black cap pronounced his own doom as certainly as the prisoner's, and even died before him.

Making his way through the tainted crowd, dispersed up and down this hideous scene of action, with the skill of a man accustomed to make his way quietly, the messenger found out the door he sought, and handed in his letter through a trap in it.

After some delay and demur, the door grudgingly turned on its hinges a very little way, and allowed Mr. Jerry Cruncher to squeeze himself into court.

"What's on?" he asked, in a whisper, of the man he found himself next to.

"Nothing yet."

"What's coming on?"

"The treason case."

"The quartering one, eh?"

"Ah!" returned the man, with a relish; "he'll be drawn on a hurdle to be half hanged, and then he'll be taken down and sliced before his own face, and then his inside will be taken out and burned while he looks on, and then his head will be chopped off, and he'll be cut in quarters. That's the sentence."

"If he's found guilty, you mean to say?" Jerry added, by way of proviso.

"Oh, they'll find him guilty," said the other. "Don't you be afraid of that."

Mr. Cruncher's attention was here diverted to the doorkeeper, whom he saw making his way to Mr. Lorry, with the note in his hand. Mr. Lorry sat at a table, among the gentlemen in wigs — not far from a wigged gentleman, the prisoner's counsel, who had a great bundle of papers before him — and nearly opposite another wigged gentleman with his hands in his pockets, whose whole attention, when Mr. Cruncher looked at him then or afterward, seemed to be concentrated on the ceiling of the court. After some gruff coughing and rubbing of his chin and signing with his hand, Jerry attracted the notice of Mr. Lorry, who had stood up to look for him, and who quietly nodded and sat down again.

"What's *he* got to do with the case?" asked the man he had spoken with.

"Blest if I know," said Jerry.

"What have *you* got to do with it, then, if a person may inquire?"

"Blest if I know that either," said Jerry.

The entrance of the judge, and a consequent great stir and setting down in the court, stopped the dialogue. Presently, the dock became the central point of interest. Two jailers, who had been standing there, went out, and the prisoner was brought in, and put to the bar.

Everybody present, except the one wigged gentleman who looked at the ceiling, stared at him. Eager faces strained round pillars and corners to get a sight of him; spectators in back rows stood up, not to miss a hair of him; people on the floor of the court, laid their hands on the shoulders of the people before them, to help themselves, at anybody's cost, to a view of him — stood a-tiptoe, got upon ledges, stood upon next to nothing, to see every inch of him.

The object of all this staring and blaring, was a young man of

about five-and-twenty, well grown and well-looking, with a sunburned cheek and a dark eye. His condition was that of a young gentleman. He was plainly dressed in black, or very dark gray, and his hair, which was long and dark, was gathered in a ribbon at the back of his neck, more to be out of the way than for ornament. As an emotion of the mind will express itself through any covering of the body, so the paleness which his situation engendered came through the brown upon his cheek, showing the soul to be stronger than the sun. He was otherwise quite self-possessed, bowed to the judge, and stood quiet.

Silence in the court! Charles Darnay had yesterday pleaded not guilty to an indictment denouncing him for that he was a false traitor to our lord the king, by reason of his having, on divers occasions, and by divers means and ways, assisted Lewis, the French king, in his wars against our said king; that was to say, by coming and going, between the dominions of our said king and those of the French Lewis, and wickedly, falsely, traitorously, and otherwise revealing to the said French Lewis what forces our said king had in preparation to send to Canada and North America. This much, Jerry, with his head becoming more and more spiky as the law terms bristled it, made out with huge satisfaction, and so arrived circuitously at the understanding that the aforesaid, and over and over again aforesaid, Charles Darnay, stood there before him upon his trial; that the jury were swearing in; and that Mr. Attorney-General was making ready to speak.

The accused, who was (and who knew he was) being mentally hanged, beheaded, and quartered, by everybody there, neither flinched from the situation, nor assumed any theatrical air in it. He was quiet and attentive; watched the opening proceedings with a grave interest; and stood with his hands resting on the slab of wood before him.

Over the prisoner's head there was a mirror, to throw the light down upon him. Crowds of the wicked and the wretched had

been reflected in it, and had passed from its surface and this earth's together. Some passing thought of the infamy and disgrace for which it had been reserved, may have struck the prisoner's mind. Be that as it may, a change in his position making him conscious of a bar of light across his face, he looked up; and when he saw the glass his face flushed.

It happened that the action turned his face to that side of the court which was on his left. About on a level with his eyes there sat, in that corner of the judge's bench, two persons upon whom his look immediately rested; so immediately, and so much to the changing of his aspect, that all the eyes that were turned upon him, turned to them.

The spectators saw in the two figures, a young lady of little more than twenty, and a gentleman who was evidently her father; a man of a very remarkable appearance in respect of the absolute whiteness of his hair, and a certain indescribable intensity of face. When this expression was upon him, he looked as if he were old; but when it was stirred and broken up — as it was now, in a moment, on his speaking to his daughter — he became a handsome man, not past the prime of life.

His daughter had one of her hands drawn through his arm, as she sat by him, and the other pressed upon it. She had drawn close to him, in her dread of the scene, and in her pity for the prisoner. Her forehead had been strikingly expressive of an engrossing terror and compassion that saw nothing but the peril of the accused. This had been so very noticeable, so very powerfully and naturally shown, that starers who had had no pity for him were touched by her; and the whisper went about, "Who are they?"

Jerry, the messenger, who had made his own observations in his own manner, and who had been sucking the rust off his fingers in his absorption, stretched his neck to hear who they were. The crowd about had pressed and passed the inquiry on

to the nearest attendant, and from him it had been more slowly pressed and passed back; at last it got to Jerry.

"Witnesses."

"For which side?"

"Against."

"Against what side?"

"The prisoner's."

The judge, whose eyes had gone in the general direction, recalled them, leaned back in his seat, and looked steadily at the man whose life was in his hand, as Mr. Attorney-General rose to spin the rope, grind the ax, and hammer the nails into the scaffold.

CHAPTER III.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

MR. ATTORNEY-GENERAL[n] had to inform the jury, that the prisoner before them, though young in years, was old in the treasonable practices which claimed the forfeit of his life. That this correspondence with the public enemy was not a correspondence of to-day, or of yesterday, or even of last year, or of the year before. That, it was certain the prisoner had, for longer than that, been in the habit of passing and re-passing between France and England, on secret business of which he could give no honest account. That, if it were in the nature of traitorous ways to thrive (which happily it never was), the real wickedness and guilt of his business might have remained undiscovered. That Providence, however, had put it into the heart of a person who was beyond fear and beyond reproach, to ferret out the nature of the prisoner's schemes and, struck with horror, to disclose them to his majesty's chief secretary of state and most honorable privy council. That, this patriot would be produced before them. That his position and attitude were, on the whole, sublime. That he had been the prisoner's friend, but, at once

in an auspicious and an evil hour detecting his infamy, had resolved to immolate the traitor he could no longer cherish in his bosom, on the sacred altar of his country.

When the attorney-general ceased, a buzz arose in the court as if a cloud of great blue-flies were swarming about the prisoner, in anticipation of what he was soon to become. When toned down again, the unimpeachable patriot appeared in the witness box.

Mr. Solicitor-General then, following his leader's lead, examined the patriot; John Barsad, gentleman, by name. The story of his pure soul was exactly what Mr. Attorney-General had described it to be — perhaps, if it had a fault, a little too exactly. Having released his noble bosom of its burden, he would have modestly withdrawn himself, but that the wigged gentleman with the papers before him, sitting not far from Mr. Lorry, begged to ask him a few questions. The wigged gentleman sitting opposite, still looking at the ceiling of the court.

Had he ever been a spy himself? No, he scorned the base insinuation. What did he live upon? His property. Where was his property? He didn't precisely remember where it was. What was it? No business of anybody's. Had he inherited it? Yes, he had. From whom? Distant relation. Very distant? Rather. Ever been in prison? Certainly not. Never in a debtor's prison? Didn't see what that had to do with it. Never in a debtor's prison? Come, once again. Never? Yes. How many times? Two or three times. Not five or six? Perhaps. Of what profession? Gentleman. Ever been kicked? Might have been. Frequently? No. Ever kicked down stairs? Decidedly not; once received a kick on the top of a staircase, and fell down of his own accord. Kicked on that occasion for cheating at dice? Something to that effect was said by the intoxicated liar who committed the assault, but it was not true. Swear it was not true? Positively. Ever live by cheating at

play? Never. Ever live by play? Not more than other gentlemen do. Ever borrow money of the prisoner? Yes. Ever pay him? No. Was not this intimacy with the prisoner, in reality a very slight one, forced upon the prisoner in coaches, inns, and packets? No. Sure he saw the prisoner with these lists? Certain. Knew no more about the lists? No. Had not procured them for himself, for instance? No. Expect to get anything by this evidence? No. Not in regular government pay and employment, to lay traps? Oh, dear, no! Or to do anything? Oh, dear, no! Swear that? Over and over again. No motives but motives of sheer patriotism? None whatever.

The virtuous servant, Roger Cly, swore his way through the case at a great rate. He had taken service with the prisoner, in good faith and simplicity, four years ago. He had asked the prisoner, aboard the Calais packet, if he wanted a handy fellow, and the prisoner had engaged him. He had not asked the prisoner to take the handy fellow as an act of charity — never thought of such a thing. He began to have suspicions of the prisoner, and to keep an eye upon him, soon afterward. In arranging his clothes, while traveling, he had seen similar lists to these in the prisoner's pockets, over and over again. He had taken these lists from the drawer of the prisoner's desk.

The blue-flies buzzed again, and Mr. Jarvis Lorry was called.

"Mr. Jarvis Lorry, on a certain night in November, 1775, did business occasion you to travel to Dover by the mail?"

"It did."

"Were there any other passengers in the mail?"

"Two."

"Did they alight on the road in the course of the night?"

"They did."

"Mr. Lorry, look upon the prisoner. Was he one of those two passengers?"

"I cannot undertake to say that he was."

"Does he resemble either of these two passengers?"

"Both were so wrapped up and the night was so dark, and we were all so reserved, that I cannot undertake to say even that."

"Mr. Lorry, look again upon the prisoner. Supposing him wrapped up as these two passengers were, is there anything in his bulk and stature to render it unlikely that he was one of them?"

"No."

"You will not swear, Mr. Lorry, that he was not one of them?"

"No."

"So at least you say he may have been one of them?"

"Yes. Except that I remember them both to have been — like myself — timorous of highwaymen, and the prisoner has not a timorous air."

"Did you ever see a counterfeit of timidity, Mr. Lorry?"

"I certainly have seen that."

"Mr. Lorry, look once more upon the prisoner. Have you seen him, to your certain knowledge, before?"

"I have."

"When?"

"I was returning from France a few days afterward, and at Calais, the prisoner came on board the packet ship in which I returned, and made the voyage with me."

"At what hour did he come on board?"

"A little after midnight."

"In the dead of the night. Was he the only passenger who came on board at that untimely hour?"

"He happened to be the only one."

"Never mind about 'happening,' Mr. Lorry. He was the only passenger who came on board in the dead of the night?"

"He was."

"Were you traveling alone, Mr. Lorry, or with any companion?"

"With two companions. A gentleman and lady. They are here."

"They are here. Had you any conversation with the prisoner?"

"Hardly any. The weather was stormy, and the passage long and rough, and I lay on a sofa, almost from shore to shore."

"Miss Manette!"

The young lady to whom all eyes had been turned before and were now turned again, stood up where she had sat. Her father rose with her, and kept her hand drawn through his arm.

"Miss Manette, look upon the prisoner."

To be confronted with such pity, and such earnest youth and beauty, was far more trying to the accused than to be confronted with all the crowd. Standing, as it were, apart with her on the edge of his grave, not all the staring curiosity that looked on, could, for the moment, nerve him to remain quite still.

"Miss Manette, have you seen the prisoner before?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"On board of the packet ship just now referred to, and on the same occasion."

"You are the young lady just now referred to?"

"Oh! most unhappily, I am!"

The plaintive tone of her compassion merged into the less musical voice of the judge, as he said, something fiercely: "Answer the questions put to you, and make no remark upon them."

"Miss Manette, had you any conversation with the prisoner on the passage across the channel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Recall it."

In the midst of a profound stillness, she faintly began:

"When the gentleman came on board ——"

"Do you mean the prisoner?" inquired the judge, knitting his brows.

"Yes, my lord."

"Then say the prisoner."

"When the prisoner came on board, he noticed that my father," turning her eyes lovingly to him as he stood beside her, "was much fatigued and in a very weak state of health. My father was so reduced that I was afraid to take him out of the air, and I had made a bed for him on the deck near the cabin steps, and I sat on the deck at his side to take care of him. There were no other passengers that night, but we four. The prisoner was so good as to beg permission to advise me how I could shelter my father from the wind and weather, better than I had done. I had not known how to do it well, not knowing how the wind would set when we were out of the harbor. He did it for me. He expressed great gentleness and kindness for my father's state, and I am sure he felt it. That was the manner of our beginning to speak together."

"Let me interrupt you for a moment. Had he come on board alone?"

"No."

"How many were with him?"

"Two French gentlemen."

"Had they conferred together?"

"They had conferred together until the last moment, when it was necessary for the French gentlemen to be landed in their boat."

"Had any papers been handed about among them, similar to these lists?"

"Some papers had been handed about among them, but I don't know what papers."

"Like these in shape and size?"

"Possibly, but indeed I don't know, although they stood whispering very near to me; because they stood at the top of the cabin steps to have the light of the lamp that was hanging there, and they spoke very low, and I did not hear what they said, and saw only that they looked at papers."

"Now, to the prisoner's conversation, Miss Manette."

" The prisoner was as open in his confidence with me — which arose out of my helpless situation — as he was kind, and good, and useful to my father. I hope," bursting into tears, " I may not repay him by doing him harm to-day."

" Miss Manette, if the prisoner does not perfectly understand that you give the evidence which it is your duty to give — which you must give — and which you cannot escape from giving — with great unwillingness, he is the only person present in that condition. Please, go on."

" He told me that he was traveling on business of a delicate and difficult nature, which might get people into trouble, and that he was therefore traveling under an assumed name. He said that his business, had, within a few days, taken him to France, and might, at intervals, take him backward and forward between France and England for a long time to come."

" Did he say anything about America, Miss Manette? Be particular."

" He tried to explain to me how that quarrel had arisen, and he said, so far as he could judge, it was a wrong and foolish one on England's part. He added, in a jesting way, that perhaps George Washington might gain almost as great a name as George the Third. But there was no harm in his way of saying this; it was said laughingly, and to beguile the time."

Her forehead was painfully anxious and intent as she gave this evidence, and in the pauses when she stopped for the judge to write it down, watched its effect upon the counsel for and against.

Mr. Attorney-General now signified to my lord," that he deemed it necessary, as a matter of precaution and form, to call the young lady's father, Doctor Manette. Who was called accordingly.

" Doctor Manette, look upon the prisoner. Have you ever seen him before? "

" Once. When he called at my lodgings in London. Some three years, or three years and a half ago."

" Can you identify him as your fellow-passenger on board the packet, or speak of his conversation with your daughter ? "

" Sir, I can do neither."

" Is there any particular and especial reason for your being unable to do either ? "

He answered in a low voice, " There is."

" Has it been your misfortune to undergo a long imprisonment without trial, or even accusation, in your native country, Doctor Manette ? "

He answered in a tone that went to every heart, " A long imprisonment."

" Were you newly released on the occasion in question ? "

" They tell me so."

" Have you no remembrance of the occasion ? "

" None. My mind is a blank, for some time — I can not even say what time — when I employed myself, in my captivity, in making shoes, to the time when I found myself living in London with my daughter here. She had become familiar to me, when a gracious God restored my faculties; but I am quite unable even to say how she had become familiar. I have no remembrance of the process."

Mr. Attorney-General sat down, and the father and daughter sat down together.

A singular circumstance then arose in the case. The object in hand being to show that the prisoner went down, with some fellow plotter, untracked, in the Dover mail on that Friday night in November, five years ago, and got out of the mail in the night, as a blind, at a place where he did not remain, but from which he traveled back some dozen miles or more, to a garrison and dockyard, and there collected information; a witness was called to identify him as having been at the precise time required, in the coffee room of an hotel in that garrison-and-dockyard town, waiting for another person. The prisoner's counsel was cross-examining this witness with no result, except that he had never

seen the prisoner on any other occasion, when the wigged gentleman who had been all this time looking at the ceiling of the court, wrote a word or two on a little piece of paper, screwed it up, and tossed it to him. Opening this paper in the next pause, the counsel looked with great attention and curiosity at the prisoner.

"You say again that you are quite sure that it *was* the prisoner?"

The witness was quite sure.

"Did you ever see anybody very like the prisoner?"

Not so like (the witness said) as that he could be mistaken.

"Look well upon that gentleman, my learned friend, there," pointing to him who had tossed the paper over, "and then look well upon the prisoner. How say you? Are they very like each other?"

Allowing for my learned friend's appearance being careless and slovenly, if not debauched, they were sufficiently like each other to surprise, not only the witness, but everbody present, when they were thus brought into comparison. My lord being prayed to bid my learned friend to lay aside his wig, and giving no very gracious consent, the likeness became much more remarkable. My lord inquired of Mr. Stryver (the prisoner's counsel), whether they were next to try Mr. Carton (name of my learned friend) for treason? But Mr. Stryver replied to my lord, No; but he would ask the witness to tell him whether what happened once, might happen twice; whether he would have been so confident if he had seen this illustration of his rashness sooner, whether he would be so confident, having seen it; and more. The upshot of which was, to smash this witness like a crockery vessel, and shiver his part of the case to useless lumber.

Mr. Cruncher had by this time taken quite a lunch of rust off his fingers in his following of the evidence. He had now to attend while Mr. Stryver fitted the prisoner's case on the jury, like a compact suit of clothes; showing them how the patriot, Barsad, was a hired spy and traitor, an unblushing trafficker in

blood, and one of the greatest scoundrels upon earth. How the virtuous servant, Cly, was his friend and partner, and was worthy to be; how the watchful eyes of those forgers had rested on the prisoner as a victim, because some family affairs in France, he being of French extraction, did require his making those passages across the Channel — though what those affairs were, a consideration of others who were near and dear to him, forbade him, even for his life to disclose. How the evidence that had been warped and wrested from the young lady, whose anguish in giving it they had witnessed, came to nothing, involving the mere little innocent gallantries and politenesses likely to pass between any young lady and gentleman so thrown together; — with the exception of that reference to George Washington, which was altogether too extravagant and impossible to be regarded in any other light than as a monstrous joke. How it would be a weakness in the government to break down in this attempt to practice for popularity on the lowest national antipathies and fears, and therefore Mr. Attorney-General had made the most of it; how, nevertheless, it rested upon nothing, save that vile and infamous character of evidence too often disfiguring such cases, and of which the state trials of this country were full. But there my lord interposed (with as grave a face as if it had not been true), saying that he could not sit upon that bench and suffer those allusions.

And now, the jury turned to consider, and the great flies swarmed again.

Mr. Carton, who had sat so long looking at the ceiling of the court, changed neither his place nor his attitude, even in this excitement. While his learned friend, Mr. Stryver, massing his papers before him, whispered with those who sat near, and from time to time glanced anxiously at the jury; while all the spectators moved more or less, and grouped themselves anew; while even my lord himself arose from his seat, and slowly paced up and down his platform, not unattended by a suspicion in the

minds of the audience that his state was feverish; *this one* man sat leaning back, with his torn gown half off him, his untidy wig put on just as it happened to light on his head after its removal, his hands in his pockets, his eyes on the ceiling as they had been all the day. Something especially reckless in his demeanor, not only gave him a disreputable look, but so diminished the strong resemblance he undoubtedly bore to the prisoner, that many of the lookers-on, taking note of him now, said to one another that they would hardly have thought the two were so alike. Mr. Cruncher made the observation to his next neighbor, and added, "I'd hold half a guinea that *he* don't get no law work to do. Don't look like the sort of one to get any, do he?"

Yet this Mr. Carton took in more details of the scene than he appeared to take in; for now, when Miss Manette's head dropped upon her father's breast, he was the first to see it, and to say audibly: "Officer! look to that young lady. Help the gentleman to take her out. Don't you see she will fall!"

There was much commiseration for her as she was removed, and much sympathy for her father. It was evidently a great distress to him to have the days of his imprisonment recalled. As he passed out, the jury, who had turned back and paused a moment, spoke, through their foreman.

They were not agreed, and wished to retire. My lord showed some surprise that they were not agreed, but signified his pleasure that they should retire under watch and ward, and retired himself. The trial had lasted all day, and the lamps in the court were now being lighted. It began to be rumored that the jury would be out a long while. The spectators dropped off to get refreshment, and the prisoner withdrew to the back of the dock and sat down.

Mr. Lorry who had gone out when the young lady and her father went out now reappeared, and beckoned to Jerry, who, in the slackened interest, could easily get near him.

"Jerry, if you wish to get something to eat, you can. But

keep in the way. You will be sure to hear when the jury come in. Don't be a moment behind them, for I want you to take the verdict to the bank. You are the quickest messenger I know, and will get to Temple Bar long before I can."

Jerry had just enough forehead to knuckle, and he knuckled it in acknowledgment of this communication and a shilling. Mr. Carton came up at the moment, and touched Mr. Lorry on the arm.

"How is the young lady?"

"She is greatly distressed, but her father is comforting her, and she feels the better for being out of court."

"I'll tell the prisoner so. It won't do for a respectable bank gentleman like you to be seen speaking to him publicly, you know."

Mr. Lorry reddened as if he were conscious of having debated the point in his mind, and Mr. Carton made his way to the outside of the bar. The way out of court lay in that direction, and Jerry followed him, all eyes, and ears, and spikes.

"Mr. Darnay!"

The prisoner came forward directly.

"You will naturally be anxious to hear of the witness, Miss Manette. She will do very well. You have seen the worst of her agitation."

"I am deeply sorry to have been the cause of it. Could you tell her so for me with my fervent acknowledgments?"

"Yes, I could. I will, if you ask it."

Mr. Carton's manner was so careless as to be almost insolent. He stood, half turned from the prisoner, lounging with his elbow against the bar.

"I do ask it. Accept my cordial thanks."

"What," said Carton, still only half turned toward him, "do you expect, Mr. Darnay?"

"The worst."

"It's the wisest thing to expect, and the likeliest. But I think their withdrawing is in your favor."

Loitering on the way out of court not being allowed, Jerry heard no more; but left them — so like each other in feature, so unlike each other in manner — standing side by side, both reflected in the glass above them.

An hour and a half limped heavily away in the thief-and-rascal crowded passage below, even though assisted off with mutton pies and ale. At the end of that time, Jerry was carried along up the stairs, by the crowd of curious people.

"Jerry! Jerry!" Mr. Lorry was already calling at the door when he got there.

"Here, sir! It's a fight to get back again. Here I am, sir!"

Mr. Lorry handed him a paper through the throng. "Quick! Have you got it?"

"Yes, sir."

Hastily written on the paper was the word "ACQUITTED."

"If you had sent the message, 'Recalled to Life,' again," muttered Jerry, as he turned, "I should have known what you meant, this time."

CHAPTER IV.

CONGRATULATORY.

Doctor Manette, Lucie Manette, his daughter, Mr. Lorry, the solicitor for the defense, and its counsel, Mr. Stryver, stood gathered around Mr. Charles Darnay — just released, congratulating him on his escape from death.

It would have been difficult by a far brighter light, to recognize in Doctor Manette, intellectual of face and upright of bearing, the shoemaker of the garret in Paris. Yet, no one could have looked at him twice, without looking at him again; even though the opportunity of observation had not extended to the mournful cadence of his low, grave voice, and to the abstraction that overclouded him fitfully, without any apparent reason.

Only his daughter had the power of charming this black brood-

ing from his mind. She was the golden thread that united him to a past beyond his misery, and to a present beyond his misery; and the sound of her voice, the light of her face, the touch of her hand, had a strong beneficial influence with him almost always.

Mr. Darnay had kissed her hand fervently and gratefully, and had turned to Mr. Stryver, whom he warmly thanked. Mr. Stryver was a man of little more than thirty, but looking twenty years older than he was, stout, loud, red, and bluff.

He still had his wig and gown on, and he said, squaring himself at his late client to that degree that he squeezed the innocent Mr. Lorry clean out of the group: "I am glad to have brought you off with honor, Mr. Darnay. It was an infamous prosecution, grossly infamous; but not the less likely to succeed on that account."

"You have laid me under an obligation to you for life — in two senses," said his late client, taking his hand.

"I have done my best for you, Mr. Darnay; and my best is as good as another man's, I believe.

It clearly being incumbent on some one to say, "Much better," Mr. Lorry said it.

"You think so?" said Mr. Stryver. "Well! you have been present all day, and you ought to know. You are a man of business, too."

"And as such," quoth Mr. Lorry, "as such, I will appeal to Doctor Manette, to break up this conference and order us all to our homes. Miss Lucie looks ill, Mr. Darnay has had a terrible day, we are worn out."

"Speak for yourself, Mr. Lorry," said Stryver, "I have a night's work to do yet. Speak for yourself."

"I speak for myself," answered Mr. Lorry, "and for Mr. Darnay, and for Miss Lucie, and — Miss Lucie, do you not think I may speak for us all?" He asked her the question pointedly, and with a glance at her father.

His face had become frozen, as it were, in a very curious look

at Darnay: an intent look, deepening into a frown of dislike and distrust, not even unmixed with fear. With this strange expression on him, his thoughts had wandered away.

"My father," said Lucie, softly laying her hand on his.

He slowly shook the shadow off, and turned to her.

"Shall we go home, my father?"

With a long breath, he answered, "Yes."

A hackney coach was called, and the father and daughter departed in it.

Mr. Stryver had left them in the passages, to shoulder his way back to the robing-room.[n] Another person, who had not joined the group, or interchanged a word with any one of them, but had been leaning against the wall where its shadow was darkest, had silently strolled out after the rest, and had looked on until the coach drove away. He now stepped up to where Mr. Lorry and Mr. Darnay stood upon the pavement.

"So, Mr. Lorry! Men of business may speak to Mr. Darnay now?"

Nobody had made any acknowledgment of Mr. Carton's part in the day's proceedings; nobody had known of it. He was unrobed, and was none the better for it in appearance.

"If you knew what a conflict goes on in the business mind, when the business mind is divided between good-natured impulse and business appearances, you would be amused, Mr. Darnay."

Mr. Lorry reddened, and said, warmly, "You have mentioned that before, sir. We men of business, who serve a house, are not our own masters. We have to think of the house more than ourselves."

"I know, I know," rejoined Mr. Carton, carelessly. "Don't be nettled, Mr. Lorry. You are as good as another, I have no doubt; better, I dare say."

"And indeed, sir," pursued Mr. Lorry, not minding him, "I really don't know what you have to do with the matter. If

you'll excuse me, as very much your elder, for saying so, I really don't know that it is your business."

"Business! Bless you, I have no business," said Mr. Carton.

"It is a pity you have not, sir."

"I think so, too."

"If you had," pursued Mr. Lorry, "perhaps you would attend to it."

"Lord love you, no! I shouldn't," said Mr. Carton.

"Well, sir!" cried Mr. Lorry, thoroughly heated by his indifference, "business is a very good thing, and a very respectable thing. Mr. Darnay, good night, God bless you, sir! I hope you have this day been preserved for a happy and prosperous life. — Chair there!" [n]

Perhaps a little angry with himself, as well as with the barrister, Mr. Lorry bustled into the chair, and was carried off to Tellson's. Carton, who smelled of port wine, and did not appear to be quite sober, laughed then, and turned to Darnay.

"This is a strange chance that throws you and me together. This must be a strange night to you, standing alone here with your counterpart on these street stones?"

"I hardly seem yet," returned Charles Darnay, "to belong to this world again."

"I don't wonder at it; it's not so long since you were pretty far advanced on your way to another. You speak faintly."

"I begin to think I *am* faint."

"Then why don't you dine? I dined, myself, while those numbskulls were deliberating which world you should belong to — this, or some other. Let me show you the nearest tavern to dine at."

Drawing his arm through his own, he took him down Ludgate Hill to Fleet Street, and so, up a covered way, into a tavern. Here, they were shown into a little room, where Charles Darnay was soon recruiting his strength with a good plain dinner and good wine; while Carton sat opposite him at the same table,

with his separate bottle of port before him, and his fully half-insolent manner upon him.

"Do you feel, yet, that you belong to this terrestrial scheme again, Mr. Darnay?"

"I am frightfully confused regarding time and place, but I am so far mended as to feel that."

"It must be an immense satisfaction!"

He said it bitterly, and filled up his glass again; which was a large one.

"As for me, the greatest desire I have, is to forget that I belong to it."

"Now your dinner is done," Carton presently said, "why don't you call a health, Mr. Darnay; why don't you give your toast?"

"What health? What toast?"

"Why, it's on the tip of your tongue. It ought to be done, it must be. I'll swear it's there."

"Miss Manette, then!"

"Miss Manette, then!"

Looking his companion full in the face while he drank the toast, Carton flung his glass over his shoulder against the wall, where it shivered to pieces; then rang the bell, and ordered another.

"That's a fair young lady to hand to a coach in the dark, Mr. Darnay!" he said, filling his new goblet.

A slight frown and a laconic "Yes," were the answer.

"That's a fair young lady to be pitied by and wept for by! How does it feel? Is it worth being tried for one's life, to be the object of such sympathy and compassion, Mr. Darnay?"

Again Darnay answered not a word.

"She was mightily pleased to have your message, when I gave it to her. Not that she showed she was pleased, but I suppose she was."

This allusion served as a timely reminder to Darnay that this

disagreeable companion had, of his own free will, assisted him in the strait of the day. He turned the dialogue to that point, and thanked him for it.

"I neither want any thanks, nor merit any," was the careless rejoinder. "It was nothing to do, in the first place; and I don't know why I did it, in the second. Mr. Darnay, let me ask you a question."

"Willingly, and a small return for your good offices."

"Do you think I particularly like you?"

"Really, Mr. Carton," returned the other, oddly disconcerted, "I have not asked myself the question."

"But ask yourself the question now."

"You have acted as if you do; but I don't think you do."

"*I* don't think I do," said Carton. "I begin to have a very good opinion of your understanding."

"Nevertheless," pursued Darnay, rising to ring the bell, "there is nothing in that, I hope, to prevent my calling the reckoning, and our parting without ill blood on either side."

Carton rejoining, "Nothing in life!" Darnay rang.

"Do you call the whole reckoning?" said Carton. On his answering in the affirmative, "Then bring me another pint of this same wine, drawer, and come and wake me at ten."

The bill being paid, Charles Darnay rose and wished him good night.

He resorted to his pint of wine for consolation, drank it all in a few minutes, and fell asleep on his arms, with his hair straggling over the table, and a long winding-sheet in the candle dripping down upon him.

CHAPTER V.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE.

THE quiet lodgings of Doctor Manette were in a quiet street corner not far from Soho Square.[n] On the afternoon of a certain fine Sunday, Lorry walked along the sunny streets from Clerkenwell,[n] where he lived, on his way to dine with the doctor. Mr. Lorry had become the doctor's friend, and the quiet street corner was the sunny part of his life.

On this certain fine Sunday, Mr. Lorry walked toward Soho, early in the afternoon, for three reasons of habit. Firstly, because on fine Sundays, he often walked out, before dinner, with the doctor and Lucie; secondly, because, on unfavorable Sundays he was accustomed to be with them as the family friend, talking, reading, looking out of window, and generally getting through the day; thirdly, because he happened to have his own little shrewd doubts to solve, and knew how the ways of the doctor's household pointed to that time as a likely time for solving them.

A quainter corner than the corner where the doctor lived, was not to be found in London. The summer light struck into the corner brilliantly in the earliest part of the day; but when the streets grew hot, the corner was in shadow. It was a cool spot, staid but cheerful, a wonderful place for echoes, and a very harbor from the raging streets.

The doctor occupied two floors of a large still house, where several callings purported to be pursued by day, but whereof little was audible any day, and which was shunned by all of them by night.

Doctor Manette received such patients here as his old reputation, and its revival in the floating whispers of his story, brought him. His scientific knowledge, and his vigilance and skill in conducting ingenious experiments, brought him otherwise into moderate request, and he earned as much as he wanted.

These things were within Mr. Jarvis Lorry's knowledge, thoughts, and notice, when he rang the doorbell of the tranquil house in the corner, on the fine Sunday afternoon.

"Doctor Manette at home?"

Expected home.

"Miss Lucie at home?"

Expected home.

"Miss Pross at home?"

Possibly at home.

"As I am at home myself," said Mr. Lorry, "I will go upstairs."

There were three rooms on a floor, and the doors by which they communicated being put open, Mr. Lorry, smilingly observant of that fanciful resemblance which he detected all round him, walked from one to another. The first was the best room, and in it were Lucie's birds, and flowers, and books, and desk, and worktable, and box of water colors; the second was the doctor's consulting room, used also as the dining room; the third, was the doctor's bedroom, and there, in a corner, stood the disused shoemaker's bench, and tray of tools, much as it had stood on the fifth floor of the dismal house by the wine shop in the suburb of Saint Antoine in Paris.

"I wonder," said Mr. Lorry, pausing in his looking about, "that he keeps that reminder of his sufferings about him!"

"And why wonder at that?" was the abrupt inquiry that made him start.

It proceeded from Miss Pross, the wild red woman, strong of hand, whose acquaintance he had first made at the Royal George Hotel at Dover, and had since improved.

"I should have thought ——" Mr. Lorry began.

"Pooh! You'd have thought!" said Miss Pross; and Mr. Lorry left off.

"How do you do?" inquired the lady then — sharply, and yet as if to express that she bore him no malice.

"I am pretty well, I thank you," answered Mr. Lorry, with meekness; "how are you?"

"Nothing to boast of," said Miss Pross.

"Indeed?"

"For gracious sake say something else besides 'indeed,' or you'll fidget me to death," said Miss Pross, whose character was shortness.

"Really, then?" said Mr. Lorry, as an amendment.

"Really, is bad enough," returned Miss Pross, "but better. Yes, I am very much put out."

"May I ask the cause?"

"I don't want dozens of people who are not at all worthy of Ladybird, to come here looking after her," said Miss Pross.

"Do dozens come for that purpose?"

"Hundreds," said Miss Pross.

It was characteristic of this lady that whenever her original proposition was questioned, she exaggerated it.

"Dear me," said Mr. Lorry, as the safest remark he could think of.

"I have lived with the darling — or the darling has lived with me, and paid me for it — since she was ten years old. And it's really very hard," said Miss Pross.

Not seeing with precision what was very hard, Mr. Lorry shook his head.

"All sorts of people who are not in the least degree worthy of the pet, are always turning up," said Miss Pross. "When you began it ——"

"*I* began it, Miss Pross?"

"Didn't you? Who brought her father to life?"

"Oh! If *that* was beginning it ——" said Mr. Lorry.

"It wasn't ending it, I suppose? I say, when you began it, it was hard enough; not that I have any fault to find with Doctor Manette, except that he is not worthy of such a daughter, which is no imputation on him, for it was not to be expected that any-

body should be, under any circumstances. But it really is doubly and trebly hard to have crowds and multitudes of people turning up after him (I could have forgiven him) to take Ladybird's affections away from me."

Mr. Lorry remained quiet.

"There never was, nor will be, but one man worthy of Ladybird," continued Miss Pross; "and that was my brother Solomon, if he hadn't made a mistake in life."

Here again: Mr. Lorry's inquiries into Miss Pross's personal history had established the fact that her brother Solomon was a heartless scoundrel who had stripped her of everything she possessed, as a stake to speculate with, and had abandoned her in her poverty forevermore, with no touch of compunction. Miss Pross's fidelity of belief in Solomon was quite a serious matter with Mr. Lorry, and had its weight in his good opinion of her.

"As we happen to be alone for the moment, and are both people of business," he said, "let me ask you — does the doctor, in talking with Lucie, never refer to the shoemaking time yet?"

"Never."

"And yet keeps those tools and that bench beside him?"

"Ah!" returned Miss Pross, shaking her head. "But I don't say he don't refer to it within himself."

"Do you believe that he thinks of it much?"

"I do," said Miss Pross.

"Do you imagine ——" Mr. Lorry had begun, when Miss Pross took him short with:

"Never imagine anything. Have no imagination at all."

"I stand corrected; do you suppose — you go so far as to suppose, sometimes?"

"Now and then," said Miss Pross.

"Do you suppose," Mr. Lorry went on, "that Doctor Manette has any theory of his own, preserved through all those years, relative to the cause of his being so oppressed; perhaps, even to the name of his oppressor?"

"I don't suppose anything about it but what Ladybird tells me."

"And that is ——?"

"That she thinks he has."

"Now don't be angry at my asking all these questions; because I am a mere dull man of business, and you are a woman of business."

"Dull?" Miss Pross inquired with placidity.

"Believe me, Miss Pross, I don't approach the topic with you, out of curiosity, but out of zealous interest."

"Well! To the best of my understanding, and bad's the best, you'll tell me," said Miss Pross, "he is afraid of the whole subject."

"Afraid?"

"It's plain enough, I should think, why he may be. It's a dreadful remembrance. Besides that, his loss of himself grew out of it. Not knowing how he lost himself, or how he recovered himself, he may never feel certain of not losing himself again. That alone wouldn't make the subject pleasant, I should think."

It was a profounder remark than Mr. Lorry had looked for. "True," said he, "and fearful to reflect upon. Yet a doubt lurks in my mind, Miss Pross, whether it is good for Doctor Manette to have that suppression always shut up within him. Indeed, it is this doubt, and the uneasiness it sometimes causes me that has led me to our present confidence."

"Can't be helped," said Miss Pross, shaking her head. "Touch that string and he instantly changes for the worse. Better leave it alone. Sometimes, he gets up in the dead of night, and will be heard, by us overhead there, walking up and down, walking up and down his room. Ladybird has learned to know then that his mind is walking up and down, walking up and down, in his old prison. But he never says a word of the true reason of his restlessness to her, and she finds it best not to hint at it to him. In silence they go walking up and

down together, till her love and company have brought him to himself."

The corner has been mentioned as a wonderful corner for echoes; it had begun to echo so resoundingly with the tread of coming feet, that it seemed as though the very mention of that weary pacing to and fro had set it going.

"Here they are!" said Miss Pross, rising to break up the conference; "now we shall have hundreds of people pretty soon!"

Father and daughter appeared, and Miss Pross was ready at the street door to receive them.

Miss Pross was a pleasant sight, albeit wild, and red, and grim, taking off her darling's bonnet when she came upstairs and touching it up with the ends of her handkerchief, and blowing the dust off it, and folding her mantle ready for laying by, and smoothing her rich hair with as much pride as she could possibly have taken in her own hair.

Dinner time and still no hundreds of people. In the arrangements of the little household, Miss Pross took charge of the lower regions, and always acquitted herself marvelously. Her dinners, of a very modest quality, were so well cooked and so well served, and so neat in their contrivances, half English and half French, that nothing could be better.

On Sundays, Miss Pross dined at the doctor's table, but on other days persisted in taking her meals at unknown periods, either in the lower regions, or in her own room on the second floor — a blue chamber, to which no one but her Ladybird ever gained admittance. On this occasion, Miss Pross, responding to her Ladybird's pleasant face and pleasant efforts to please her, unbent exceedingly; so the dinner was very pleasant, too.

It was an oppressive day, and, after dinner, Lucie proposed that the wine should be carried out under the plane tree, and they should sit there in the air. As everything turned upon her, and revolved about her, they went out under the plane tree, and she carried the wine down for the special benefit of Mr. Lorry.

She had installed herself, some time before, as Mr. Lorry's cup-bearer; and while they sat under the plane tree, talking, she kept his glass replenished. Mysterious backs and ends of houses peeped at them as they talked, and the plane tree whispered to them in its own way over their heads.

Still the hundreds of people did not present themselves. Mr. Darnay presented himself while they were sitting under the plane tree, but he was only one.

Doctor Manette received him kindly, and so did Lucie. But Miss Pross suddenly became afflicted with a twitching in the head and body, and retired into the house.

The doctor was in his best condition, and looked specially young. The resemblance between him and Lucie was very strong at such times, and as they sat side by side, she leaning on his shoulder, and he resting his arm on the back of her chair, it was very agreeable to trace the likeness.

He had been talking all day, on many subjects, and with unusual vivacity. "Pray, Doctor Manette," said Mr. Darnay, as they sat under the plane tree — and he said it in natural pursuit of the subject in hand, which happened to be the old buildings in London — "have you seen much of the Tower?"

"Lucie and I have been there; but only casually. We have seen enough of it to know that it teems with interest; little more."

"I have been there, as you remember," said Darnay, with a smile, though reddening a little angrily, "in another character, and not in a character that gives facilities for seeing much of it. They told me a curious thing when I was there."

"What was that?" Lucie said.

"In making some alterations, the workmen came upon an old dungeon, which had been, for many years, built up and forgotten. Every stone of its inner walls was covered with inscriptions which had been carved by prisoners — dates, names, complaints, and prayers. Upon a corner-stone in an angle of the wall, one prisoner, who seemed to have gone to execution, had cut, as his

last work, three letters. They were done with some very poor instrument, and hurriedly, with an unsteady hand. At first, they were read as D. I. C.; but, on being more carefully examined, the last letter was found to be G. There was no record or legend of any prisoner with those initials, and many fruitless guesses were made what the name could have been. At length, it was suggested that the letters were not initials, but the complete word, DIG. The floor was examined very carefully under the inscription, and, in the earth beneath a stone, or tile, or some fragment of paving, were found the ashes of a paper, mingled with the ashes of a small leathern case or bag. What the unknown prisoner had written will never be read, but he had written something, and hidden it away to keep it from the jailer."

"My father," exclaimed Lucie, "you are ill!"

He had suddenly started up, with his hand to his head. His manner and his look quite terrified them all.

"No, my dear, not ill. There are large drops of rain falling and they made me start. We had better go in."

He recovered himself almost instantly. Rain was really falling in large drops, and he showed the back of his hand with raindrops on it. But he said not a single word in reference to the discovery that he had been told of, and, as they went into the house, the business eye of Mr. Lorry either detected, or fancied it detected, on his face, as it turned toward Charles Darnay, the same singular look that had been upon it when it turned toward him in the passage of the court house.

Tea time, and Miss Pross making tea, with another fit of the jerks upon her, and yet no hundreds of people. Mr. Carton had lounged in, but he made only two.

The night was so very sultry, that although they sat with doors and windows open, they were overpowered by heat. When the tea table was done with, they all moved to one of the windows, and looked out into the heavy twilight. Lucie sat by her father;

Darnay sat beside her; and Carton leaned against a window. The curtains were long and white, and some of the thunder gusts that whirled into the corner, caught them up to the ceiling, and waved them like spectral wings.

"The raindrops are still falling, large, heavy, and few," said Doctor Manette. "It comes slowly."

"It comes surely," said Carton.

They spoke low, as people watching and waiting mostly do; as people in a dark room, watching and waiting for lightning, always do.

There was a great hurry in the streets, of people speeding away to get shelter before the storm broke; the wonderful corner for echoes resounded with the echoes of footsteps coming and going, yet not a footstep was there.

"A multitude of people, and yet a solitude!" said Darnay, when they had listened for a while.

"Is it not impressive, Mr. Darnay?" asked Lucie. "Sometimes I have sat here of an evening, until I have fancied — but even the shade of a foolish fancy makes me shudder to-night, when all is so black and solemn ——"

"Let us shudder too. We may know what it is."

"It will seem nothing to you. Such whims are only impressive as we originate them, I think; they are not to be communicated. I have sometimes sat alone here of an evening, listening, until I have made the echoes out to be the echoes of all the footsteps that are coming by and by into our lives."

"There is a great crowd coming one day into our lives, if that be so," Sydney Carton struck in, in his moody way.

The footsteps were incessant, and the hurry of them became more and more rapid.

"Are all of these footsteps destined to come to all of us, Miss Manette, or are we to divide them among us?"

"I don't know, Mr. Darnay; I told you it was a foolish fancy, but you asked for it. When I have yielded myself to it, I have

been alone, and then I have imagined them the footsteps of the people who are to come into my life, and my father's."

"I take them into mine!" said Carton. "I ask no questions and make no stipulations. There is a great crowd bearing down upon us, Miss Manette, and I see them — by the lightning." He added the last words, after there had been a vivid flash which had shown him lounging in the window.

"And I hear them!" he added again, after a peal of thunder. "Here they come, fast, fierce, and furious!"

It was the rush and roar of the rain that he typified, and it stopped him, for no voice could be heard in it. A memorable storm of thunder and lightning broke with that sweep of water, and there was not a moment's interval in crash, and fire, and rain, until after the moon rose at midnight.

The great bell of Saint Paul's [a] was striking one in the cleared air, when Mr. Lorry, escorted by Jerry, high-booted and bearing a lantern, set forth on his return passage to Clerkenwell. There were solitary patches of road on the way between Soho and Clerkenwell, and Mr. Lorry, mindful of footpads, always retained Jerry for this service: though it was usually performed a good two hours earlier.

"What a night it has been! Almost a night, Jerry," said Mr. Lorry, "to bring the dead out of their graves."

"I never see the night myself, master — nor yet I don't expect to — what would do that," answered Jerry.

"Good night, Mr. Carton," said the man of business. "Good night, Mr. Darnay. Shall we ever see such a night again, together!"

Perhaps. Perhaps, see the great crowd of people with its rush and roar, bearing down upon them, too.

CHAPTER VI.

MONSEIGNEUR IN TOWN.

MONSEIGNEUR,[n] one of the great lords in power at the court, held his fortnightly reception in his grand hotel in Paris. Monseigneur was in his inner room, his sanctuary of sanctuaries, the holiest of holiest to the crowd of worshipers in the suite of rooms without. Monseigneur was about to take his chocolate. Monseigneur could swallow a great many things with ease, and was by some few sullen minds supposed to be rather rapidly swallowing France; but his morning's chocolate could not so much as get into the throat of Monseigneur, without the aid of four strong men besides the cook.

Yes. It took four men, all four ablaze with gorgeous decorations, and the chief of them unable to exist with fewer than two gold watches in his pocket, emulative of the noble and chaste fashion set by Monseigneur, to conduct the happy chocolate to Monseigneur's lips. One lackey carried the chocolate pot into the sacred presence; a second, milled and frothed the chocolate with the little instrument he bore for that function; a third, presented the favored napkin; a fourth (he of the two gold watches), poured the chocolate out. It was impossible for Monseigneur to dispense with one of these attendants on the chocolate and hold his high place under the admiring heavens. Deep would have been the blot upon his escutcheon if his chocolate had been ignobly waited on by only three men; he must have died of two.

Monseigneur having eased his four men of their burdens and taken his chocolate, caused the doors of the holiest of holiest to be thrown open, and issued forth. Then, what submission, what cringing and fawning, what servility, what abject humiliation! As to bowing down in body and spirit, nothing in that way was left for heaven — which may have been one among other reasons why the worshipers of Monseigneur never troubled it.

Bestowing a word of promise here and a smile there, a whisper on one happy slave and a wave of the hand on another, Monseigneur affably passed through his rooms to the remote region of the circumference of truth. There Monseigneur turned, and came back again, and so in due course of time got himself shut up in his sanctuary by the chocolate sprites, and was seen no more.

The show being over, the flutter in the air became quite a little storm, and the precious little bells went ringing downstairs. There was soon but one person left of all the crowd, and he, with his hat under his arm and his snuffbox in his hand, slowly passed among the mirrors on his way out.

"I devote you," said this person, stopping at the last door on his way, and turning in the direction of the sanctuary, "to the devil!"

With that he shook the snuff from his fingers as if he had shaken the dust from his feet and quietly walked downstairs.

He was a man of about sixty, handsomely dressed, haughty in manner and with a face like a fine mask. A face of a transparent paleness; every feature in it clearly defined; one set expression on it. The nose, beautifully formed otherwise, was very slightly pinched at the top of each nostril. In those two compressions, or dints, the only little change that the face ever showed, resided. They persisted in changing color sometimes, and they would be occasionally dilated and contracted by something like a faint pulsation; then, they gave a look of treachery and cruelty, to the whole countenance. Examined with attention, its capacity for helping such a look was to be found in the line of the mouth, and the lines of the orbits of the eyes, being much too horizontal and thin; still, in the effect the face made, it was a handsome face, and a remarkable one.

Its owner went downstairs into the courtyard, got into his carriage, and drove away. It appeared, under the circumstances, rather agreeable to him to see the common people dispersed

before his horses, and often barely escaping from being run down. His man drove as if he were charging an enemy, and the furious recklessness of the man brought no check into the face, or to the lips, of the master. The complaint had sometimes made itself audible, even in that deaf city and dumb age, that, in the narrow streets, without footways, the fierce patrician custom of hard driving endangered and maimed the mere vulgar in a barbarous manner. But few cared enough of that to think of it a second time, and, in this manner, as in all others, the common wretches were left to get out of their difficulties as they could.

With a wild rattle and clatter, the carriage dashed through streets and swept round corners, with women screaming before it, and men clutching each other and clutching children out of its way. At last, swooping at a street corner by a fountain, one of its wheels came to a sickening little jolt, and there was a loud cry from a number of voices, and the horses reared and plunged.

But for the latter inconvenience, the carriage would probably not have stopped; carriages were often known to drive on, and leave their wounded behind, and why not? But the frightened valet had got down in a hurry, and there were twenty hands at the horses' bridles.

"What has gone wrong?" said Monsieur, calmly looking out.

A tall man had caught up a bundle from among the feet of the horses, and had laid it on the basement of the fountain, and was down in the mud and wet, howling over it like a wild animal.

"Pardon, Monsieur the Marquis!" said a ragged and submissive man, "it is a child."

"Why does he make that abominable noise? Is it his child?"

"Excuse me, Monsieur the Marquis — it is a pity — yes."

The fountain was a little removed; for the street opened, where it was, into a space some ten or twelve yards square. As the tall man suddenly got up from the ground, Monsieur the Marquis clapped his hand for an instant on his sword hilt.

"Killed!" shrieked the man, in wild desperation, extending

both arms at their length above his head, and staring at him. "Dead!"

The people closed round, and looked at Monsieur the Marquis. There was nothing revealed by the many eyes that looked at him but watchfulness and eagerness; there was no visible menacing of anger. Neither did the people say anything; after the first cry, they had been silent, and they remained so. The voice of the submissive man who had spoken, was flat and tame in its extreme submission. Monsieur the Marquis ran his eyes over them all, as if they had been mere rats come out of their holes.

He took out his purse.

"It is extraordinary to me," said he, "that you people cannot take care of yourselves and your children. One or the other of you is forever in the way. How do I know what injury you have done my horses. See! Give him that."

He threw out a gold coin for the valet to pick up, and all the heads craned forward that all the eyes might look down on it as it fell. The tall man called out again with a most unearthly cry, "Dead!"

He was arrested by the quick arrival of another man, for whom the rest made way. On seeing him, the miserable creature fell upon his shoulder, sobbing and crying, and pointing to the fountain, where some women were stooping over the motionless bundle, and moving gently about it. They were as silent, however, as the men.

"I know all, I know all," said the last comer. "Be a brave man, my Gaspard! It is better for the poor little plaything to die so, than to live. It has died in a moment without pain. Could it have lived an hour as happily?"

"You are a philosopher, you there," said the Marquis, smiling. "How do they call you?"

"They call me Defarge."

"Of what trade?"

"Monsieur the Marquis, vender of wine."

"Pick up that, philosopher and vender of wine," said the Marquis, throwing him another gold coin, "and spend it as you will. The horses there; are they right?"

Without deigning to look at the assemblage a second time, Monsieur the Marquis leaned back in his seat, and was just being driven away with the air of a gentleman who had accidentally broken some common thing, and had paid for it, and could afford to pay for it; when his ease was suddenly disturbed by a coin flying into his carriage, and ringing on its floor.

"Hold!" said Monsieur the Marquis. "Hold the horses! Who threw that?"

He looked to the spot where Defarge the vender of wine had stood a moment before; but the wretched father was groveling on his face on the pavement in that spot, and the figure that stood beside him was the figure of a dark, stout woman, knitting.

"You dogs!" said the Marquis, but smoothly, and with an unchanged front, except as to the spots on his nose: "I would drive over any of you very willingly, and exterminate you from the earth. If I knew which rascal threw at the carriage, and if that brigand were sufficiently near it, he would be crushed under the wheels."

So cowed was their condition, and so long and hard their experience of what such a man could do to them, within the law and beyond it, that not a voice or a hand or even an eye was raised. Among the men, not one. But the woman who stood knitting looked up steadily, and looked the Marquis in the face. It was not for his dignity to notice it; his contemptuous eyes passed over her, and over all the other rats; and he leaned back in his seat again, and gave the word "Go on!"

He was driven on, and other carriages came whirling by in quick succession. The rats crept out of their holes to look on, and they remained looking on for hours; soldiers and police often passing between them and the spectacle, and making a barrier behind which they slunk, and through which they peeped.

The father had taken up his bundle and hidden himself away with it, when the woman who had tended the bundle while it lay on the base of the fountain, sat there watching the running of the water and the rolling of the fancy ball — when the one woman who had stood conspicuous, knitting, still knitted on with the steadfastness of fate.

CHAPTER VII.

MONSEIGNEUR IN THE COUNTRY.

Monsieur the Marquis in his traveling carriage, conducted by four post horses and two postilions, fagged up a steep hill. A blush on the countenance of Monsieur the Marquis was no impeachment of his high breeding; it was not from within; it was occasioned by an external circumstance beyond his control — the setting sun.

The sunset struck so brilliantly into the traveling carriage when it gained the hilltop that its occupant was steeped in crimson. "It will die out," said Monsieur the Marquis, glancing at his hands, "directly."

In effect, the sun was so low that it dipped at the moment. When the heavy drag had been adjusted to the wheel, and the carriage slid down hill, with a cinderous smell, in a cloud of dust, the red glow departed quickly; the sun and the Marquis going down together, there was no glow left when the drag was taken off.

But there remained a broken country, bold and open, a little village at the bottom of the hill, a broad sweep and rise beyond it, a church tower, a windmill, a forest for the chase, and a crag with a fortress on it used for a prison. Round upon all these darkening objects as the night drew on, the Marquis looked, with the air of one who was coming near home.

The village had its one poor street, with its poor brewery, poor

tannery, poor tavern, poor stable yard for relays of post horses, poor fountain, all usual poor appointments. It had its poor people, too. All its people were poor, and many of them were sitting at their doors, shredding spare onions and the like for supper, while many were at the fountain washing leaves and grasses, and any such small yieldings of the earth that could be eaten. Expressive signs of what made them poor were not lacking; the tax for the state, the tax for the church, the tax for the lord, tax local and tax general, were to be paid here and to be paid there, according to solemn inscription in the little village, until the wonder was that there was any village left unswallowed.

Few children were to be seen and no dogs. As to the men and women, their choice on earth was stated in the prospect — life on the lowest terms that could sustain it, down in the little village under the mill; or captivity and death in the dominant prison on the crag.

Monsieur the Marquis cast his eyes over the submissive faces that drooped before him, as the like of himself had drooped before Monseigneur of the Court — when a grizzled mender of the roads joined the group.

"Bring me hither that fellow!" said the Marquis to the courier.

The fellow was brought, cap in hand, and the other fellows closed round to look and listen, in the manner of the people at the Paris fountain.

"I passed you on the road?"

"Monseigneur, it is true. I had the honor of being passed on the road."

"Coming up the hill, and at the top of the hill, both?"

"Monseigneur, it is true."

"What did you look at so fixedly?"

"Monseigneur, I looked at the man."

He stooped a little, and with his tattered blue cap pointed under the carriage. All his fellows stooped to look under the carriage.

"What man, pig? And why look there?"

"Pardon, Monseigneur; he swung by the chain of the shoe — the drag."

"Who?" demanded the traveler.

"Monseigneur, the man."

"May the devil carry away these idiots! How do you call the man? You know all the men of this part of the country. Who was he?"

"Your clemency, Monseigneur! He was not of this part of the country. Of all the days of my life, I never saw him."

"Swinging by the chain? To be suffocated?"

"With your gracious permission, that was the wonder of it, Monseigneur. His head hanging over — like this!"

He turned himself sideways to the carriage, and leaned back, with his face thrown up to the sky, and his head hanging down; then recovered himself, fumbled with his cap, and made a bow.

"What was he like?"

"Monseigneur, he was whiter than the miller. All covered with dust, white as a specter, tall as a specter!"

The picture produced an immense sensation in the little crowd; but all eyes, without comparing notes with other eyes, looked at Monsieur the Marquis. Perhaps, to observe whether he had any specter on his conscience.

"Truly you did well," said the Marquis, felicitously sensible that such vermin were not to ruffle him, "to see a thief accompanying my carriage, and not to open that great mouth of yours. Bah! Put him aside, Monsieur Gabelle!"[n]

Monsieur Gabelle was the postmaster and some other taxing functionary united; he had come out with great obsequiousness to assist at this examination, and had held the examined by the drapery of his arm in an official manner.

"Bah! Go aside!" said Monsieur Gabelle.

"Lay hands on this stranger if he seeks to lodge in your village to-night, and be sure that his business is honest, Gabelle."

"Monseigneur, I am flattered to devote myself to your orders."

"Did he run away, fellow? — where is that accursed?"

The accursed was already under the carriage with some half dozen particular friends, pointing out the chain with his blue cap. Some half dozen other particular friends promptly hauled him out, and presented him breathless to Monsieur the Marquis.

"Did the man run away, dolt, when we stopped for the drag?"

"Monseigneur, he precipitated himself over the hillside, head first, as a person plunges into the river."

"See to it, Gabelle. Go on!"

The half dozen who were peering at the chain were still among the wheels, like sheep; the wheels turned so suddenly that they were lucky to save their skins and bones; they had very little else to save, or they might not have been so fortunate.

The burst with which the carriage started out of the village and up the rise beyond, was soon checked by the steepness of the hill. Gradually it subsided to a footpace, swinging and lumbering upward among the many sweet scents of a summer night.

At the steepest point of the hill there was a little burial ground, with a cross and a new large figure of our Saviour on it; it was a poor figure in wood, done by some inexperienced rustic carver, but he had studied the figure from the life — his own life, may be — for it was dreadfully spare and thin.

To this distressful emblem of a great distress that had long been growing worse, and was not at its worst, a woman was kneeling. She turned her head as the carriage came up to her, rose quickly, and presented herself at the carriage door.

"It is you, Monseigneur! Monseigneur, a petition."

With an exclamation of impatience, but with his unchangeable face, Monseigneur looked out.

"How, then! What is it? Always petitions!"

"Monseigneur. For the love of the great God! My husband, the forester."

"What of your husband, the forester? Always the same with you people. He cannot pay something?"

"He has paid all, Monseigneur. He is dead."

"Well! He is quiet. Can I restore him to you?"

"Alas, no, Monseigneur! But he lies yonder, under a little heap of poor grass."

"Well?"

"Monseigneur, there are so many little heaps of poor grass?"

"Again, well?"

"Monseigneur, hear me! Monseigneur, hear my petition! My husband died of want; so many die of want; so many more will die of want."

"Again, well? Can I feed them?"

"Monseigneur, the good God knows; but I don't ask it. My petition is, that a morsel of stone or wood, with my husband's name, may be placed over him to show where he lies. Otherwise, the place will be quickly forgotten. Monseigneur!"

The valet had put her away from the door, the carriage had broken into a brisk trot, the postilions had quickened the pace, she was left far behind, and Monseigneur was rapidly diminishing the league or two of distance that remained between him and his chateau.

The shadow of a large high-roofed house, and of many overhanging trees, was upon Monsieur the Marquis by that time; and the shadow was exchanged for the light of a flambeau, as his carriage stopped, and the great door of his chateau was opened to him.

"Monsieur Charles, whom I expect; is he arrived from England?"

"Monseigneur, not yet."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GORGON'S HEAD.[n]

It was a heavy mass of building, that chateau of Monsieur the Marquis, with a large stone courtyard before it, and two stone sweeps of staircase meeting in a stone terrace before the principal door.

Up the broad flight of shallow steps, Monsieur the Marquis, flambeau preceded, went from his carriage, sufficiently disturbing the darkness to elicit loud remonstrance from an owl in the roof of the great pile of stable building away among the trees.

The great door clanged behind him, and Monsieur the Marquis crossed a hall grim with certain old boar spears, swords, and knives of the chase, riding rods and riding whips.

Avoiding the larger rooms, which were dark and made fast for the night, Monsieur the Marquis, with his flambeau-bearer going on before, went up the staircase to a door in a corridor. This thrown open, admitted him to his own private apartments of three rooms; his bedchamber and two others. High vaulted rooms with cool uncarpeted floors, great dogs upon the hearths[n] for the burning of wood in winter time, and all the luxuries befitting the state of a marquis in a luxurious age and country. The fashion of the last Louis but one, of the line that was never to break — the fourteenth Louis — was conspicuous in their rich furniture; but it was diversified by many objects that were illustrations of old pages in the history of France.

A supper table was laid for two, in the third of the rooms; a round room, in one of the chateau's four extinguisher-topped towers.

"My nephew," said the Marquis, glancing at the supper preparation, "they said he was not arrived."

Nor was he, but he had been expected with Monseigneur.

"Ah! It is not probable he will arrive to-night; nevertheless,

leave the table as it is. I shall be ready in a quarter of an hour."

In a quarter of an hour Monseigneur was ready, and sat down alone to his sumptuous and choice supper. His chair was opposite to the window, and he had taken his soup, and was raising his glass of Bordeaux to his lips, when he put it down.

"What is that?" he calmly asked, looking with attention at the horizontal lines of black and stone color.

"Monseigneur? That?"

"Outside the blinds. Open the blinds."

It was done.

"Well?"

"Monseigneur, it is nothing. The trees and the night are all that are here."

The servant who spoke, had thrown the blinds wide, had looked into the vacant darkness, and stood, with that blank behind him looking round for instructions.

"Good," said the imperturbable master. "Close them again."

This was done too, and the Marquis went on with his supper. He was half way through it, when he again stopped with his glass in his hand, hearing the sound of wheels. It came on briskly, and came up to the front of the chateau.

"Ask who is arrived."

It was the nephew of Monseigneur. He had been some few leagues behind Monseigneur, early in the afternoon. He had diminished the distance rapidly, but not so rapidly as to come up with Monseigneur on the road. He had heard of Monseigneur, at the posting-houses, as being before him.

He was to be told (said Monseigneur), that supper awaited him then and there, and that he was prayed to come to it. In a little while he came. He had been known in England as Charles Darnay.

Monseigneur received him in a courtly manner, but they did not shake hands.

"You left Paris yesterday, sir?" he said to Monseigneur, as he took his seat at the table.

"Yesterday. And you?"

"I come direct."

"From London?"

"Yes."

"You have been a long time coming," said the Marquis, with a smile.

"On the contrary; I come direct."

"Pardon me! I mean, not a long time on the journey; a long time intending the journey."

"I have been detained by" — the nephew stopped a moment in his answer — "various business."

"Without doubt," said the polished uncle.

"I have come back, sir, as you anticipate, pursuing the object that took me away. It carried me into great and unexpected peril; but it is a sacred object, and if it had carried me to death, I hope it would have sustained me."

"Not to death," said the uncle; "it is not necessary to say, to death."

"I doubt, sir," returned the nephew, "whether, if it had carried me to the utmost brink of death, you would have cared to stop me there!"

The deepened marks in the nose, and the lengthening of the fine straight lines in the cruel face, looked ominous as to that: the uncle made a graceful gesture of protest, which was so clearly a slight form of good breeding that it was not reassuring.

"Indeed, sir," pursued the nephew, "for anything I know, you may have expressly worked to give a more suspicious appearance to the suspicious circumstances that surround me."

"No, no, no," said the uncle, pleasantly.

"But, however that may be," resumed the nephew, glancing at him with deep distrust, "I know that your diplomacy would stop me by any means, and would know no scruples as to means."

" My friend, I told you so," said the uncle, with a fine pulsation in the two marks. " Do me the favor to recall that I told you so, long ago."

" I recall it."

" Thank you," said the Marquis, — very sweetly indeed.

His tone lingered in the air, almost like the tone of a musical instrument.

" In effect, sir," pursued the nephew, " I believe it to be at once your bad fortune, and my good fortune, that has kept me out of a prison in France here."

" I do not quite understand," returned the uncle, sipping his coffee. " Dare I ask you to explain ? "

" I believe that if you were not in disgrace with the Court, and had not been overshadowed by that cloud for years past, a *lettre de cachet*[n] would have sent me to some fortress indefinitely."

" It is possible," said the uncle, with great calmness. " For the honor of the family, I could even resolve to incommode you to that extent. Pray excuse me! "

" I perceive that, happily for me, the reception of the day before yesterday was, as usual, a cold one," observed the nephew.

" I would not say happily, my friend," returned the uncle, with refined politeness; " I would not be sure of that. A good opportunity for consideration, surrounded by the advantages of solitude, might influence your destiny to far greater advantage than you influence it for yourself. But it is useless to discuss the question."

The Marquis took a gentle little pinch of snuff, and shook his head; as elegantly despondent as he could becomingly be of a country still containing himself, that great means of regeneration.

" We have so asserted our station, both in the old time and in the modern time also," said the nephew, gloomily, " that I believe our name to be more detested than any name in France."

" Let us hope so," said the uncle. " Detestation of the high is the involuntary homage of the low."

"There is not," pursued the nephew, in his former tone, "a face I can look at, in all this country round about us, that looks at me with any deference on it but the dark deference of fear and slavery."

"A compliment," said the Marquis, "to the grandeur of the family, merited by the manner in which the family has sustained its grandeur. Hah!" and he took another gentle pinch of snuff, and lightly crossed his legs.

But when his nephew, leaning an elbow on the table, covered his eyes thoughtfully and dejectedly with his hand, the fine mask looked at him sideways with a stronger concentration of keenness, closeness, and dislike, than was comportable with its wearer's assumption of indifference.

"Repression is the only lasting philosophy. The dark deference of fear and slavery, my friend," observed the Marquis, "will keep the dogs obedient to the whip, as long as this roof," looking up to it, "shuts out the sky."

That might not be so long as the Marquis supposed. If a picture of the chateau as it was to be a few years hence, and of fifty like it as they too were to be a very few years hence, could have been shown to him that night, he might have been at a loss to claim his own from the ghastly, fire-charred, plunder-wrecked ruins. As for the roof he vaunted, he might have found *that* shutting out the sky in a new way — to wit, forever, from the eyes of the bodies into which its lead [n] was fired out of the barrels of a hundred thousand muskets.

"Meanwhile," said the Marquis, "I will preserve the honor and repose of the family, if you will not. But you must be fatigued. Shall we terminate our conference for the night?"

"A moment more."

"An hour, if you please."

"Sir," said the nephew, "we have done wrong, and are reaping the fruits of wrong."

"*We* have done wrong?" repeated the Marquis, with an inquiring smile, and delicately pointing, first to his nephew, then to himself.

"Our family; our honorable family, whose honor is of so much account to both of us, in such different ways. Even in my father's time, we did a world of wrong, injuring every human creature who came between us and our pleasure, whatever it was. Why need I speak of my father's time, when it is equally yours? Can I separate my father's twin brother, joint inheritor, and next successor, from himself?"

"Death has done that!" said the Marquis.

"And has left me," answered the nephew, "bound to a system that is frightful to me, responsible for it, but powerless in it; seeking to excuse the last request of my dear mother's lips, and obey the last look of my dear mother's eyes, which implored me to have mercy and redress; and tortured by seeking assistance and power in vain."

"Seeking them from me, my nephew," said the Marquis, touching him on the breast with his forefinger — they were now standing by the hearth — "you will forever seek them in vain, be assured."

Every fine straight line in the clear whiteness of his face, was cruelly, craftily, and closely compressed, while he stood looking quietly at his nephew, with his snuffbox in hand. Once again he touched him on the breast as though his finger were the fine point of a small sword, with which, in delicate finesse, he ran him through the body, and said,

"My friend, I will die, perpetuating the system under which I have lived."

When he had said it, he took a culminating pinch of snuff, and put his box in his pocket.

"Better be a rational creature," he added then, after ringing a small bell on the table, "and accept your natural destiny. But you are lost, Monsieur Charles, I see."

"This property and France are lost to me," said the nephew, sadly; "I renounce them."

"Are they both yours to renounce? France may be, but is the property? It is scarcely worth mentioning; but is it yet?"

"I had no intention, in the words I used, to claim it yet. If it passed to me from you, to-morrow ——"

"Which I have the vanity to hope is not probable."

"— or twenty years hence ——"

"You do me too much honor," said the Marquis; "still, I prefer that supposition."

"— I would abandon it, and live otherwise and elsewhere. It is a little to relinquish. What is it but a wilderness of misery and ruin!"

"Hah!" said the Marquis, glancing round the luxurious room.

"To the eye it is fair enough, here; but seen in its integrity, under the sky and by the daylight, it is a crumbling tower of waste, mismanagement, extortion, debt, mortgage, oppression, hunger, nakedness, and suffering."

"Hah!" said the Marquis again, in a well-satisfied manner.

"If it ever becomes mine, it shall be put into some hands better qualified to free it slowly (if such a thing is possible) from the weight that drags it down, so that the miserable people who cannot leave it and who have been long wrung to the last pound of endurance, may, in another generation, suffer less; but it is not for me. There is a curse on it, and on all this land."

"And you?" said the uncle. "Forgive my curiosity; do you, under your new philosophy, graciously intend to live?"

"I must do, to live, what others of my countrymen, even with nobility at their backs, may have to do some day — work."

"In England, for example?"

"Yes. The family honor, sir, is safe from me in this country. The family name can suffer from me in no other, for I bear it in no other."

The ringing of the bell had caused the adjoining bedchamber

to be lighted. It now shone brightly through the door of communication. The Marquis looked that way, and listened for the retreating step of his valet.

"England is very attractive to you, seeing how indifferently you prospered there," he observed then, turning his calm face to his nephew, with a smile.

"I have already said, that for my prospering there, I am sensible I may be indebted to you, sir. For the rest, it is my refuge."

"They say, those boastful English, that it is the refuge of many. You know, a compatriot who has founded a refuge there? A doctor?"

"Yes."

"With a daughter?"

"Yes."

"Yes," said the Marquis. "You are fatigued. Good night."

"Yes," he repeated, "a doctor with a daughter. Yes. So commences the new philosophy. You are fatigued. Good night!"

It would have been of as much avail to interrogate any stone face outside the chateau as to interrogate that face of his. The nephew looked at him, in vain, in passing on to the door.

"Good night!" said the uncle. "I look to the pleasure of seeing you again in the morning. Good repose! Light Monsieur my nephew to his chamber, there! — And burn Monsieur my nephew in his bed, if you will," he added to himself, before he rang his little bell again, and summoned his valet to his own bedroom.

The valet come and gone, Monsieur the Marquis walked to and fro in his loose chamber robe, to prepare himself gently for sleep, that hot still night. Rustling about the room, his softly slippered feet making no noise on the floor, he moved like a refined tiger: — looked like some enchanted marquis of the impenitently wicked sort, in a story, whose periodical change into tiger form was either just going off, or just coming on.

He moved from end to end of his voluptuous bedroom, looking again at the scraps of the day's journey that came unbidden into his mind; the slow toil up the hill at sunset, the setting sun, the descent, the mill, the prison on the crag, the little village in the hollow, the peasants at the fountain, and the mender of roads with his blue cap pointing out the chain under the carriage. The fountain suggested the Paris fountain, the little bundle lying on the step, the woman bending over it, and the tall man with his arms up, crying, "Dead!"

"I am cool now," said Monsieur the Marquis, "and may go to bed."

So, leaving only one light burning on the large hearth, he let his thin gauze curtains fall around him, and heard the night break its silence with a long sigh as he composed himself to sleep.

The stone faces on the outer walls stared blindly at the black night for three heavy hours. For three heavy hours, the stone faces of the chateau, lion and human, stared blindly at the night. In the village, taxers, and taxed were fast asleep. Dreaming, perhaps, of banquets, as the starved usually do, and of ease and rest, as the driven slave and the yoked ox may, its lean inhabitants slept soundly, and were fed and freed.

The fountain in the village flowed unseen and unheard, and the fountain at the chateau dropped unseen and unheard through three dark hours. Then the gray water of both began to be ghostly in the light, and the eyes of the stone faces of the chateau were opened.

Lighter and lighter, until at last the sun touched the tops of the still trees, and poured its radiance over the hill. In the glow, the water of the chateau fountain seemed to turn to blood, and the stone faces crimsoned. The carol of the birds was loud and high, and, on the weather-beaten sill of the great window of the bedchamber of Monsieur the Marquis, one little bird sang its sweetest song with all its might.

Now the sun was full up, and movement began in the village.

Casement windows opened, crazy doors were unbarred, and people came forth shivering — chilled, as yet, by the new sweet air. Then began the rarely lightened toil of the day among the village population. Some to the fountain; some to the fields; men and women here, to dig and delve; men and women there, to see the poor live stock, and lead the bony cows out to such pasture as could be found by the roadside. In the church and at the cross, a kneeling figure or two; attendant on the latter prayers, the led cow, trying for a breakfast among the weeds at its foot.

The chateau awoke later, as became its quality, but awoke gradually and surely. Now doors and windows were thrown open; horses in their stables looked round over their shoulders at the light and freshness pouring in at doorways; leaves sparkled and rustled at iron-grated windows; dogs pulled hard at their chains, and reared impatient to be loose.

All these trivial incidents belonged to the routine of life, and the return of morning. Surely, not so the ringing of the great bell of the chateau, nor the running up and down the stairs; nor the hurried figures on the terrace; nor the booting and tramping here and there and everywhere, nor the quick saddling of horses and riding away ?

What winds conveyed this hurry to the grizzled mender of the roads, already at work on the hilltop beyond the village, with his day's dinner (not much to carry) lying in a bundle that it was worth no crow's while to peck at, on a heap of stones ? Had the birds, carrying some grains of it to a distance, dropped one over him as they sow chance seeds ? Whether or no, the mender of the roads ran, on the sultry morning, as if for his life, down the hill, knee high in dust, and never stopped till he got to the fountain.

All the people of the village were at the fountain, standing about in their depressed manner, and whispering low, but showing no other emotions than grim curiosity and surprise. Some of

the men of the chateau, and some of those of the posting-house, and all the taxing authorities, were armed more or less, and were crowded on the other side of the street in a purposeless way, that was highly fraught with nothing. Already the mender of the roads had penetrated into the midst of a group of fifty particular friends, and was smiting himself on the breast with his blue cap. What did all this portend, and what portended the swift hoisting-up of Monsieur Gabelle behind a servant on horseback, and the conveying away of the said Gabelle, at a gallop, like a new version of the German ballad of Leonora?"

It portended that there was one stone face too many up at the chateau.

It lay back on the pillow of Monsieur the Marquis. It was like a fine mask, suddenly startled, made angry, and petrified. Driven home into the heart of the stone figure attached to it, was a knife. Round its hilt was a frill of paper, on which was scrawled:

"*Drive him fast to his tomb. This from* JACQUES."

CHAPTER IX.

TWO PROMISES.

MORE months, to the number of twelve, had come and gone, and Mr. Charles Darnay was established in England as a higher teacher of the French language who was conversant with French literature. As a tutor whose attainments made the student's way unusually pleasant and profitable, and as an elegant translator who brought something to his work besides mere dictionary knowledge, young Mr. Darnay soon became known and encouraged. He was well acquainted, moreover, with the circumstances of his country, and those were of ever-growing interest. So, with great perseverance and untiring industry, he prospered.

Now, from the days when it was always summer in Eden, to

these days when it is mostly winter in fallen latitudes, the world of a man has invariably gone one way — Charles Darnay's way — the way of the love of a woman.

He had loved Lucie Manette from the hour of his danger. He had never heard a sound so sweet and dear as the sound of her compassionate voice; he had never seen a face so tenderly beautiful, as hers, when it was confronted with his own on the edge of the grave which had been dug for him. But he had not yet spoken to her on the subject; the assassination at the deserted chateau far away beyond the heaving water and the long, long, dusty roads — the solid stone chateau which had itself become the mere mist of a dream — had been done a year, and he had never yet, by so much as a single spoken word, disclosed to her the state of his heart.

That he had his reason for this, he knew full well. It was again a summer day when, lately arrived in London, from his college occupation, he turned into the quiet corner in Soho, bent on seeking an opportunity of opening his mind to Doctor Manette. It was the close of the summer day, and he knew Lucie to be out with Miss Pross.

He found the doctor reading in his armchair at a window. The energy which had once supported him under his old sufferings and aggravated their sharpness, had been gradually restored to him. He was now a very energetic man indeed, with great firmness of purpose, strength of resolution, and vigor of action. He studied much and slept little, sustained a great deal of fatigue with ease, and was equably cheerful. To him, now entered Charles Darnay, at sight of whom he laid aside his book and held out his hand.

"Charles Darnay! I rejoice to see you. We have been counting on your return these three or four days past. Mr. Stryver and Sydney Carton were both here yesterday, and both made you out to be more than due."

"I am obliged to them for their interest in the matter," he answered, a little coldly, as to them, though very warmly as to the doctor. "Miss Manette ——"

"Is well," said the doctor, as he stopped short, "and your return will delight us all. She has gone out on some household matters, but will soon be home."

"Doctor Manette, I knew she was from home. I took the opportunity of her being from home, to beg to speak to you."

There was a blank silence.

"Yes?" said the doctor, with evident constraint. "Bring your chair here, and speak on."

He complied as to the chair, but appeared to find the speaking on less easy.

"I have had the happiness, Doctor Manette, of being so intimate here," so he at length began, "for some year and a half, that I hope the topic on which I am about to touch may not ——"

He was stayed by the doctor's putting out his hand to stop him. When he had kept it so a little while, he said, drawing it back.

"Is Lucie the topic?"

"She is."

"It is hard for me to speak of her at any time. It is very hard for me to hear her spoken of in that tone of yours, Charles Darnay."

"It is a tone of fervent admiration, true homage, and deep love, Doctor Manette!" he said, deferentially.

There was another blank silence before her father rejoined:

"I believe it. I do you justice; I believe it."

His constraint was so manifest, and it was so manifest, too, that it originated in an unwillingness to approach the subject, that Charles Darnay hesitated.

"Shall I go on, sir?"

"Yes, go on."

" Dear Doctor Manette, I love your daughter fondly, dearly, disinterestedly, devotedly. If ever there were love in the world, I love her. You have loved, yourself; let your old love speak for me!"

The doctor sat with his face turned away, and his eyes bent on the ground. At the last words he stretched out his hand again, hurriedly, and cried:

" Not that, sir! Let that be! I adjure you, do not recall that!"

His cry was so like a cry of actual pain, that it rang in Charles Darnay's ears long after he had ceased. He motioned with the hand he had extended, and it seemed to be an appeal to Darnay to pause. The latter so received it, and remained silent.

" I ask your pardon," said the doctor, in a subdued voice, after some moments. " I do not doubt your loving Lucie; you may be satisfied of it."

He turned toward him in his chair, but did not look at him or raise his eyes. His chin dropped upon his hand, and his white hair overshadowed his face:

" Have you spoken to Lucie?"

" No."

" Nor written?"

" Never."

" It would be ungenerous to affect not to know that your self-denial is to be referred to your consideration for her father. Her father thanks you."

He offered his hand; but his eyes did not go with it.

" I know," said Darnay, respectfully, " how can I fail to know, Doctor Manette, I who have seen you together from day to day, that between you and Miss Manette there is an affection so unusual, so touching, so belonging to the circumstances in which it has been nurtured, that it can have few parallels, even in the tenderness between a father and a child. But I love her. Heaven is my witness that I love her!"

"I believe it," answered her father, mournfully. "I have thought so before now. I believe it."

"But do not believe," said Darnay, upon whose ear the mournful voice struck with a reproachful sound, "that if my fortune were so cast as that, I must at any time put any separation between her and you, I could or would breathe a word of that I now say. No, dear Doctor Manette. Like you, a voluntary exile from France; like you, driven from it by distractions, oppressions, and miseries; like you, strong to live away from it by my own exertions, and trusting in a happier future; I look only to sharing your fortunes, sharing your life and home, and being faithful to you to the death."

"You speak so feelingly and so manfully, Charles Darnay, that I thank you with all my heart. Have you any reason to believe that Lucie loves you?"

"None, as yet, none."

"Is it the immediate object of this confidence, that you may at once ascertain that, with my knowledge?"

"Not even so. I might not have the hopefulness to do it for weeks; I might (mistaken or not mistaken) have that hopefulness to-morrow."

"Do you seek any guidance from me?"

"I ask none, sir. But I have thought it possible that you might have it in your power, if you should deem it right, to give me some."

"Do you seek any promise from me?"

"I do seek that."

"What is it?"

"May I ask, sir, if you think she is ——" As he hesitated, her father supplied the rest.

"Is sought by any other suitor?"

"It is what I meant to say."

Her father considered a little before he answered:

"You have seen Mr. Carton here yourself. Mr. Stryver is

here too, occasionally. If it be at all, it can only be by one of these."

"Or both," said Darnay.

"I had not thought of both; I should not think either likely. You want a promise from me. Tell me what it is."

"It is, that if Miss Manette should bring to you at any time, on her own part, such a confidence as I have ventured to lay before you, you will bear testimony to what I have said, and to your belief in it."

"I give the promise," said the doctor, "without any condition. I believe your object to be, purely and truthfully, as you have stated it. I believe your intention is to perpetuate, and not to weaken, the ties between me and my other and far dearer self. If she should ever tell me that you are essential to her perfect happiness, I will give her to you. If there were, Charles Darnay,— if there were any fancies, any reasons, any apprehensions, anything whatsoever, new or old, against the man she really loved — the direct responsibility thereof not lying on his head — they should all be obliterated for her sake. She is everything to me; more to me than suffering, more to me than wrong, more to me — Well! This is idle talk."

So strange was the way in which he faded into silence, and so strange his fixed look when he had ceased to speak, that Darnay felt his own hand turn cold in the hand that slowly released and dropped it.

"You said something to me," said Doctor Manette, breaking into a smile. "What was it you said to me?"

"Your confidence in me ought to be returned with full confidence on my part. My present name, though but slightly changed from my mother's, is not, as you will remember, my own. I wish to tell you what that is, and why I am in England."

"Stop!" said the doctor of Beauvais.

"I wish it, that I may the better deserve your confidence, and have no secret from you."

"Stop!"

For an instant, the doctor even had his two hands at his ears; for another instant, even had his two hands laid on Darnay's lips.

"Tell me when I ask you, not now. If your suit should prosper, if Lucie should love you, you shall tell me on your marriage morning. Do you promise?"

"Willingly."

"Give me your hand. She will be home directly, and it is better she should not see us together to-night. Go! God bless you!"

It was dark when Charles Darnay left him, and it was an hour later and darker when Lucie came home; she hurried into the room alone, and was surprised to find his reading-chair empty.

"My father!" she called to him. "Father, dear!"

Nothing was said in answer, but she heard a low hammering sound in his bedroom. Passing lightly across the intermediate room, she looked at his door and came running back frightened, crying to herself, with her blood all chilled, "What shall I do! What shall I do!"

Her uncertainty lasted but a moment; she hurried back, and tapped at his door, and softly called to him. The noise ceased at the sound of her voice, and he presently came out to her, and they walked up and down together for a long time.

She came down from her bed to look at him in his sleep that night. He slept heavily, and his tray of shoemaking tools, and his old unfinished work, were all as usual.

CHAPTER X.

A COMPANION PICTURE.

"SYDNEY," said Mr. Stryver, on that selfsame night, or morning, to his jackal; "mix another bowl of punch; I have something to say to you."

Sydney had been working double tides that night, and the night before that, and a good many nights in succession, making a grand clearance among Mr. Stryver's papers before the setting in of the long vacation.[n] Sydney was none the livelier and none the soberer for so much application.

"Are you mixing that other bowl of punch?" said Stryver the portly, with his hands in his waistband, glancing round from the sofa where he lay on his back.

"I am."

"Now, look here! I am going to tell you something that will rather surprise you, and that perhaps will make you think me not quite as shrewd as you usually do think me. I intend to marry."

"Who is the lady?" asked Sydney Carton.

"Now, don't let my announcement of the name make you uncomfortable, Sydney," said Mr. Stryver. "The young lady is Miss Manette."

Sydney Carton drank the punch at a great rate; drank it by bumpers, looking at his friend.

"Now you know all about it, Syd," said Mr. Stryver. "I don't care about fortune; she is a charming creature, and I have made up my mind to please myself; on the whole, I think I can afford to please myself. She will have in me a man already pretty well off, and a rapidly rising man, and a man of some distinction; it is a piece of good fortune for her, but she is worthy of good fortune. Are you astonished?"

Carton, still drinking the punch, rejoined, "Why should I be astonished?"

" You approve ? "

Carton, still drinking the punch, rejoined, " Why should I not approve ? "

" Well ! " said his friend Stryver, " you take it more easily than I fancied you would, and are less mercenary on my behalf than I thought you would be; though, to be sure, you know well enough by this time that your ancient chum is a man of a pretty strong will. Yes, Sydney, I have had enough of this style of life, with no other as a change from it; I feel that it is a pleasant thing for a man to have a home when he feels inclined to go to it, and I feel that Miss Manette will tell well in any station, and will always do me credit. So I have made up my mind. And now, Sydney, old boy, I want to say a word to *you*, about *your* prospects. You are in a bad way, you know; you really are in a bad way. You don't know the value of money, you live hard, you'll knock up one of these days, and be ill and poor; you really ought to think about a nurse."

The prosperous patronage with which he said it, made him look twice as big as he was, and four times as offensive.

" Now, let me recommend you," pursued Stryver, " to look it in the face. I have looked it in the face, in my different way; look it in the face, you, in your different way. Marry. Provide somebody to take care of you. Never mind your having no enjoyment of women's society, nor understanding of it, nor tact for it. Find out somebody. Find out some respectable woman with a little property — somebody in the landlady way, or lodging-letting way — marry her, against a rainy day. That's the kind of thing for *you*. Now think of it, Sydney."

" I'll think of it," said Sydney.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FELLOW OF DELICACY.

Mr. Stryver having made up his mind to that magnanimous bestowal of good fortune on the doctor's daughter, resolved to make her happiness known to her before he left town for the long vacation. As to the strength of his case, he had not a doubt about it, but clearly saw his way to the verdict.

Accordingly, Mr. Stryver inaugurated the long vacation with a formal proposal to take Miss Manette to Vauxhall Gardens; [n] that failing, to Ranelagh; [n] that unaccountably failing, too, it behooved him to present himself in Soho, and there declare his noble mind.

His way taking him past Tellson's, and he both banking at Tellson's, and knowing Mr. Lorry as the intimate friend of the Manettes, it entered Mr. Stryver's mind to enter the bank and reveal to Mr. Lorry the brightness of the Soho horizon. So, he pushed open the door with the weak rattle in its throat, stumbled down the two steps, got past the two ancient cashiers, and shouldered himself into the musty back closet where Mr. Lorry sat at great books ruled for figures, and where everything under the clouds was as it were a sum.

"Halloo!" said Mr. Stryver. "How do you do? I hope you are well!"

It was Stryver's grand peculiarity that he always seemed too big for any place, or space.

The discreet Mr. Lorry said, "How do you do, Mr. Stryver? How do you do, sir?" and shook hands. "Can I do anything for you, Mr. Stryver?"

"Why, no, thank you; this is a private visit to yourself, Mr. Lorry; I have come for a private word."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. Lorry, bending down his ear, while his eye strayed to the house [n] afar off.

"I am going," said Mr. Stryver, leaning his arms confidentially on the desk: "I am going to make an offer of myself in marriage to your agreeable little friend, Miss Manette, Mr. Lorry."

"Oh, dear me!" cried Mr. Lorry, rubbing his chin, and looking at his visitor dubiously.

"Oh, dear me, sir?" repeated Stryver, drawing back. "Oh, dear you, sir? What may your meaning be, Mr. Lorry?"

"Well! I — Were you going there now?" asked Mr. Lorry.

"Straight!" said Stryver, with a plump of his fist on the desk.

"Then I think I wouldn't, if I was you."

"Why?" said Stryver. "You are a man of business and bound to have a reason. State your reason. Why wouldn't you go?"

"Because," said Mr. Lorry, "I wouldn't go on such an object without having some cause to believe that I should succeed."

"But this beats everything!" cried Stryver.

Mr. Lorry glanced at the distant house, and glanced at the angry Stryver.

"Then you mean to tell me, Mr. Lorry," said Stryver, squaring his elbows, "that it is your deliberate opinion that the young lady at present in question is a mincing fool?"

"Not exactly so. I mean to tell you, Mr. Stryver," said Mr. Lorry, reddening, "that I will hear no disrespectful word of that young lady from any lips; and that if I knew any man — which I hope I do not — whose taste was so coarse, and whose temper was so overbearing, that he could not restrain himself from speaking disrespectfully of that young lady at this desk, not even Tellson's should prevent my giving him a piece of my mind."

Mr. Stryver sucked the end of a ruler for a little while, and then stood hitting a tune out of his teeth with it, which probably gave him the toothache. He broke the awkward silence by saying:

"This is something new to me, Mr. Lorry. You deliberately

advise me not to go up to Soho and offer myself — myself, Stryver of the King's Bench bar ? ''

'' Do you ask me for my advice, Mr. Stryver ? ''

'' Yes, I do.''

'' Very good. Then I give it, and you have repeated it correctly.''

'' And all I can say of it is,'' laughed Stryver, with a vexed laugh, '' that this — ha, ha! — beats everything past, present, and to come.''

'' Well, Mr. Stryver, I was about to say, it might be painful to you to find yourself mistaken, it might be painful to Doctor Manette to have the task of being explicit with you, it might be painful to Miss Manette to have the task of being explicit with you. You know the terms upon which I have the honor and happiness to stand with the family. If you please, committing you in no way, representing you in no way, I will undertake to correct my advice by the exercise of a little new observation and judgment expressly brought to bear upon it. If you should then be dissatisfied with it, you can but test its soundness for yourself; if, on the other hand, you should be satisfied with it, and it should be what it now is, it may spare all sides what is best spared. What do you say ? ''

'' How long would you keep me in town ? ''

'' Oh! It is only a question of a few hours. I could go to Soho in the evening, and come to your chambers afterwards.''

'' Then I say yes,'' said Stryver. '' I won't go up there now, I am not so hot upon it as that comes to; I say yes, and I shall expect you to look in to-night. Good morning.''

When Mr. Lorry called that night as late as ten o'clock, Mr. Stryver, among a quantity of books and papers littered out for the purpose, seemed to have nothing less on his mind than the subject of the morning. He even showed surprise when he saw Mr. Lorry, and was altogether in an absent and preoccupied state.

'' Well! '' said the good-natured emissary, after a full half-

hour of bootless attempts to bring him round to the question, "I have been to Soho."

"To Soho?" repeated Mr. Stryver, coldly. "Oh, to be sure! What am I thinking of!"

"And I have no doubt," said Mr. Lorry, "that I was right in the conversation we had. My opinion is confirmed, and I reiterate my advice."

"I assure you," returned Mr. Stryver, in the friendliest way, "that I am sorry for it on your account, and sorry for it on the poor father's account. I know this must always be a sore subject with the family; let us say no more about it."

"I don't understand you," said Mr. Lorry.

"I dare say not," rejoined Stryver, nodding his head in a smoothing and final way; "no matter, no matter."

"But it does matter," Mr. Lorry urged.

"There is no harm at all done. I have not proposed to the young lady, and, between ourselves, I am by no means certain, on reflection, that I ever should have committed myself to that extent. Mr. Lorry, you cannot control the mincing vanities and giddiness of empty-headed girls; you must not expect to do it, or you will always be disappointed. Now, pray say no more about it. I tell you, I regret it on account of others, but I am satisfied on my own account. And I am really very much obliged to you for allowing me to sound you, and for giving me your advice; you know the young lady better than I do; you were right, it never would have done."

Mr. Lorry was so taken aback, that he looked quite stupidly at Mr. Stryver shouldering him towards the door, with an appearance of showering generosity, forbearance, and good-will on his head.

"Make the best of it, my dear sir," said Stryver, "say no more about it; thank you again for allowing me to sound you; good night!"

Mr. Lorry was out in the night, before he knew where he was. Mr. Stryver was lying back on his sofa, winking at the celling.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FELLOW OF NO DELICACY.

If Sydney Carton ever shone anywhere, he certainly never shone in the house of Doctor Manette. He had been there often, during a whole year, and had always been the same moody and morose lounger there.

One day in August Mr. Stryver notified Sydney that "he had thought better of that marrying matter." This had such an effect upon Sydney that from being irresolute and purposeless, he became animated by an intention, and, in the working up of that intention, he came to the doctor's door.

He was shown upstairs, and found Lucie at her work, alone. She had never been quite at her ease with him, and received him with some little embarrassment as he seated himself near her table. But, looking up at his face in the interchange of the first few commonplaces, she observed a change in it.

"I fear you are not well, Mr. Carton?"

"No. But the life I lead, Miss Manette, is not conducive to health. What is to be expected of, or by, such profligates?"

"Is it not — forgive me; I have begun the question on my lips — a pity to live no better life?"

"God knows it is a shame."

"Then why not change it?"

Looking gently at him again she was surprised and saddened to see that there were tears in his eyes. There were tears in his voice, too, as he answered:

"It is too late for that. I shall never be better than I am. I shall sink lower and be worse."

He leaned an elbow on her table, and covered his eyes with his hand.

She had never seen him softened, and was much distressed. He knew her to be so, without looking at her, and said:

"Pray forgive me, Miss Manette. I break down before the knowledge of what I want to say to you. Will you hear me?"

"If it will do you any good, Mr. Carton, if it would make you happier, it would make me very glad."

"God bless you for your sweet compassion!"

He unshaded his face after a little while, and spoke steadily.

"Don't be afraid to hear me. Don't shrink from anything I say. I am like the one who died young. All my life might have been."

"No, Mr. Carton. I am sure that the best part of it might still be; I am sure that you might be much, much worthier of yourself."

"Say of you, Miss Manette, and although I know better — although in the mystery of my own wretched heart I know better — I shall never forget it!"

She was pale and trembling. He came to her relief with a fixed despair of himself which made the interview unlike any other that could have been holden.

"If it had been possible, Miss Manette, that you could have returned the love of the man you see before you — self-flung-away, wasted, drunken, poor creature of misuse as you know him to be, — he would have been conscious this day and hour, in spite of his happiness, that he would bring you to misery, bring you to sorrow and repentance, blight you, disgrace you, pull you down with him. I know very well that you can have no tenderness with me; I ask for none; I am even thankful that it cannot be."

"Without it, can I not save you, Mr. Carton? Can I not recall you — forgive me again! — to a better course? Can I in no way repay your confidence? I know this is a confidence," she modestly said, after a little hesitation, and in earnest tears, "I know you would say this to no one else. Can I turn it to no good account for yourself, Mr. Carton?"

He shook his head.

"To none. No, Miss Manette, to none. I have had unformed ideas of striving afresh, beginning anew, shaking off sloth and sensuality, and fighting out the abandoned fight. A dream, all a dream, that ends in nothing, and leaves the sleeper where he lay down, but I wish you to know that you inspired it."

"Will nothing of it remain? Oh, Mr. Carton, think again! Try again!"

"No, Miss Manette; all through it, I have known myself to be quite undeserving."

"Since it is my misfortune, Mr. Carton, to have made you more unhappy than you were before you knew me ——"

"Don't say that, Miss Manette, for you would have reclaimed me, if anything could. You will not be the cause of my becoming worse."

"Since the state of your mind that you describe is, at all events, attributable to some influence of mine — this is what I mean, if I can make it plain — can I use no influence to serve you? Have I no power for good, with you, at all?"

"The utmost good that I am capable of now, Miss Manette, I have come here to realize. Let me carry through the rest of my misdirected life the remembrance that I opened my heart to you, last of all the world; and that there was something left in me at this time which you could deplore and pity."

"Which I entreated you to believe, again and again, most frevently, with all my heart, was capable of better things, Mr. Carton."

"Entreat me to believe it no more, Miss Manette. I have proved myself, and I know better. I distress you; I draw fast to an end. Will you let me believe, when I recall this day, that the last confidence of my life, was reposed in your pure and innocent breast, and that it lies there alone, and will be shared by no one?"

"If that will be a consolation to you, yes."

"Not even by the dearest one ever to be known to you?"

"Mr. Carton," she answered, after an agitated pause, "the secret is yours, not mine; and I promise to respect it."

"Thank you. And again, God bless you."

He put her hand to his lips, and moved toward the door.

"Be under no apprehension, Miss Manette, of my ever resuming this conversation by so much as a passing word. I will never refer to it again. If I were dead, that could not be surer than it is henceforth. In the hour of my death, I shall hold sacred the one good remembrance — and shall thank and bless you for it — that my last avowal of myself was made to you, and that my name, and faults, and miseries were gently carried in your heart. May it otherwise be light and happy!"

He was so unlike what he had ever shown himself to be, and it was so sad to think how much he had thrown away, and how much he every day kept down and perverted, Lucie Manette wept mournfully for him as he stood looking back at her.

"Be comforted!" he said, "I am not worth such feeling, Miss Manette. My last supplication of all, is this, and with it, I will relieve you of a visitor with whom I well know you have nothing in unison, and between whom and you there is an impassable space. Try to hold me in your mind at some quiet times, as ardent and sincere in this one thing. The time will come, the time will not be long in coming, when new ties will be formed about you — ties that will bind you more tenderly and strongly to the home you so adorn — the dearest ties that will ever grace and gladden you. Oh, Miss Manette, when the little picture of a happy father's face looks up in yours, when you see your own bright beauty springing up anew at your feet, think now and then that there is a man, who would give his life, to keep a life you love beside you!"

He said "Farewell!" said a last "God bless you!" and left her.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HONEST TRADESMAN.

TIME was, when a poet sat upon a stool in a public place, and mused in the sight of men. Mr. Cruncher, sitting on his stool in a public place, but not being a poet, mused as little as possible, and looked about him.

It fell out that he was thus engaged, when an unusual concourse pouring down Fleet Street westward, attracted his attention. Looking that way, Mr. Cruncher made out that some kind of funeral was coming along, and that there was popular objection to this funeral, which engendered uproar.

"Young Jerry," said Mr. Cruncher, turning to his offspring, "it's a buryin'."

"Hooroar, father!" cried young Jerry.

"What d'ye mean? What are you hooroaring at? What do you want to conwey to your own father, you young rip? This boy is a-getting too many for me!" said Mr. Cruncher, surveying him. "Him and his hooroars! Don't let me hear no more of you, or you shall feel some more of me. D'ye hear?"

"I warn't doing no harm," young Jerry protested, rubbing his cheek.

"Drop it, then," said Mr. Cruncher; "I won't have none of your no harms. Get a top of that there seat, and look at the crowd."

His son obeyed, and the crowd approached; they were bawling and hissing round a dingy hearse and dingy mourning coach, in which mourning coach there was only one mourner, dressed in the dingy trappings that were considered essential to the dignity of the position. The position appeared by no means to please him, however, with an increasing rabble surrounding the coach, deriding him, making grimaces at him, and incessantly groaning

and calling out; "Yah! Spies! Tst, tst! Spies!" with many compliments too numerous and forcible to repeat.

Funerals had at all times a remarkable attraction for Mr. Cruncher; he always pricked up his senses, and became excited when a funeral passed Tellson's. Naturally, therefore, a funeral with this uncommon attendance, excited him greatly, and he asked of the first man who ran against him:

"What is it, brother? What's it about?"

"I don't know," said the man. "Spies! Yaha! Tst! Spies!"

He asked another man. "Who is it?"

"I don't know," returned the man, clapping his hand to his mouth nevertheless, and vociferating in a surprising heat and with the greatest ardor, "Spies! Yaha! Tst! Tst! Spi-ies!"

At length, a person better informed on the merits of the case, tumbled against him, and from this person he learned that the funeral was the funeral of one Roger Cly.

"Was he a spy?" asked Mr. Cruncher.

"Old Bailey spy," returned his informant. "Yaha! Tst! Yah! Old Bailey Spi-i-ies!"

"Why, to be sure!" exclaimed Jerry, recalling the trial at which he had assisted.[n] "I've seen him. Dead, is he?"

"Dead as a mutton," returned the other, "and can't be too dead. Have 'em out, there! Spies! Pull 'em out, there! Spies!"

The idea was so acceptable in the prevalent absence of any idea, that the crowd caught it up with eagerness, and loudly repeating the suggestion to have 'em out, and to pull 'em out, mobbed the two vehicles so closely that they came to a stop. On the crowd's opening the coach door, the one mourner scuffled out of himself, and was in their hands for a moment; but he was so alert, and made such good use of his time, that in another moment he was scouring away up a by-street, after shedding his cloak, hat, long hatband, white pocket handkerchief, and other symbolical tears.

These the people tore to pieces and scattered far and wide with great enjoyment, while the tradesmen hurriedly shut up their shops; for a crowd in those times stopped at nothing, and was a monster much dreaded. They had already got the length of opening the hearse to take the coffin out, when some brighter genius proposed instead, its being escorted to its destination amidst general rejoicing. Practical suggestions being much needed, this suggestion, too, was received with acclamation, and the coach was immediately filled with eight inside and a dozen out, while as many people got on the roof of the hearse as could by any exercise of ingenuity stick upon it. Among the first of these volunteers was Jerry Cruncher himself, who modestly concealed his spiky head from the observation of Tellson's, in the further corner of the mourning coach.

The officiating undertakers made some protest against these changes in the ceremonies; but, the river being alarmingly near, and several voices remarking on the efficacy of cold immersion in bringing refractory members of the profession to reason, the protest was faint and brief. The remodeled procession started, with a chimney sweep driving the hearse — advised by the regular driver who was perched beside him, under close inspection, for the purpose — and with a pieman, also attended by his cabinet minister, driving the mourning coach. A bear-leader, a popular street character of the time, was impressed as an additional ornament, before the cavalcade had gone far down the Strand;[n] and his bear, who was black and very mangy, gave quite an undertaking air to that part of the procession in which he walked.

Its destination was the old church of Saint Pancras,[n] far off in the fields. It got there in course of time; insisted in pouring into the burial ground; finally, accomplished the interment of the deceased Roger Cly in its own way, and highly to its own satisfaction.

The dead man disposed of, and the crowd being under the necessity of providing some other entertainment for itself, another

brighter genius conceived the humor of impeaching casual passers-by as Old Bailey spies, and wreaking vengance upon them. Chase was given to some scores of inoffensive persons who had never been near the Old Bailey in their lives, in the realization of this fancy, and they were roughly hustled and maltreated.

Mr. Cruncher did not assist at the closing sports, but had remained behind in the churchyard, to confer and condole with the undertakers. The place had a soothing influence on him. He procured a pipe from a neighboring public house, and smoked it, looking in at the railings and maturely considering the spot.

"Jerry," said Mr. Cruncher, apostrophizing himself in his usual way, "you see that there Cly that day, and you see with your own eyes that he was a young 'un and a straight made 'un."

Having smoked his pipe out, and ruminated a little longer, he turned himself about that he might appear, before the hour of closing, on his station at Tellson's. Whether his meditations on mortality had touched his liver, or whether his general health had been previously at all amiss, or whether he desired to show a little attention to an eminent man, is not so much to the purpose, as that he made a short call upon his medical adviser — a distinguished surgeon — on his way back.

"You are going out to-night?" asked his decent wife when he was at supper.

"Yes, I am."

"May I go with you, father?" asked his son, briskly.

"No, you mayn't. I'm a-going — as your mother knows — a fishing. That's where I'm a-going to. Going a fishing."

"Your fishing-rod gets rayther rusty; don't it, father?"

"Never you mind."

"Shall you bring any fish home, father?"

"If I don't, you'll have short commons," to-morrow," returned that gentleman, shaking his head; "that's questions enough for you; I ain't a-going out, till you've been long a-bed."

The evening wore away with the Cruncher family until young Jerry was ordered to bed, and his mother, laid under similar injunctions, obeyed them. Mr. Cruncher beguiled the earlier watches of the night with solitary pipes, and did not start upon his excursion until nearly one o'clock. Toward that small and ghostly hour, he rose from his chair, took a key out of his pocket, opened a locked cupboard, and brought forth a sack, a crowbar of convenient size, a rope and chain, and other fishing tackle of that nature. Disposing these articles about him in skillful manner, he bestowed a parting defiance on Mrs. Cruncher, extinguished the light, and went out.

Young Jerry, who had only made a feint of undressing when he went to bed, was not long after his father. Under cover of the darkness, he followed out of the room, followed down the stairs, followed down the court, followed out into the streets. He was in no uneasiness concerning his getting into the house again, for it was full of lodgers, and the door stood ajar all night.

Impelled by a laudable ambition to study the art and mystery of his father's honest calling, young Jerry, keeping as close to house fronts, walls, and doorways as his eyes were close to one another, held his honored parent in view. The honored parent steering northward, had not gone far when he was joined by another disciple of Izaak Walton,[n] and the two trudged on together.

Within half an hour from the first starting they were beyond the winking lamps, and the more than winking watchmen, and were out upon a lonely road. Another fisherman was picked up here — and that so silently, that if young Jerry had been superstitious, he might have supposed the second follower of the gentle craft to have, all of a sudden, split himself in two.

The three went on, and young Jerry went on, until the three stopped under a bank overhanging the road. Upon the top of the bank was a low brick wall, surrounded by an iron railing. In the shadow of bank and wall the three turned out of the road, and up a blind lane, of which the wall — there, risen to some

eight or ten feet high, — formed one side. Crouching down in a corner, peeping up the lane, the next object that young Jerry saw, was the form of his honored parent, pretty well defined against a watery and clouded moon, nimbly scaling an iron gate. He was soon over, and the second fisherman got over, and then the third. They all dropped softly on the ground within the gate, and lay there a little — listening perhaps. Then they moved away on their hands and knees.

It was now young Jerry's turn to approach the gate; which he did, holding his breath. Crouching down again in a corner there, and looking in, he made out the three fishermen creeping through some rank grass; and all the gravestones in the churchyard — it was a large churchyard they were in — looking on like ghosts in white, while the church tower itself looked on like the ghost of a monstrous giant. They did not creep far, before they stopped and stood upright. And then they began to fish.

They fished with a spade at first. Presently the honored parent appeared to be adjusting some instrument like a great corkscrew. Whatever tools they worked with, they worked hard until the awful striking of the church clock so terrified young Jerry, that he made off with his hair as stiff as his father's.

But his long-cherished desire to know more about these matters, not only stopped him in his running away, but lured him back again. They were still fishing perseveringly, when he peeped in at the gate for the second time; but now they seemed to have got a bite. There was a screwing and complaining sound below, and their bent figures were strained, as if by a weight. By slow degrees the weight broke away the earth upon it, and came to the surface. Young Jerry very well knew what it would be; but when he saw it, and saw his honored parent about to wrench it open, he was so frightened, being new to the sight, that he made off again, and never stopped until he had run a mile or more.

He would not have stopped then, for anything less necessary than breath, it being a spectral sort of race that he ran, and one

highly desirable to get to the end of. He rushed home, rushed to his room and from his oppressed slumber was awakened after daybreak and before sunrise, by the presence of his father in the family room. Something had gone wrong with him.

There was no fish for breakfast, and not much of anything else. Mr. Cruncher was out of spirits, and out of temper. He was brushed and washed at the usual hour, and set off with his son to pursue his ostensible calling.

Young Jerry, walking with the stool under his arm at his father's side along sunny and crowded Fleet Street, was a very different young Jerry from him of the previous night, running home through darkness and solitude. His cunning was fresh with the day, and his qualms were gone with the night.

"Father," said young Jerry, as they walked along; taking care to keep at arm's-length and to have the stool well between them; "what's a resurrection man?"

Mr. Cruncher came to a stop on the pavement before he answered, "How should I know?"

"I thought you knowed everything, father," said the artless boy.

"Hem! Well," returned Mr. Cruncher, going on again and lifting his hat to give his spikes free play, "he's a tradesman."

"What's his goods, father?" asked the brisk young Jerry.

"His goods," said Mr. Cruncher, after turning it over in his mind, "is a branch of scientific goods."

"Persons' bodies, ain't it, father?" asked the lively boy.

"I believe it is something of that sort," observed Mr. Cruncher.

"Oh, father, I should so like to be a resurrection man when I'm growed up!"

Mr. Cruncher was soothed, but he shook his head in a dubious and moral way. "It depends upon how you dewelop your talents. Be careful to dewelop your talents, and never to say no more than you can help to nobody, and there's no telling at the present time what you may not come to be fit for." As young

Jerry, thus encouraged, went on a few yards in advance, to plant the stool in the shadow of the Bar, Mr. Cruncher added to himself: "Jerry, you honest tradesman, there's hopes wot that boy will yet be a blessing to you, and a recompense to you for his mother!"

CHAPTER XIV.

KNITTING.

THERE had been earlier drinking than usual in the wine shop of Monsieur Defarge. As early as six o'clock in the morning, sallow faces peeping through its barred windows had descried other faces within, bending over measures of wine. This had been the third morning in succession, on which there had been early drinking at the wine shop of Monsieur Defarge. It had begun on Monday, and here was Wednesday come.

Notwithstanding an unusual flow of company, the master of the wine shop was not visible. He was not missed; for nobody who crossed the threshold looked for him, nobody asked for him, nobody wondered to see only Madame Defarge in her seat, presiding over the distribution of wine.

A suspended interest and a prevalent absence of mind, were perhaps observed by the spies who looked in at the wine shop, as they looked in at every place, high and low, from the king's palace to the criminal's cell. Madame Defarge herself picked out the pattern on her sleeve with her toothpick, and saw and heard something inaudible and invisible a long way off.

It was high noontide, when two dusty men passed through the streets and under the swinging lamps; of whom one was Monsieur Defarge; the other a mender of roads in a blue cap. Their arrival had lighted a kind of fire in the breast of Saint Antoine, fast spreading as they came along, which stirred and flickered in flames of faces at most doors and windows. Yet no one had followed them, and no man spoke when they entered the

wine shop, though the eyes of every man there were turned upon them.

"Good day, gentlemen!" said Monsieur Defarge.

It may have been a signal for loosening the general tongue. It elicited an answering chorus of "Good day!"

"It is bad weather, gentlemen," said Defarge, shaking his head.

Upon which, every man looked at his neighbor, and then all cast down their eyes, and sat silent. Except one man, who got up and went out.

"My wife," said Defarge aloud, addressing Madame Defarge, "I have traveled certain leagues with this good mender of roads, called Jacques. I met him — by accident — a day and a half's journey out of Paris. He is a good child, this mender of roads, called Jacques. Give him to drink, my wife!"

A second man got up and went out. Madame Defarge set wine before the mender of roads, called Jacques, who doffed his cap to the company, and drank. In the breast of his blouse he carried some coarse dark bread; he ate of this between whiles, and sat munching and drinking near Madame Defarge's counter. A third man got up and went out.

Defarge refreshed himself with a draught of wine and stood waiting until the countryman had made his breakfast. He looked at no one present, and no one looked at him; not even Madame Defarge, who had taken up her knitting, and was at work.

"Have you finished your repast, friend?" he asked in due season.

"Yes, thank you."

"Come, then! You shall see the apartment that I told you you could occupy. It will suit you to a marvel."

Out of the wine shop into the street, out of the street into a courtyard, out of the courtyard up a steep staircase into a garret — formerly the garret where a white-haired man sat on a low bench, stooping forward and very busy, making shoes.

No white-haired man was there now; but the three men were there who had gone out of the wine shop singly. And between them and the white-haired man afar off, was the one small link, that they had once looked in at him through the chinks in the wall.

Defarge closed the door carefully, and spoke in a subdued voice:

"Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques Three! This is the witness encountered by appointment, by me, Jacques Four. He will tell you all. Speak, Jacques Five!"

The mender of roads, blue cap in hand, wiped his swarthy face with it, and said, "Where shall I commence, monsieur?"

"Commence," was Monsieur Defarge's not unreasonable reply, "at the commencement."

"I saw him then, messieurs," began the mender of roads, "a year ago this running summer, underneath the carriage of the Marquis, hanging by the chain. Behold the manner of it. I leaving my work on the road, the sun going to bed, the carriage of the Marquis slowly ascending the hill, he hanging by the chain — like this."

Again the mender of roads went through the whole performance; in which he ought to have been perfect by that time, seeing that it had been the infallible resource and indispensable entertainment of his village during a whole year.

Jacques One struck in, and asked if he had ever seen the man before.

"Never," answered the mender of roads, recovering his perpendicular.

Jacques Three demanded how he afterward recognized him then?

"By his tall figure," said the mender of roads, softly, and with his finger at his nose. "When Monsieur the Marquis demands that evening, 'Say, what is he like?' I make response, 'Tall as a specter.'"

"You should have said, short as a dwarf," returned Jacques Two.

"But what did I know? The deed was not then accomplished, neither did he confide in me. Observe! Under those circumstances then, I do not offer my testimony. Monsieur the Marquis indicates me with his finger, standing near our little fountain, and says, 'To me! Bring that rascal!' My faith, messieurs, I offer nothing."

"He is right there, Jacques," murmured Defarge, to him who had interrupted. "Go on!"

"Good!" said the mender of roads, with an air of mystery. "The tall man is lost, and he is sought — how many months? Nine, ten, eleven?"

"No matter the number," said Defarge. "He is well hidden, but at last he is unluckily found. Go on!"

"I am again at work upon the hillside, and the sun is again about to go to bed. I am collecting my tools to descend to my cottage down in the village below, where it is already dark, when I raise my eyes, and see coming over the hill six soldiers. In the midst of them is a tall man with his arms bound — tied to his sides — like this!"

With the aid of his indispensable cap, he represented a man with his elbows bound fast at his hips, with cords that were knotted behind him.

"I stand aside messieurs, by my heap of stones, to see the soldiers and their prisoner pass (for it is a solitary road, that, where any spectacle is well worth looking at), and at first, as they approach I see no more than that they are six soldiers with a tall man bound, and that they are almost black to my sight — except on the side of the sun going to bed, where they have a red edge, messieurs. Also, I see that their long shadows are on the hollow ridge on the opposite side of the road, and are on the hill above it, and are like the shadows of giants. Also, I see that they are covered with dust, and that the dust moves with

them as they come, tramp, tramp! But when they advance quite near to me, I recognize the tall man, and he recognizes me. Ah, but he would be well content to precipitate himself over the hillside once again, as on the evening when he and I first encountered, close to the same spot!"

He described it as if he were there, and it was evident that he saw it vividly; perhaps he had not seen much in his life.

"I do not show the soldiers that I recognize the tall man; he does not show the soldiers that he recognizes me; we do it, and we know it, with our eyes. 'Come on!' says the chief of that company, pointing to the village, 'bring him fast to his tomb!' and they bring him faster. I follow. His arms are swelled because of being bound so tight, his wooden shoes are large and clumsy, and he is lame. Because he is lame, and consequently slow, they drive him with their guns — like this!"

He imitated the action of a man's being impelled forward by the butt-ends of muskets.

"As they descend the hill like madmen running a race, he falls. They laugh and pick him up again. His face is bleeding and covered with dust, but he cannot touch it; thereupon they laugh again. They bring him into the village; all the village runs to look; they take him past the mill, and up to the prison; all the village sees the prison gate open in the darkness of the night, and swallow him — like this!"

He opened his mouth as wide as he could, and shut it with a sounding snap of his teeth. Observant of his unwillingness to mar the effect by opening it again, Defarge said, "Go on, Jacques."

"All the village," pursued the mender of roads, on tiptoe and a low voice, "withdraws; all the village whispers by the fountain, all the village sleeps; all the village dreams of that unhappy one, within the locks and bars of the prison on the crag, and never to come out of it, except to perish. In the morning, with my tools upon my shoulder, eating my morsel of black bread as I

go, I make a circuit by the prison, on my way to my work. There I see him, high up, behind the bars of a lofty iron cage. He has no hand free, to wave to me; I dare not call to him; he regards me like a dead man."

"Go on, Jacques," said Defarge.

"He remains up there in his iron cage some days. The village looks at him by stealth, for it is afraid. But it always looks, from a distance, at the prison on the crag; and in the evening, when the work of the day is achieved and it assembles to gossip at the fountain, all faces are turned toward the prison. Formerly, they were turned toward the posting-house; now, they are turned toward the prison. They whisper at the fountain, that although condemned to death he will not be executed; they say that petitions have been presented in Paris, showing that he was made mad by the death of his child; they say that a petition has been presented to the king himself. What do I know? It is possible. Perhaps yes, perhaps no."

"Listen then, Jacques," Number One of that name sternly interposed. "Know that a petition was presented to the king and queen. All here, yourself excepted, saw the king take it, in his carriage in the street, sitting beside the queen. It is Defarge whom you see here, who at the hazard of his life, darted out before the horses, with the petition in his hand."

"And once again listen, Jacques!" said Number Three; "the guard, horse and foot, surrounded the petitioner, and struck him blows. You hear?"

"I hear, messieurs."

"Go on, then," said Defarge.

"Again; on the other hand, they whisper at the fountain," resumed the countryman, "that he is brought down into our country to be executed on the spot, and that he will very certainly be executed. They even whisper that because he has slain Monseigneur, and because Monseigneur was the father of his tenants — serfs — what you will — he will be executed as a parricide."

"Go on," said Defarge, with grim impatience.

"Well, some whisper this, some whisper that; they speak of nothing else; even the fountain appears to fall to that tune. At length, on Sunday night, when all the village is asleep, come soldiers, winding down from the prison, and their guns ring on the stones of the little street. Workmen dig, workmen hammer, soldiers laugh and sing; in the morning by the fountain, there is raised a gallows forty feet high, poisoning the water."

The mender of roads looked through, rather than at the low ceiling, and pointed as if he saw the gallows somewhere in the sky.

"All work is stopped, all assemble there. At midday, the roll of drums. Soldiers have marched into the prison in the night, and he is in the midst of many soldiers. He is bound as before, and in his mouth there is a gag — tied so, with a tight string, making him look almost as if he laughed." He suggested it, by creasing his face with his two thumbs, from the corners of his mouth to his ears. "On the top of the gallows is fixed the knife, blade upwards, with its point in the air. He is hanged there forty feet high — and is left hanging, poisoning the water."

They looked at one another, as he used his blue cap to wipe his face, on which the perspiration had started afresh while he recalled the spectacle.

"It is frightful, messieurs. How can the women and the children draw water! Who can gossip of an evening, under that shadow! Under it, have I said? When I left the village, Monday evening, as the sun was going to bed, and looked back from the hill, the shadow struck across the church, across the mill, across the prison — seemed to strike across the earth, messieurs, to where the sky rests upon it! — That's all, messieurs. I left at sunset (as I had been warned to do), and walked on that night, until I met (as I was warned I should), this comrade. With him I came on, now riding and now walking, through the rest of yesterday and through last night. And here you see me!"

After a gloomy silence the first Jacques said, "Good! You

have acted and recounted faithfully. Will you wait for us a little, outside the door?"

"Very willingly," said the mender of roads, whom Defarge escorted to the top of the stairs, and, leaving seated there, returned.

The three had risen, and their heads were together when he came back to the garret.

"How say you, Jacques?" demanded Number One. "To be registered?"

"To be registered as doomed to destruction," returned Defarge.

"The chateau, and all the race?" inquired the first.

"The chateau and all the race," returned Defarge. "Extermination!"

"Are you sure," asked Jacques Two, of Defarge, "that no embarrassment can arise from our manner of keeping the register? Without doubt it is safe, for no one beyond ourselves can decipher it; but shall we always be able to decipher it — or, I ought to say, will she?"

"Jacques," returned Defarge, drawing himself up, "if madame my wife undertook to keep the register in her memory alone, she would not lose a word of it, not a syllable of it. Knitted in her own stitches, and her own symbols, it will always be as plain to her as the sun. Confide in Madame Defarge. It would be easier for the weakest poltroon that lives, to erase himself from existence, than to erase one letter from his name or crimes from the knitted register of Madame Defarge."

There was a murmur of confidence and approval, and then Jacques Three asked: "Is this rustic to be sent back soon? I hope so. He is very simple; is he not a little dangerous?"

"He knows nothing," said Defarge; "at least nothing more than would easily elevate himself to the gallows of the same height. I charge myself with him; let him remain with me; I

will take care of him, and set him on his road. He wishes to see the fine world — the king, the queen, and court; let him see them on Sunday."

"What?" exclaimed Jacques Three, "is it a good sign, that he wishes to see royalty or nobility?"

"Jacques," said Defarge; "judiciously show a cat milk, if you wish her to thirst for it. Judiciously show a dog his natural prey, if you wish him to bring it down one day."

Nothing more was said, and the mender of roads, being found already dozing on the topmost stair, was advised to lay himself down on the pallet-bed and take some rest. He needed no persuasion, and was soon asleep.

Worse quarters than Defarge's wine shop, could easily have been found in Paris for a provincial slave of that degree. Saving for a mysterious dread of madame by which he was constantly haunted, his life was very new and agreeable. But madame sat all day at her counter, so expressively unconscious of him, and so particularly determined not to perceive that his being there had any connection with anything below the surface, that he shook in his wooden shoes whenever his eye lighted on her.

Therefore, when Sunday came, the mender of roads was not enchanted (though he said he was) to find that madame was to accompany monsieur and himself to Versailles. It was additionally disconcerting to have madame knitting, all the way there, in a public conveyance; it was additionally disconcerting yet, to have madame in the crowd in the afternoon, still with her knitting in her hands as the crowd waited to see the carriage of the king and queen.

"You work hard, madame," said a man near her.

"Yes," answered Madame Defarge; "I have a good deal to do."

"What do you make, madame?"

"Many things."

"For instance ——"

"For instance," returned Madame Defarge, composedly, "shrouds."

The man moved a little further away, as soon as he could, and the mender of roads fanned himself with his blue cap; feeling it mightily close and oppressive. If he needed a king and queen to restore him, he was fortunate in having his remedy at hand; for, soon, the large-faced king and the fair-faced queen came in their golden coach, attended by the shining bull's eye of their court, a glittering multitude of laughing ladies and fine lords. During the whole of this scene, which lasted some three hours, he had plenty of shouting and weeping and sentimental company, and throughout Defarge held him by the collar, as if to restrain him from flying at the objects of his brief devotion and tearing them to pieces.

"Bravo!" said Defarge, clapping him on the back when it was over, like a patron; "you are a good boy!"

The mender of roads was now coming to himself, and was mistrustful of having made a mistake in his late demonstrations; but no.

"You are the fellow we want," said Defarge, in his ear; "you make these fools believe that it will last forever. Then, they are the more insolent, and it is the nearer ended."

"Hey!" cried the mender of the roads, reflectively; "that's true."

"These fools know nothing. While they despise your breath, and would stop it forever and ever, in you or in a hundred like you rather than in one of their own horses or dogs, they only know what your breath tells them. Let it deceive them, then, a little longer; it cannot deceive them too much."

Madame Defarge looked superciliously at the client, and nodded in confirmation.

"As to you," said she, "you would shout and shed tears for anything, if it made a show and a noise. Say! Would you not?"

"Truly, madame, I think so. For the moment."

CHAPTER XV.

STILL KNITTING.

MADAME DEFARGE and monsieur, her husband, returned amicably to the bosom of Saint Antoine, while a speck in a blue cap toiled through the darkness, and through the dust, and down the weary miles of avenues by the wayside, slowly wending toward that point of the compass where the chateau of Monsieur the Marquis, now in his grave, listened to the whispering trees.

The Defarges, husband and wife, came lumbering under the starlight, in their public vehicle, to that gate of Paris whereunto their journey naturally tended. There was the usual stoppage at the barrier guardhouse, and the usual lanterns came glancing forth for the usual examination and inquiry. Monsieur Defarge alighted; knowing one or two of the soldiery there, and one of the police. The latter he was intimate with, and affectionately embraced.

When Saint Antoine had again enfolded the Defarges in his dusky wings, and they, having finally alighted near the saint's boundaries, were picking their way on foot through the black mud and offal of his streets, Madame Defarge spoke to her husband:

"Say, then, my friend; what did Jacques of the police tell thee?"

"Very little to-night, but all he knows. There is another spy commissioned for our quarter. There may be many more, for all he can say, but he knows of one."

"Eh, well!" said Madame Defarge, raising her eyebrows with a cool business air. "It is necessary to register him. How do they call that man?"

"He is English."

"So much the better. His name?"

"Barsad," said Defarge, making it French by pronunciation.

But he had been so careful to get it accurately, that he then spelled it with perfect correctness.

"Barsad," repeated madame. "Good. Christian name?"

"John."

"John Barsad," repeated madame, after murmuring it once to herself. "Good. His appearance; is it known?"

"Age, about forty years; height, about five feet nine; black hair; complexion dark; generally, rather handsome visage; eyes dark, face thin, long, and sallow; nose aquiline, but not straight, having a peculiar inclination toward the left cheek; expression, therefore, sinister."

"Eh my faith. It is a portrait!" said madame, laughing. "He shall be registered to-morrow."

They turned into the wine shop, which was closed (for it was midnight), and where Madame Defarge immediately took her post at her desk, counted the small moneys that had been taken during her absence, examined the stock, went through the entries of the book, made other entries of her own, checked the serving man in every possible way, and finally dismissed him to bed. Then she turned out the contents of the bowl of money for the second time, and began knotting them up in her handkerchief in a chain of separate knots, for safe keeping through the night.

"You are fatigued," said madame, raising her glance as she knotted the money.

"I am a little tired," her husband acknowledged.

"You are a little depressed, too," said madame, whose quick eyes had never been so intent on the accounts, but they had had a ray or two for him. "Oh, the men, the men!"

"But, my dear!" began Defarge.

"But, my dear!" repeated madame, nodding firmly; "but, my dear! You are faint of heart to-night, my dear!"

"Well, then," said Defarge, as if a thought were wrung out of his breast, "it is a long time."

"It is a long time," repeated his wife; "and when is it not a

long time? Vengeance and retribution require a long time; it is the rule."

"It does not take a long time to strike a man with lightning," said Defarge.

"How long," demanded madame, composedly, "does it take to make and store the lightning? Tell me."

Defarge raised his head thoughtfully, as if there were something in that too.

"It does not take a long time," said madame, "for an earthquake to swallow a town. Eh well! Tell me how long it takes to prepare the earthquake?"

"A long time, I suppose," said Defarge.

"But when it is ready, it takes place, and grinds to pieces everything before it. In the meantime, it is always preparing, though it is not seen or heard. That is your consolation. Keep it."

She ties a knot with flashing eyes, as if it throttled a foe.

"I tell thee," said madame, extending her right hand, for emphasis, "that although it is a long time on the road, it is on the road and coming. I tell thee it never retreats, and never stops. I tell thee it is always advancing. Look around and consider the lives of all the world that we know, consider the faces of all the world that we know, consider the rage and discontent to which the Jacquerie addresses itself with more and more of certainty every hour. Can such things last? Bah! I mock you."

"My brave wife," returned Defarge, standing before her with his head a little bent, and his hands clasped at his back, like a docile and attentive pupil before his catechist, "I do not question all this. But it has lasted a long time, and it is possible — you know well, my wife, it is possible — that it may not come, during our lives."

"Eh well! How then?" demanded madame, tying another knot, as if there were another enemy strangled.

"Well!" said Defarge, with a half complaining and a half apologetic shrug. "We shall not see the triumph."

"We shall have helped it," returned madame, with her extended hand in strong action. "Nothing that we do is done in vain. I believe, with all my soul, that we shall see the triumph. But even if not, even if I knew certainly not, show me the neck of an aristocrat and tyrant, and still I would ——"

Then the madame, with her teeth set, tied a very terrible knot indeed.

"Hold!" cried Defarge, reddening a little, as if he felt charged with cowardice; "I too, my dear, will stop at nothing."

"Yes! But it is your weakness that you sometimes need to see your victim and your opportunity, to sustain you. Sustain yourself without that."

Madame enforced the conclusion of this piece of advice by striking her little counter with her chain of money as if she knocked its brains out, and then gathering the heavy handkerchief under her arm in a serene manner, and observing that it was time to go to bed.

Next noon-tide saw the admirable woman in her usual place in the wine shop, knitting away assiduously. A rose lay beside her, and if she now and then glanced at the flower, it was with no infraction of her usual pre-occupied air.

A figure entering at the door threw a shadow on Madame Defarge which she felt to be a new one. She laid down her knitting, and began to pin her rose in her headdress, before she looked at the figure.

It was curious. The moment Madame Defarge took up the rose, the customers ceased talking, and began gradually to drop out of the wine shop.

"Good day, madame," said the new-comer.

"Good day, monsieur."

She said it aloud, but added to herself, as she resumed her knitting: "Hah! Good day, age about forty, height about five

feet nine, black hair, generally rather handsome visage, complexion dark, eyes dark, thin, long and sallow face, aquiline nose but not straight, having a peculiar inclination toward the left cheek which imparts a sinister expression! Good day, one and all!"

"Have the goodness to give me a little glass of old cognac, and a mouthful of cool fresh water, madame."

Madame complied with a polite air.

"Marvelous cognac, this, madame!"

It was the first time it had been so complimented, and Madame Defarge knew enough of its antecedents to know better. She said, however, that the cognac was flattered, and took up her knitting. The visitor watched her fingers for a few moments, and took the opportunity of observing the place in general.

"You knit with great skill, madame."

"I am accustomed to it."

"A pretty pattern too!"

"You think so?" said madame, looking at him with a smile.

"Decidedly. May I ask what it is for?"

"Pastime," said madame, looking at him with a smile, while her fingers moved nimbly.

"Not for use?"

"That depends. I may find a use for it one day. If I do — well," said madame, drawing a breath and nodding her head with a stern kind of coquetry, "I'll use it!"

It was remarkable; but the taste of Saint Antoine seemed to be decidedly opposed to a rose on the headdress of Madame Defarge. Two men had entered separately, and had been about to order drink, when, catching sight of that novelty, they faltered, made a pretense of looking about as if for some friend who was not there, and went away. Nor of those who had been there when this visitor entered, was there one left. They had all dropped off. The spy had kept his eyes open, but had been able to detect no sign. They had lounged away in a poverty-

stricken, purposeless, accidental manner, quite natural and unimpeachable.

"John," thought madame, checking off her work as her fingers knitted, and her eyes looked at the stranger. "Stay long enough, and I shall knit 'BARSAD' before you go."

"You have a husband, madame?"

"I have."

"Children?"

"No children."

"Business seems bad?"

"Business is very bad; the people are so poor."

"Ah, the unfortunate, miserable people! So oppressed, too — as you say."

"As you say," madame retorted, correcting him, and deftly knitting an extra something into his name that boded him no good.

"Pardon me; certainly it was I who said so, but you naturally think so. Of course."

"I think?" returned madame, in a high voice. "I and my husband have enough to do to keep this wine shop open, without thinking. All we think, here, is how to live. I think for others? No, no."

The spy who was there to pick up any crumbs he could find or make, did not allow his baffled state to express itself in his sinister face; but stood with an air of gossiping gallantry, leaning his elbow on Madame Defarge's little counter, and occasionally sipping his cognac.

"A bad business this, madame, of Gaspard's execution. Ah! the poor Gaspard!" With a sign of great compassion.

"My faith!" returned madame, coolly and lightly, "if people use knives for such purposes, they have to pay for it. He knew beforehand what the price of his luxury was; he has paid the price."

"I believe," said the spy, dropping his soft voice in a tone

that invited confidence, and expressing an injured revolutionary susceptibility in every muscle of his wicked face: "I believe there is much compassion and anger in this neighborhood, touching the poor fellow? Between ourselves."

"Is there?" asked madame, vacantly.

"Is there not?"

"— Here is my husband!" said Madame Defarge.

As the keeper of the wine shop entered at the door, the spy saluted him by touching his hat, and saying, with an engaging smile, "Good day, Jacques!" Defarge stopped short, and stared at him.

"Good day, Jacques!" the spy repeated; with not quite so much confidence, or quite so easy a smile under the stare.

"You deceive yourself, monsieur," returned the keeper of the wine shop. "You mistake me for another. That is not my name. I am Ernest Defarge."

"It is all the same," said the spy, airily, but discomfited too; "good day!"

"Good day!" answered Defarge, dryly.

"I was saying to madame, with whom I had the pleasure of chatting when you entered, that they tell me there is — and no wonder! — much sympathy and anger in Saint Antoine, touching the unhappy fate of poor Gaspard."

"No one has told me so," said Defarge, shaking his head. "I know nothing of it."

Having said it, he passed behind the little counter, and stood with his hand on the back of his wife's chair, looking over that barrier at the person to whom they were both opposed, and whom either of them would have shot with the greatest satisfaction.

The spy, well used to his business, did not change his unconscious attitude, but drained his little glass of cognac, took a sip of fresh water, and asked for another glass of cognac. Madame Defarge poured it out for him, took to her knitting again, and hummed a little song over it.

"You seem to know this quarter well; that is to say, better than I do?" observed Defarge.

"Not at all, but I hope to know it better. I am so profoundly interested in its miserable inhabitants."

"Hah!" muttered Defarge.

"The pleasure of conversing with you, Monsieur Defarge, recalls to me," pursued the spy, "that I have the honor of cherishing some interesting associations with your name."

"Indeed!" said Defarge, with much indifference.

"Yes, indeed. When Dr. Manette was released, you, his old domestic, had the charge of him, I know. He was delivered to you. You see I am informed of the circumstances."

"Such is the fact, certainly," said Defarge.

"It was to you," said the spy, "that his daughter came; and it was from your care that his daughter took him, accompanied by a neat brown monsieur; how is he called? — in a little wig — Lorry — of the bank of Tellson and Company — over to England."

"Such is the fact," repeated Defarge.

"Very interesting remembrances," said the spy. "I have known Dr. Manette and his daughter, in England."

"Yes?" said Defarge.

"You don't hear much about them now?" said the spy.

"No," said Defarge.

"In effect," madame struck in, looking up from her work and her little song, "we never hear about them. We received the news of their safe arrival, and perhaps another letter, or perhaps two; but, since then, they have gradually taken their road in life — we, ours, — and we have held no correspondence."

"Perfectly so, madame," replied the spy. "She is going to be married."

"Going?" echoed madame. "She was pretty enough to have been married long ago. You English are cold, it seems to me."

"Oh! You know I am English."

"I perceive your tongue is," returned madame; "and what the tongue is, I suppose the man is."

"Yes, Miss Manette is going to be married. But not to an Englishman; to one who, like herself, is French by birth. And speaking of Gaspard, it is a curious thing that she is going to marry the nephew of Monsieur the Marquis, for whom Gaspard was exalted to that height of so many feet; in other words, the present marquis. But he lives unknown in England, he is no marquis there; he is Mr. Charles Darnay. D'Aulnais is the name of his mother's family."

Madame Defarge knitted steadily, but the intelligence had a palpable effect upon her husband. Do what he would, behind the little counter, as to the striking of a light, and the lighting of his pipe, he was troubled, and his hand was not trustworthy.

The spy would have been no spy if he had failed to see it, or to record it in his mind.

Having made, at least, this one hit, whatever it might prove to be worth, and no customers coming in to help him to any other, Mr. Barsad paid for what he had drunk, and took his leave; taking occasion to say, in a genteel manner, before he departed, that he looked forward to the pleasure of seeing Monsieur and Madame Defarge again. For some minutes after he had emerged into the outer presence of Saint Antoine, the husband and wife remained exactly as he had left them, lest he should come back.

"Can it be true," said Defarge, in a low voice, looking down at his wife, as he stood smoking, with his hand on the back of her chair, "what he has said of Ma'amselle Manette?"

"As he said it," returned madame, lifting her eyebrows a little, "it is probably false. But it may be true."

"If it is ——" Defarge began, and stopped.

"If it is?" repeated his wife.

"— And if it does come, while we live to see it triumph —

I hope, for her sake, destiny will keep her husband out of France."

"Her husband's destiny," said Madame Defarge, with her usual composure, "will take him where he is to go, and will lead him to the end that is to end him. That is all I know."

"But it is very strange — now, at least, is it not very strange," said Defarge, rather pleading with his wife to induce her to admit it, "that after all our sympathy for monsieur her father, and herself, her husband's name should be proscribed under your hand at this moment, by the side of that infernal dog's who just left us?"

"Stranger things than that will happen when it does come," answered madame. "I have them both here, of a certainty; and they are both here for their merits; that is enough."

She rolled up her knitting when she had said those words, and presently took the rose out of her handkerchief that was wound about her head. Either Saint Antoine had an instinctive sense that the objectionable decoration was gone, or Saint Antoine was on the watch for its disappearance; howbeit, the saint took courage to lounge in, very shortly afterward, and the wine shop recovered its habitual aspect.

CHAPTER XVI.

ONE NIGHT.

Never did the sun go down with a brighter glory on the quiet corner of Soho, than one memorable evening when the doctor and his daughter sat under the plane tree together. Never did the moon rise with a milder radiance over great London, than on that night when it found them still seated under the tree, and shone upon their faces through its leaves.

Lucie was to be married to-morrow. She had reserved this last evening for her father, and they sat alone under the plane tree.

"You are happy, my dear father?"

"Quite, my child."

They had said little, though they had been there a long time.

"And I am very happy to-night, dear father. I am deeply happy in the love that heaven has so blessed — my love for Charles, and Charles's love for me. But, if my life were not to be still consecrated to you, or if my marriage were so arranged that it would part us, even by the length of a few of these streets, I should be more unhappy and self-reproachful now than I can tell you. Even as it is ——"

Even as it was she could not command her voice.

In the sad moonlight, she clasped him by the neck, and laid her face upon his breast.

"Dearest dear! Can you tell me, this last time, that you feel quite, quite sure no new affections of mine, and no new duties of mine, will ever interpose between us? I know it well, but do you know it? In your own heart, do you feel quite certain?"

Her father answered with a cheerful firmness of conviction he could scarcely have assumed, "Quite sure, my darling! More than that," he added, as he tenderly kissed her; "my future is far brighter, Lucie, seen through your marriage, than it could have been — nay, than it ever was — without it."

"If I could hope that, my father ——"

"Believe it, love! Indeed it is so. Consider how natural and how plain it is my dear, that it should be so. You, devoted and young, cannot fully appreciate the anxiety I have felt that your life should not be wasted ——"

She moved her hand toward his lips, but he took it in his and repeated the word.

"— wasted, my child — should not be wasted, struck aside from the natural order of things — for my sake."

"If I had never seen Charles, my father, I should have been quite happy with you."

"My child, you did see him, and it is Charles. If it had not been Charles, it would have been another. See!" said the doctor of Beauvais, raising his hand toward the moon. "I have looked at her from my prison-window, when I could not bear her light. I have looked at her when it has been such torture to me to think of her shining upon what I had lost, that I have beaten my head against my prison-walls. I have looked at her, speculating thousands of times upon the unborn child from whom I had been rent. Whether it was alive. Whether it had been born alive or the poor mother's shock had killed it. Whether it was a son who would some day avenge his father. Whether it was a son who would never know his father's story; who might even live to weigh the possibility of his father's having disappeared of his own will and act. Whether it was a daughter who would grow to be a woman. In that more peaceful state, I have imagined her, in the moonlight, coming to me and taking me out to show me that the home of her married life was full of her loving remembrances of her lost father. My picture was in her room, and I was in her prayers. Her life was active, cheerful, useful; but my poor history pervaded it all."

"I am that child, I hope, my father. Oh my dear, my dear, will you bless me as fervently to-morrow?"

"Lucie, I recall these old troubles in the reason that I have to-night for loving you better than words can tell, and thanking God for my great happiness. My thoughts, when they were wildest, never rose near the happiness that I have known with you, and that we have before us."

He embraced her, solemnly commended her to heaven, and humbly thanked heaven, for having bestowed her on him. By and by, they went into the house.

There was no one bidden to the marriage but Mr. Lorry; there was even to be no bridesmaid but the gaunt Miss Pross. The marriage was to make no change in their place of residence; they had been able to extend it, by taking to themselves the

upper rooms formerly belonging to the apocryphal invisible lodger, and they desired nothing more.

Doctor Manette was very cheerful at the little supper. There were only three at table, and Miss Pross made the third. He regretted that Charles was not there; was more than half disposed to object to the loving little plot that kept him away; and drank to him affectionately.

So the time came for him to bid Lucie good-night, and they separated. But, in the stillness of the third hour of the morning, Lucie came down stairs again, and stole into his room; not free from unshaped fear beforehand.

All things, however, were in their places; all was quiet; and he lay asleep, his white hair picturesque on the untroubled pillow, and his hands lying quiet on the coverlet. She put her needless candle in the shadow at a distance, crept up to his bed, and put her lips to his; then, leaned over him, and looked at him.

She timidly laid her hand on his dear breast, and put up a prayer that she might ever be as true to him as her love aspired to be, and as his sorrows deserved. Then she withdrew her hand, and kissed his lips once more, and went away. So the sunrise came, and the shadows of the leaves of the plane tree moved upon his face as softly as her lips had moved in praying for him.

CHAPTER XVII.

NINE DAYS.

THE marriage day was shining brightly, and they were ready outside the closed door of the doctor's room, where he was speaking with Charles Darnay. They were ready to go to church; the beautiful bride, Mr. Lorry, and Miss Pross.

"And so," said Mr. Lorry, who could not sufficiently admire the bride, and who had been moving round her to take in every point of her quiet, pretty dress; "and so it was for this, my

sweet Lucie, that I brought you across the channel, such a baby! Lord bless me! How little I thought what I was doing! How lightly I valued the obligation I was conferring on my friend Mr. Charles!"

"You didn't mean it," remarked the matter-of-fact Miss Pross, "and therefore how could you know it? Nonsense!"

"Really? Well! but don't cry," said the gentle Mr. Lorry.

"I am not crying," said Miss Pross; "you are."

"I, my Pross?"

"You were, just now; I saw you do it, and I don't wonder at it. Such a present of plate as you have made 'em, is enough to bring tears into anybody's eyes. There's not a fork or spoon in the collection," said Miss Pross, "that I didn't cry over, last night after the box came, till I couldn't see it."

"I am highly gratified," said Mr. Lorry, "though upon my honor, I had no intention of rendering those trifling articles of remembrance invisible to anyone. Dear me! This is an occasion that makes a man speculate on all he has lost. Dear, dear, dear! To think that there might have been a Mrs. Lorry, any time these fifty years almost!"

"Not at all!" From Miss Pross.

"You think that there never might have been a Mrs. Lorry?" asked the gentleman of that name.

"Pooh!" rejoined Miss Pross; "you were a bachelor in your cradle."

"Well!" observed Mr. Lorry, beamingly adjusting his little wig, "that seems probable, too."

"And you were cut out for a bachelor," pursued Miss Pross, "before you were put in your cradle."

"Now, I hear somebody's step coming to the door," said Mr. Lorry. "Let me kiss my dear girl with an old-fashioned bachelor blessing, before somebody comes to claim his own."

For a moment he held the fair face from him to look at the well-remembered expression on the forehead, and then laid the

bright golden hair against his little brown wig, with a genuine tenderness and delicacy which, if such things be old-fashioned, were as old as Adam.

The door of the doctor's room opened, and he came out with Charles Darnay. He was so deadly pale — which had not been the case when they went in together — that no vestige of color was to be seen in his face.

He gave his arm to his daughter, and took her down stairs to the chariot which Mr. Lorry had hired in honor of the day. The rest followed in another carriage, and soon, in a neighboring church, where no strange eye looked on, Charles Darnay and Lucie Manette were happily married.

It was a hard parting, though it was not for long. But her father cheered her, and said at last, gently disengaging himself from her infolding arms, "Take her, Charles! She is yours!"

And her agitated hand waved to them from the chaise window, and she was gone.

The corner being out of the way of the idle and curious, and the preparations having been very simple and few, the doctor, Mr. Lorry, and Miss Pross, were left quite alone. It was when they turned into the welcome shade of the cool old hall that Mr. Lorry observed a great change to come over the doctor.

"I think," he whispered to Miss Pross, after anxious consideration, "I think we had not best speak to him just now, or at all disturb him. I must look in at Tellson's; so I will go there at once, and come back presently. Then we will take him for a ride in the country, and dine there, and all will be well."

It was easier for Mr. Lorry to look in at Tellson's, than to look out of Tellson's. He was detained two hours. When he came back, he ascended the old staircase alone, having asked no question of the servant; going thus into the doctor's room, he was stopped by a low sound of knocking.

"Good God!" he said. "What's that?"

Miss Pross, with a terrified face was at his ear. "Oh, me, oh, me! All is lost!" cried she, wringing her hands. "What is to be told to Ladybird? He doesn't know me, and is making shoes!"

Mr. Lorry said what he could to calm her, and went himself into the doctor's room. The bench was turned toward the light, as it had been when he had seen the shoemaker at his work before, and his head was bent down, and he was very busy.

"Doctor Manette. My dear friend, Doctor Manette!"

The doctor looked at him for a moment — half inquiringly, half as if he were angry at being spoken to — and bent over his work again.

He had laid aside his coat and waistcoat; his shirt was open at the throat, as it used be when he did that work; and even the old haggard, faded surface of face had come back to him. He worked hard — impatiently — as if in some sense of having been interrupted.

Mr. Lorry glanced at the work in his hand and observed that it was a shoe of the old size and shape. He took up another that was lying by him, and asked what it was.

"A young lady's walking shoe," he muttered, without looking up. "It ought to have been finished long ago. Let it be."

"But, Doctor Manette. Look at me!"

He obeyed, in the old mechanically submissive manner, without pausing in his work.

"You know me, my dear friend? Think again. This is not your proper occupation. Think, dear friend!"

Nothing could induce him to speak more. He looked up for an instant at a time, when he was requested to do so; but no persuasion could extract a word from him. He worked, and worked, in silence; and words fell on him as they would have fallen on an echoless wall, or on the air. The only ray of hope that Mr. Lorry could discover, was that he sometimes looked

furtively up without being asked. In that, there seemed a faint expression of curiosity or perplexity — as though he were trying to reconcile some doubts in his mind.

Two things at once impressed themselves on Mr. Lorry, as important above all others; the first, that this must be kept secret from Lucie; the second, that it must be kept secret from all who knew him. In conjuction with Miss Pross, he took immediate steps toward the latter precaution, by giving out that the doctor was not well, and required a few days of complete rest. In aid of the kind deception to be practiced on his daughter, Miss Pross was to write, describing his having been called away professionally, and referring to an imaginary letter of two or three hurried lines in his own hand, represented to have been addressed to her by the same post.

These measures, advisable to be taken in any case, Mr. Lorry took in the hope of his coming to himself. If that should happen soon, he kept another course in reserve; which was, to have a certain opinion that he thought the best, on the doctor's case.

In the hope of his recovery, and of resort to this third course being thereby rendered practicable, Mr. Lorry resolved to watch him attentively, with as little appearance as possible of doing so. He therefore made arrangements to absent himself from Tellson's for the first time in his life, and took his post by the window in the same room.

He was not long in discovering that it was worse than useless to speak to him, since, on being pressed, he became worried.

Doctor Manette took what was given him to eat and drink, and worked on, that first day, until it was too dark to see — worked on half an hour after Mr. Lorry could not have seen, for his life, to read or write. When he put his tools aside as useless until morning, Mr. Lorry rose and said to him:

"Will you go out?"

He looked down at the floor on either side of him in the old manner, and repeated in the old low voice:

"Out?"

"Yes, for a walk with me. Why not?"

He made no effort to say why not, and said not a word more. But Mr. Lorry thought he saw, as he leaned forward on his bench in the dusk, with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, that he was in some misty way asking himself, "Why not?" The sagacity of the man of business perceived an advantage here, and determined to hold it.

Miss Pross and he divided the night into two watches, and observed him at intervals from the adjoining room. He paced up and down for a long time before he lay down; but when he did finally lay himself down, he fell asleep. In the morning he was up betimes, and went straight to his bench and to work.

On the second day, Mr. Lorry saluted him cheerfully by his name, and spoke to him on topics that had been of late familiar to them. He returned no reply, but it was evident that he heard what was said, and that he thought about it, however confusedly. This encouraged Mr. Lorry to have Miss Pross in with her work, several times during the day; at those times, they spoke quietly of Lucie, and of her father then present, precisely in the usual manner, as if there were nothing amiss.

When it fell dark again, Mr. Lorry asked him as before.

"Dear doctor, will you go out?"

As before he repeated, "Out?"

"Yes; for a walk with me. Why not?"

This time Mr. Lorry feigned to go out when he could extract no answer from him, and, after remaining absent for an hour, returned. In the meanwhile, the doctor had removed to the seat in the window, and had sat there looking down at the plane tree; but, on Mr. Lorry's return, he slipped away to his bench.

The time went very slowly on, and Mr. Lorry's hopes darkened, and his heart grew heavier again, and grew heavier and heavier

every day. The third day came and went, the fourth, the fifth. Five days, six days, seven days, eight days, nine days.

With a hope ever darkening, and with a heart always growing heavier and heavier, Mr. Lorry passed through this anxious time. The secret was well kept, and Lucie was unconscious and happy; but he could not fail to observe that the shoemaker, whose hand had been a little out at first, was dreadfully skillful, and that he had never been so intent on his work, and that his hands had never been so nimble and expert, as in the dusk of the ninth evening.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN OPINION.

Worn out by anxious watching, Mr. Lorry fell asleep at his post. On the tenth morning of his suspense, he was startled by the shining of the sun into the room where a heavy slumber had overtaken him when it was dark night.

He rubbed his eyes and roused himself; but he doubted, when he had done so, whether he was not still asleep. For, going to the door of the doctor's room and looking in, he perceived that the shoemaker's bench and tools were put aside again, and that the doctor himself sat reading at the window. He was in his usual morning dress, and his face (which Mr. Lorry could distinctly see), though still very pale, was calmly studious and attentive.

Within a few minutes Miss Pross stood whispering at his side. If he had any particle of doubt left, her talk would of necessity have resolved it; but he was by that time clear-headed, and had none. He advised that they should let the time go by until the regular breakfast hour, and should then meet the doctor as if nothing unusual had occurred. If he appeared to be in his customary state of mind, Mr. Lorry would then cautiously pro-

ceed to seek direction and guidance from the opinion he had been, in his anxiety, so anxious to obtain.

The doctor was summoned in the usual way and came to breakfast. So far as it was possible to comprehend him without overstepping those delicate and gradual approaches which Mr. Lorry felt to be the only safe advance, he at first supposed that his daughter's marriage had taken place yesterday. An incidental allusion, purposely thrown out, to the day of the week, and the day of the month, set him thinking and counting, and evidently made him uneasy. In all other respects, however, he was so composedly himself, that Mr. Lorry determined to have the aid he sought. And that aid was his own.

Therefore, when the breakfast was done and cleared away, and he and the doctor were left together, Mr. Lorry said, feelingly:

"My dear Manette, I am anxious to have your opinion, in confidence, on a very curious case in which I am deeply interested; that is to say, it is very curious to me; perhaps, to your better information, it may be less so."

Glancing at his hands, which were discolored by his late work, the doctor looked troubled, and listened attentively. He had already glanced at his hands more than once.

"Doctor Manette," said Mr. Lorry, touching him affectionately on the arm, "the case is the case of a particularly dear friend of mine. Pray give your mind to it, and advise me well for his sake — and above all, for his daughter's — his daughter's, my dear Manette."

"If I understand," said the doctor, in a subdued voice, "some mental shock ——?"

"Yes!"

"Be explicit," said the doctor. "Spare no detail."

Mr. Lorry saw that they understood one another, and proceeded.

"My dear Manette, it is the case of an old and a prolonged shock, of great acuteness and severity to the affections, the feel-

ings, the — the — as you express it — the mind. The mind. It is the case of a shock under which the sufferer was borne down, one cannot say for how long, because I believe he cannot calculate the time himself, and there are no other means of getting at it. It is the case of a shock from which the sufferer recovered, by a process that he can not trace himself — as I once heard him publicly relate in a striking manner. It is the case of a shock from which he has recovered, so completely, as to be a highly intelligent man, capable of close application of mind, and great exertion of body, and constantly making fresh additions to his stock of knowledge, which was already very large. But, unfortunately, there has been," he paused and took a deep breath — " a slight relapse."

The doctor, in a low voice, asked, " Of how long duration ? "

" Nine days and nights."

" How did it show itself ? I infer," glancing at his hands again, " in the resumption of some old pursuit connected with the shock ? "

" That is the fact."

" Now, did you ever see him," asked the doctor, distinctly and collectedly, though in the same low voice, " engaged in that pursuit originally ? "

" Once."

" And when the relapse fell on him, was he in most respects — or in all respects — as he was then ? "

" I think in all respects."

" You spoke of his daughter. Does his daughter know of the relapse ? "

" No. It has been kept from her, and I hope will always be kept from her. It is known only to myself, and to one other who may be trusted."

The doctor grasped his hand and murmured, " That was very kind. That was very thoughtful! " Mr. Lorry grasped his hand in return, and neither of the two spoke for a little while.

" Now, my dear Manette," said Mr. Lorry, at length, in his most considerate and most affectionate way, " I am a mere man of business, and unfit to cope with such intricate and difficult matters. I do not possess the kind of information necessary; I do not possess the kind of intelligence; I want guiding. There is no man in this world on whom I could so rely for right guidance, as on you. Tell me, how does this relapse come about? Is there danger of another? Could a repetition of it be prevented? How should a repetition of it be treated? How does it come about at all? What can I do for my friend? No man can ever have been more desirous to his heart to serve a friend than I am to serve mine, if I knew how. But I don't know how to originate, in such a case. If your sagacity, knowledge, and experience, could put me on the right track, I might be able to do so much; unenlightened and undirected, I can do so little. Pray discuss it with me; pray enable me to see it a little more clearly, and teach me how to be a little more useful."

Doctor Manette sat meditating after these earnest words were spoken, and Mr. Lorry did not press him.

" I think it probable," said the doctor, breaking silence with an effort, " that the relapse you have described, my dear friend, was not quite unforeseen by its subject."

" Was it dreaded by him? " Mr. Lorry ventured to ask.

" Very much." He said it with an involuntary shudder. " You have no idea how such an apprehension weighs on the sufferer's mind and how difficult — how almost impossible — it is, for him to force himself to utter a word upon the topic that oppresses him."

" Would he," asked Mr. Lorry, " be sensibly relieved if he could prevail upon himself to impart that secret brooding to anyone, when it is on him? "

" I think so. But it is, as I have told you, next to impossible, I even believe it — in some cases — to be quite impossible."

" Now," said Mr. Lorry, gently laying his hand on the doctor's

arm again, after a short silence on both sides, " to what would you refer this attack ? "

" I believe," returned Doctor Manette, " that there had been a strong and extraordinary revival of the train of thought and remembrance that was the first cause of the malady. Some intense associations of a most distressing nature were vividly recalled, I think. It is possible there had long been a dread lurking in his mind, that those associations would be recalled — say, under certain cicumstances — say, on a particular occasion. He tried to prepare himself in vain; perhaps the effort to prepare himself made him less able to bear it."

" Would he remember what took place in the relapse ? " asked Mr. Lorry, with natural hesitation.

The doctor looked desolately round the room, shook his head, and answered, in a low voice, " Not at all."

" Now, as to the future," hinted Mr. Lorry.

" As to the future," said the doctor, recovering firmness, " I should have great hope. As it pleased heaven in its mercy to restore him so soon, I should have great hope."

" Well, well! That's good comfort. I am thankful! " said Mr. Lorry.

" I am thankful! " repeated the doctor, bending his head with reverence.

" There are two other points," said Mr. Lorry, " on which I am anxious to be instructed. I may go on ? "

" You cannot do your friend a better service." The doctor gave him his hand.

" To the first then. He is of a studious habit, and unusually energetic; he applies himself with great ardor to the acquisition of professional knowledge, to the conducting of experiments, to many things. Now, does he do too much ? "

" I think not. It may be the character of his mind, to be always in singular need of occupation. That may be, in part, natural to it; in part, the result of affliction. The less it was

occupied with healthy things, the more it could be in danger of turning in the unhealthy direction. He may have observed himself, and made the discovery."

"You are sure that he is not under too great a strain?"

"I think I am quite sure of it."

"My dear Manette, if he were overworked now ——"

"My dear Lorry, I doubt if that could easily be. There has been a violent stress in one direction, and it needs a counterweight."

"Excuse me, as a persistent man of business. Assuming for a moment, that he was overworked; it would show itself in some renewal of his disorder?"

"I do not think so. I do not think," said Doctor Manette, with the firmness of self-conviction, "that anything but the one train of association would renew it. I think that, henceforth, nothing but some extraordinary jarring of that chord would renew it. After what has happened, and after his recovery, I find it difficult to imagine any such violent sounding of that string again. I trust, and I almost believe, that the circumstances likely to renew it are exhausted."

He spoke with the diffidence of a man who knew how slight a thing would overset the delicate organization of the mind, and yet with the confidence of a man who had slowly won his assurance out of personal endurance and distress. It was not for his friend to abate that confidence. He professed himself more relieved and encouraged than he really was, and approached his second and last point. He felt it to be the most difficult of all; but, remembering his old Sunday morning conversation with Miss Pross and remembering what he had seen in the last nine days, he knew he must face it.

"The occupation resumed under the influence of this passing affliction so happily recovered from," said Mr. Lorry, clearing his throat, "we will call — blacksmith's work, blacksmith's work. We will say, to put a case and for the sake of illustration, that he

had been used, in his bad time, to work at a little forge. We will say that he was unexpectedly found at his forge again. Is it not a pity that he should keep it by him?"

The doctor shaded his forehead with his hand, and beat his foot nervously on the ground.

"He has always kept it by him," said Mr. Lorry, with an anxious look at his friend. "Now, would it not be better that he should let it go?"

Still, the doctor, with shaded forehead, beat his foot nervously on the ground.

"You do not find it easy to advise me?" said Mr. Lorry. "I quite understood it to be a nice question. And yet I think ——" and there he shook his head and stopped.

"You see," said Doctor Manette, turning to him after an uneasy pause, "it is very hard to explain, consistently, the innermost workings of this poor man's mind. He once yearned so frightfully for that occupation, and it was so welcome when it came; no doubt it relieved his pain so much, by substituting the perplexity of the fingers for the perplexity of the brain, and by substituting, as he became more practiced, the ingenuity of the hands for the ingenuity of the mental torture; that he has never been able to bear the thought of putting it quite out of his reach. Even now, when I believe he is more hopeful of himself than he has ever been, and even speaks of himself with a kind of confidence, the idea that he might need that old employment, and not find it, gives him a sudden sense of terror, like that which one may fancy strikes to the heart of a lost child."

He looked like his illustration, as he raised his eyes to Mr. Lorry's face.

"But may not — mind! I ask for information, as a plodding man of business who only deals with such material objects as guineas, shillings, and banknotes — may not the retention of the thing involve the retention of the idea? If the thing were gone, my dear Manette, might not the fear go with it? In

short, is it not a concession to the misgiving, to keep the forge ? ''

There was another silence.

'' You see, too,'' said the doctor, tremulously, '' it is such an old companion.''

'' I would not keep it,'' said Mr. Lorry, shaking his head; for he gained in firmness as he saw the doctor disquieted. '' I would recommend him to sacrifice it. I only want your authority. I am sure it does no good. Come! Give me your authority, like a dear good man. For his daughter's sake, my dear Manette ? ''

Very strange to see what a struggle there was within him.

'' In her name, then, let it be done; I sanction it. But I would not take it away while he was present. Let it be removed when he is not there; let him miss his old companion after an absence.''

Mr. Lorry readily engaged for that, and the conference was ended. They passed the day in the country, and the doctor was quite restored. On the three following days he remained perfectly well, and on the fourteenth day he went away to join Lucie and her husband. The precaution that had been taken to account for his silence, Mr. Lorry had previously explained to him, and he had written to Lucie in accordance with it and she had no suspicions.

On the night of the day on which he left the house, Mr. Lorry went into his room with a chopper, saw, chisel, and hammer, attended by Miss Pross, carrying a light. There, with closed doors, and in a mysterious and guilty manner, Mr. Lorry hacked the shoemaker's bench to pieces, while Miss Pross held the candle, as if she were assisting at a murder — for which, indeed, in her grimness, she was no unsuitable figure. The burning of the body (previously reduced to pieces convenient for the purpose) was commenced without delay in the kitchen fire; and the tools, shoes, and leather were buried in the garden.

CHAPTER XIX.

A PLEA.

When the newly-married pair came home, the first person who appeared, to offer his congratulations, was Sydney Carton. They had not been at home many hours, when he presented himself. He was not improved in habits, or in looks, or in manner; but there was a certain rugged air of fidelity about him, which was new to the observation of Charles Darnay.

He watched his opportunity of taking Darnay aside into a window, and of speaking to him when no one overheard.

"Mr. Darnay," said Carton, "I wish we might be friends."

"We are already friends, I hope."

"You are good enough to say so, as a fashion of speech; but I don't mean any fashion of speech. Indeed, when I say I wish we might be friends, I scarcely mean quite that, either."

Charles Darnay — as was natural — asked him, in all good-humor and good-fellowship, what he did mean.

"Upon my life," said Carton, smiling, "I find that easier to comprehend in my own mind, than to convey to yours. However, let me try. You remember a certain famous occasion when I was more drunk than — than usual?"

"I remember a certain famous occasion when you forced me to confess that you had been drinking."

"I remember it too. The curse of those occasions is heavy upon me, for I am always remembering them. I hope it may be taken into account one day, when all days are at an end for me! Don't be alarmed; I am not going to preach."

"I am not at all alarmed. Earnestness in you, is anything but alarming to me."

"Ah!" said Carton, with a careless wave of his hand, as if he waved that away. "On the drunken occasion in question (one of a large number, as you know), I was insufferable about liking you, and not liking you. I wish you would forget it."

"I forgot it long ago."

"Fashion of speech again! But, Mr. Darnay, oblivion is not so easy to me, as you represent it to be to you. I have by no means forgotten it, and a light answer does not help me to forget it."

"If it was a light answer," returned Darnay, "I beg your forgiveness for it. I had no other object than to turn a slight thing, which, to my surprise, seems to trouble you too much, aside. I declare to you, on the faith of a gentleman, that I have long dismissed it from my mind."

"I was speaking about our being friends. Now you know me; you know I am incapable of all the higher and better flights of men. If you doubt it, ask Stryver, and he'll tell you so."

"I prefer to form my own opinion, without the aid of his."

"Well! At any rate you know me as a dissolute dog, who has never done any good, and never will."

"I don't know that you 'never will.'"

"But I do, and you must take my word for it. Well! If you could endure to have such a worthless fellow, and a fellow of such indifferent reputation, coming and going at odd times, I should ask that I might be permitted to come and go as a privileged person here; that I might be regarded as a useless, an ornamental, piece of furniture, tolerated for its old service, and taken no notice of. I doubt if I should abuse the permission. It is a hundred to one if I should avail myself of it four times a year. It would satisfy me, I dare say, to know that I had it."

"Will you try?"

"That is another way of saying that I am placed on the footing I have indicated. I thank you, Darnay. I may use that freedom with your name?"

"I think so, Carton, by this time."

They shook hands upon it, and Sydney turned away. Within a minute afterward, he was, to all outward appearance, as unsubstantial as ever.

When he was gone, and in the course of an evening passed with Miss Pross, the doctor, and Mr. Lorry, Charles Darnay made some mention of this conversation in general terms, and spoke of Sydney Carton as a problem of carelessness and recklessness. He spoke of him, in short, not bitterly, or meaning to bear hard upon him, but as anybody might who saw him as he showed himself.

He had no idea that this could dwell in the thoughts of his fair young wife; but when he afterwards joined her in their own rooms, he found her waiting for him with the old pretty lifting of the forehead strongly marked.

"We are thoughtful to-night!" said Darnay, drawing his arm about her.

"Yes, dearest Charles," with her hands on his breast, and the inquiring and attentive expression fixed upon him; "we are rather thoughtful to-night, for we have something on our mind to-night."

"What is it, my Lucie?"

"Will you promise not to press one question on me, if I beg you not to ask it?"

"Will I promise? What will I not promise to my love?"

What, indeed, with his hand putting aside the golden hair from the cheek, and with his other hand against the heart that beat for him!

"I think, Charles, poor Mr. Carton deserves more consideration and respect than you expressed for him to-night."

"Indeed, my own? Why so?"

"That is what you are not to ask me? But I think — I know — he does."

"If you know it, it is enough. What would you have me do, my life?"

"I would ask you, dearest, to be very generous with him always, and very lenient on his faults when he is not by. I would ask you to believe that he has a heart he very, very seldom

reveals, and that there are deep wounds in it. My dear, I have seen it bleeding."

"It is a painful reflection to me," said Charles Darnay, quite astounded, "that I should have done him any wrong. I never thought this of him."

"My husband, it is so. I fear he is not to be reclaimed; there is scarcely a hope that anything in his character or fortunes is reparable now. But I am sure that he is capable of good things, gentle things, even magnanimous things."

She looked so beautiful in the purity of her faith in this lost man, that her husband could have looked at her as she was for hours.

"And, oh my dearest love!" she urged, clinging nearer to him, laying her head upon his breast, and raising her eyes to his, "remember how strong we are in our happiness, and how weak he is in his misery!"

The supplication touched him home. "I will always remember it, dear heart! I will remember it as long as I live."

He bent over the golden head, and put the rosy lips to his, and folded her in his arms. If one forlorn wanderer then pacing the dark streets, could have heard her innocent disclosure, and could have seen the drops of pity kissed away by her husband from the soft blue eyes so loving of that husband, he might have cried to the night — and the words would not have parted from his lips for the first time —

"God bless her for her sweet compassion!"

CHAPTER XX.

ECHOING FOOTSTEPS.

A WONDERFUL corner for echoes, it has been remarked, that corner where the doctor lived. Ever busily winding the golden thread which bound her husband, and her father, and herself in a life of quiet bliss, Lucie sat in the still house in the tranquilly resounding corner, listening to the echoing footsteps of years.

Time passed, and her little Lucie lay on her bosom. Then, among the advancing echoes, there was the tread of her tiny feet and the sound of her prattling words. Let greater echoes resound as they would, the young mother at the cradle-side could always hear those coming. They came, and the Divine Friend of children seemed to take her child in his arms, as he took the child of old, and made it a sacred joy to her. Thus, the rustling of an Angel's wings got blended with the other echoes, and they were not wholly of earth, but had in them the breath of heaven.

The echoes rarely answered to the actual tread of Sydney Carton. Some half-dozen times a year, at most, he claimed his privilege of coming in uninvited, and would sit among them through the evening, as he had once done often. He never came there heated with wine.

But there were echoes from a distance, that rumbled menacingly in the corner, all through this space of time. And it was now, about little Lucie's sixth birthday, that they began to have an awful sound, as of a great storm in France with a dreadful sea rising.

One night in mid-July one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine, Mr. Lorry came in late from Tellson's, and sat himself down by Lucie and her husband in the dark window. It was a hot, wild night, and they were all three reminded of the old Sunday night when they looked at the lightning from the same place.

"I began to think," said Mr. Lorry, pushing his brown wig back, "that I should have to pass the night at Tellson's. We have been so full of business all day, that we have not known what to do first, or which way to turn. There is such an uneasiness in Paris, that we have actually a run of confidence upon us! Our customers over there, seem not to be able to confide their property to us fast enough. There is positively a mania among some of them for sending it to England."

"That has a bad look," said Darnay.

"A bad look, you say, my dear Darnay? Yes, but we don't known what reason there is in it. People are so unreasonable! Some of us at Tellson's are getting old, and we really can't be troubled out of the ordinary course without due occasion."

"Still," said Darnay, "you know how gloomy and threatening the sky is."

"I know that, to be sure," assented Mr. Lorry, trying to persuade himself, that his sweet temper was soured, and that he grumbled, "but I am determined to be peevish after my long day's botheration. Where is Manette?"

"Here he is," said the doctor, entering at the moment.

"I am quite glad you are at home; for these hurries and forebodings by which I have been surrounded all day long, have made me nervous without reason. You are not going out, I hope?"

"No; I am going to play backgammon with you, if you like," said the doctor.

"I don't think I do like, if I may speak my mind. Is the tea-board still there, Lucie? I can't see."

"Of course it has been kept for you."

"Thank ye, my dear. The precious child is safe in bed?"

"And sleeping soundly."

"That's right; all safe and well! I don't know why anything should be otherwise than safe and well here, thank God; but I have been so put out all day, and I am not as young as I was!

My tea, my dear! Thank ye. Now, come and take your place in the circle, and let us sit quiet, and hear the echoes about which you have your theory."

"Not a theory; it was a fancy."

"A fancy, then, my wise pet," said Mr. Lorry, patting her hand. "They are very numerous and very loud, though, are they not? Only hear them!"

Headlong, mad, and dangerous footsteps to force their way into anybody's life, footsteps not easily made clean again if once stained red, the footsteps raging in Saint Antoine afar off, as the little circle sat in the dark London window.

Saint Antoine had been, that morning, a vast dusky mass of scarecrows heaving to and fro, with frequent gleams of light above the billowy heads, where steel blades and bayonets shone in the sun. A tremendous roar arose from the throat of Saint Antoine, and a forest of naked arms struggled in the air like shriveled branches of trees in a winter wind; all the fingers convulsively clutching at every weapon or semblance of a weapon that was thrown up from the depths below, no matter how far off.

Who gave them out, whence they last came, where they began, through what agency they crookedly quivered and jerked, scores at a time, over the heads of the crowd, like a kind of lightning, no eye in the crowd could have told; but muskets were being distributed — so were cartridges, powder and ball, bars of iron and wood, knives, axes, pikes, every weapon that distracted ingenuity could discover or devise. People who could lay hold of nothing else, set themselves with bleeding hands to force stones and bricks out of their places in walls. Every pulse and heart in Saint Antoine was one high fever strain, and at high fever heat. Every living creature there held life as of no account, and was demented with a passionate readiness to sacrifice it.

As a whirlpool of boiling waters has a center point, so all this raging circled round Defarge's wine shop, and every human drop

in the caldron had a tendency to be sucked toward the vortex where Defarge himself, already begrimed with gunpowder and sweat, issued orders, issued arms, thrust this man back, dragged this man forward, disarmed one to arm another, labored and strove in the thickest of the uproar.

"Keep near to me, Jacques Three," cried Defarge; "and do you, Jacques One and Two, separate and put yourselves at the head of as many of these patriots as you can. Where is my wife?"

"Eh, well! Here you see me!" said madame, composed as ever, but not knitting to-day. Madame's resolute right hand was occupied with an ax, in place of the usual softer implements, and in her girdle were a pistol and a cruel knife.

"Where do you go, my wife?"

"I go," said madame, "with you at present. You shall see me at the head of women, by and by."

"Come, then!" cried Defarge, in a resounding voice. "Patriots and friends, we are ready! The Bastile!"[n]

With a roar that sounded as if all the breath in France had been shaped into the detested word, the living sea rose, wave on wave, depth on depth, and overflowed the city to that point. Alarm-bells ringing, drums beating, the sea raging and thundering on its new beach, the attack begun.

Deep ditches, double drawbridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. Through the fire and through the smoke — in the fire and in the smoke, for the sea cast him up against a cannon, and on the instant he became a cannoneer — Defarge of the wine shop worked like a manful soldier, two fierce hours.

Deep ditch, single drawbridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. One drawbridge down! "Work, comrades, all work! Work, Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques One Thousand, Jacques Two Thousand, Jacques Five-and-Twenty Thousand; in the name of all the

angels or the devils — which you prefer — work!" Thus Defarge of the wine shop, still at his gun, which had long grown hot.

"To me, women!" cried madame, his wife. "What! We can kill as well as the men when the place is taken!" And to her, with a shrill thirsty cry, trooping women variously armed, but all armed alike in hunger and revenge.

A white flag from within the fortress, and a parley — this dimly perceptible through the raging storm, nothing audible in it — suddenly the sea rose immeasurably wider and higher, and swept Defarge of the wine shop over the lowered drawbridge, past the massive stone outer wall, in among the eight great towers surrendered!

So resistless was the force of the ocean bearing him on, that even to draw his breath or turn his head was as impracticable as if he had been struggling in the surf at the South Sea, until he was landed in the outer courtyard of the Bastile. There, against an angle of a wall, he made a struggle to look about him. Jacques Three was nearly at his side; Madame Defarge, still heading some of her women, was visible in the inner distance, and her knife was in her hand. Everywhere was tumult, exultation, deafening and maniacal bewilderment, astounding noise, yet furious dumb show.

"The prisoners!"

"The records!"

"The secret cells!"

"The instruments of torture!"

"The prisoners!"

Of all these cries, and ten thousand incoherencies, "The prisoners!" was the cry most taken up by the sea that rushed in, as if there were an eternity of people, as well as of time and space. When the foremost billows rolled past, bearing the prison officers with them, and threatening them all with instant death if any secret nook remained undisclosed, Defarge laid his strong hand

on the breast of one of these men — a man with a gray head, who had a lighted torch in his hand — separated him from the rest, and got him between himself and the wall.

"Show me the North Tower!" said Defarge. "Quick!"

"I will faithfully," replied the man, "if you will come with me. But there is no one there."

"What is the meaning of One Hundred and Five, North Tower?" asked Defarge. "Quick!"

"The meaning, monsieur?"

"Does it mean a captive, or a place of captivity? Or do you mean that I shall strike you dead?"

"Kill him!" croaked Jacques Three, who had come up.

"Monsieur, it is a cell."

"Show it me!"

"Pass this way, then."

Through gloomy vaults where the light of day had never shown; past hideous doors of dark dens and cages; down cavernous flights of steps, and again up steep rugged ascents of stone and brick, more like dry waterfalls than staircases, Defarge, the turnkey, and Jacques Three, linked hand in arm, went with all the speed they could make.

The turnkey stopped at a low door, put a key in a clashing lock, swung the door slowly open, and said, as they all bent their heads and passed in:

"One Hundred and Five, North Tower!"

There was a small, heavily-grated, unglazed window high in the wall, with a stone screen before it, so that the sky could only be seen by stooping low and looking up. There was a small chimney, heavily barred across, a few feet within. There was a heap of old feathery wood-ashes on the hearth. There were a stool, and table, and a straw bed. There were the four blackened walls, and a rusted iron ring in one of them.

"Pass that torch slowly along these walls, that I may see them," said Defarge to the turnkey.

The man obeyed, and Defarge followed the light closely with his eyes.

"Stop! — Look here, Jacques!"

"A. M.!" croaked Jacques Three, as he read greedily.

"Alexandre Manette," said Defarge in his ear, following the letters with his swart forefinger, deeply ingrained with gunpowder. "And here he wrote 'a poor physician.' And it was he, without doubt, who scratched a calendar on this stone. What is that in your hand? A crowbar? Give it me!"

He had still the linstock[n] of his gun in his own hand. He made a sudden exchange of the two instruments, and turning on the worm-eaten stool and table, beat them to pieces in a few blows.

"Hold the light higher!" he said wrathfully, to the turnkey. "Look among those fragments with care, Jacques. And see! Here is my knife," throwing it to him; "rip open that bed, and search the straw. Hold the light higher, you!"

With a menacing look at the turnkey he crawled upon the hearth, and, peering up the chimney, struck and pried at its sides with the crowbar, and worked at the iron grating across it. In a few minutes, some mortar and dust came dropping down, which he averted his face to avoid; and in it, and in the old wood-ashes, and in a crevice in the chimney into which his weapon had slipped or wrought itself, he groped with a cautious touch.

"Nothing in the wood, and nothing in the straw, Jacques?"

"Nothing."

"Let us collect them together, in the middle of the cell. So! Light them, you!"

The turnkey fired the little pile, which blazed high and hot. Stooping again to come out at the low-arched door, they left it burning, and retraced their way to the courtyard; seeming to recover their sense of hearing as they came down, until they were in the raging flood once more.

They found it surging and tossing, in quest of Defarge himself. Saint Antoine was clamorous to have its wine shop keeper foremost in the guard upon the governor who had defended the Bastile and shot the people. Otherwise, the governor would not be marched to the Hotel de Ville [n] for judgment. Otherwise, the governor would escape, and the people's blood (suddenly of some value, after many years of worthlessness) be unavenged.

The hour had come when Saint Antoine was to execute his horrible idea of hoisting up men for lamps to show what he could be and do. Saint Antoine's blood was up, and the blood of tyranny and domination by the iron hand was down — down on the steps of the Hotel de Ville where the governor's body lay — down on the sole of the shoe of Madame Defarge where she had trodden on the body to steady it for mutilation. "Lower the lamp yonder!" cried Saint Antoine, after glaring round for a new means of death; "here is one of his soldiers to be left on guard!" The swinging sentinel was posted, and the sea rushed on.

The sea of black and threatening waters, and of destructive upheaving of wave against wave, whose depths were yet unfathomed and whose forces were yet unknown. The remorseless sea of turbulently-swaying shapes, voices of vengeance, and faces hardened in the furnace of suffering until the touch of pity could make no mark on them.

Seven prisoners released, seven gory heads on pikes, the keys of the accursed fortress of the eight strong towers, some discovered letters and other memorials of prisoners of old time, long dead of broken hearts — such, and such-like, the loudly echoing footsteps of Saint Antoine escort through the Paris streets in mid-July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine. Now, heaven defeat the fancy of Lucie Darnay, and keep these feet far out of her life! For they are headlong, mad, and dangerous; and in the years so long after the breaking of the cask at Defarge's wine shop door, they are not easily purified when once stained red.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SEA STILL RISES.

HAGGARD Saint Antoine had only one exultant week, in which to soften his modicum of hard and bitter bread to such extent as he could, with the relish of fraternal embraces and congratulations, when Madame Defarge sat at her counter as usual, presiding over the customers.

Madame Defarge wore no rose in her head, for the great brotherhood of spies had become, even in one short week, extremely chary of trusting themselves to the saint's mercies. The lamps across his streets had a portentously elastic swing with them.

Madame Defarge, with her arms folded, sat in the morning light and heat, contemplating the wine shop and the street. In both, there were several knots of loungers, squalid and miserable, but now with a manifest sense of power enthroned on their distress. The raggedest nightcap, awry on the wretchedest head, had this crooked significance in it: "I know how hard it has grown for me, the wearer of this, to support life in myself; but do you know how easy it has grown for me, the wearer of this, to destroy life in you?" Every lean bare arm, that had been without work before, had this work always ready for it now, that it could strike. The fingers of the knitting women were vicious, with the experience that they could tear. There was a change in the appearance of Saint Antoine; the image had been hammering into this for hundreds of years, and the last finishing blows had told mightily on the expression.

Madame Defarge sat observing it, with such suppressed approval as was to be desired in the leader of the Saint Antoine women. One of her sisterhood knitted beside her. The short, rather plump wife of a starved grocer, and the mother of two children withal, this lieutenant had already earned the complimentary name of the Vengeance.

"Hark!" said the Vengeance. "Listen, then! Who comes?"

As if a train of powder, laid from the outermost bound of the Saint Antoine quarter to the wine shop door, had been suddenly fired, a fast-spreading murmur came rushing along.

"It is Defarge," said madame. "Silence, patriots!"

Defarge came in breathless, pulled off a red cap he wore, and looked around him. "Listen, everywhere!" said madame again. "Listen to him!" Defarge stood, panting, against a background of eager eyes and open mouths, formed outside the door; all those within the wine shop had sprung to their feet.

"Say then, my husband. What is it?"

"News from the other world!"

"How then?" cried madame, contemptuously. "The other world?"

"Does everybody here recall old Foulon,[n] who told the famished people that they might eat grass, and who died, and went to hell?"

"Everybody!" from all throats.

"The news is of him. He is among us!"

"Among us!" from the universal throat again. "And dead?"

"Not dead! He feared us so much — and with reason — that he caused himself to be represented as dead, and had a grand mock-funeral. But they found him alive, hiding in the country, and have brought him in. I have seen him but now, on his way to the Hotel de Ville, a prisoner. I have said that he had a reason to fear us. Say all! *Had* he reason?"

Wretched old sinner of more than threescore years and ten, if he had never known it yet, he would have known it in his heart of hearts if he could have heard the answering cry.

"Patriots!" said Defarge, in a determined voice, "are we ready?"

Instantly Madame Defarge's knife was in her girdle; the drum

was beating in the streets, as if it and a drummer had flown together by magic; and the Vengeance, uttering terrific shrieks, and flinging her arms about her head like all the forty Furies [n] at once, was tearing from house to house, rousing the women.

The men were terrible, in the bloody-minded anger with which they looked from windows, caught up what arms they had, and came pouring down the streets; but the women were a sight to chill the boldest.

Nevertheless, not a moment was lost; not a moment! This Foulon was at the Hotel de Ville, and might be loosed. Never, if Saint Antoine knew his own sufferings, insults, and wrongs! Armed men and women flocked out of the quarter so fast, and drew even these last dregs after them with such a force of suction, that within a quarter of an hour there was not a human creature in Saint Antoine's bosom but a few old crones and the wailing children.

No. They were all by that time choking the hall of the examination where this old man, ugly and wicked, was, and overflowing into the adjacent space and streets. The Defarges, husband and wife, the Vengeance, and Jacques Three, were in the first press, and at no great distance from him in the hall.

"See!" cried madame, pointing with her knife. "See the old villain bound with ropes. That was well done to tie a bunch of grass upon his back. Ha, ha! That was well done. Let him eat it now!" Madame put her knife under her arm and clapped her hands as at a play.

The people immediately behind Madame Defarge, explaining the cause of her satisfaction to those behind them, and those again explaining to others, and those to others, the neighboring streets resounded with the clapping of hands. Similarly, during two or three hours of drawl, and the winnowing of many bushels of words, Madame Defarge's frequent expressions of impatience were taken up, with a marvelous quickness, at a distance; the more readily, because certain men who had by some wonderful

exercise of agility climbed up the architecture to look in from the windows, knew Madame Defarge well, and acted as a telegraph between her and the crowd outside the building.

At length the sun rose so high that it struck a kindly ray as of hope or protection, directly down upon the old prisoner's head. The favor was too much to bear; in an instant the barrier of dust and chaff that had stood surprisingly long, went to the winds, and Saint Antoine had got him!

It was known directly, to the furthest confines of the crowd. Defarge had but sprung over a railing and a table, and folded the miserable wretch in a deadly embrace — Madame Defarge had but followed and turned her hand in one of the ropes with which he was tied — the Vengeance and Jacques Three were not yet up with them, and the men at the windows had not yet swooped into the hall, like birds of prey from their high perches — when the cry seemed to go up, all over the city, "Bring him out! Bring him to the lamp!"

Not before dark night did the men and women come back to the children, wailing and breathless. Then, the miserable bakers' shops were beset by long files of them, patiently waiting to buy bad bread; and while they waited with stomachs faint and empty, they beguiled the time by embracing one another on the triumphs of the day, and achieving them again in gossip. Gradually these strings of ragged people shortened and frayed away; and then poor lights began to shine in high windows; and slender fires were made in the streets, at which neighbors cooked in common, afterward supping at their doors.

Scanty and insufficient suppers, those, and innocent of meat, as of most other sauce to wretched bread. Yet, human fellowship infused some nourishment into the flinty viands, and struck some sparks of cheerfulness out of them. Fathers and mothers who had had their full share in the worst of the day, played gently with their meager children; and lovers, with such a world around them and before them, loved and hoped.

It was almost morning when Defarge's wine shop parted with its last knot of customers, and Monsieur Defarge said to madame his wife, in husky tones, while fastening the door:

"At last it is come, my dear!"

"Eh, well!" returned madame. "Almost."

Saint Antoine slept, the Defarges slept; even the Vengeance slept with her starved grocer, and the drum was at rest. The drum's was the only voice in Saint Antoine that blood and hurry had not changed. The Vengeance, as custodian of the drum, could have wakened him up and had the same speech out of him as before the Bastile fell, or old Foulon was seized; not so with the hoarse tones of the men and women in Saint Antoine's bosom.

CHAPTER XXII.

FIRE RISES.

THERE was a change on the village where the fountain fell, and where the mender of roads went forth daily to hammer out of the stones on the highway such morsels of bread as might serve for patches to hold his poor ignorant soul and his poor reduced body together. The prison on the crag was not so dominant as of yore; there were soldiers to guard it, but not many; there were officers to guard the soldiers, but not one of them knew what his men would do — beyond this: that it would probably not be what he ordered.

Far and wide lay a ruined country, yielding nothing but desolation. Every green leaf, every blade of grass and blade of grain, was as shriveled and poor as the miserable people. Everything was bowed down, dejected, oppressed, and broken. Habitations, fences, domesticated animals, men, women, children, and the soil that bore them — all worn out.

But this was not the change on the village, and on many a village like it. For scores of years gone by, Monsigneur had

squeezed it and wrung it, and had seldom graced it with his presence except for the pleasures of the chase — now, found in hunting the people; now, found in hunting the beasts, for whose preservation Monseigneur made edifying spaces of barbarous and barren wilderness. No. The change consisted in the appearance of strange faces of low caste, rather than in the disappearance of the high-caste, chiseled, and otherwise beautified and beautifying features of Monseigneur.

For, in these times, as the mender of roads worked, solitary in the dust, not often troubling himself to reflect that dust he was and to dust he must return, being for the most part too much occupied in thinking how little he had for supper and how much more he would eat if he had it — in these times, as he raised his eyes from his lonely labor, and viewed the prospect, he would see some rough figure approaching on foot, the like of which was once a rarity in those parts, but was now a frequent presence. As it would advance, the mender of roads would discern without surprise, that it was a shaggy-haired man, of almost barbarian aspect, tall, in wooden shoes that were clumsy even to the eyes of a mender of roads, grim, rough, swart, steeped in the mud and dust of many highways, dank with the marshy moisture of many low grounds, sprinkled with the thorns and leaves and moss of many by-ways through the woods.

Such a man came upon him, like a ghost, at noon in July weather, as he sat on a heap of stones under a bank, taking such shelter as he could get from a shower of hail.

The man looked at him, looked at the village in the hollow, looked at the mill, and at the prison on the crag. When he had identified these objects in what benighted mind he had, he said, in a dialect that was just intelligible:

"How goes it, Jacques?"

"All well, Jacques."

"Touch then!"

They joined hands, and the man sat down on a heap of stones.

" No dinner ? "

" Nothing but supper now," said the mender of roads, with a hungry face.

" It is the fashion," growled the man. " I meet no dinner anywhere."

He took out a blackened pipe, filled it, lighted it with flint and steel, pulled at it until it was in a bright glow; then, suddenly held it from him, and dropped something into it from between his finger and thumb, that blazed and went out in a puff of smoke.

" Touch then." It was the turn of the mender of roads to say it this time, after observing these operations. They again joined hands.

" To-night ? " said the mender of roads.

" To-night," said the man, putting his pipe in his mouth.

" Where ? "

" Here."

He and the mender of roads sat on the heap of stones looking silently at one another, with the hail driving in between them like a pigmy charge of bayonets, until the sky began to clear over the village.

" Show me ! " said the traveler then, moving to the brow of the hill.

" See ! " returned the mender of roads, with extended finger. " You go down here, and straight through the street, and past the fountain ——"

" To the devil with all that ! " interrupted the other, rolling his eye over the landscape. " I go through no streets and past no fountains. Well ? "

" Well ! About two leagues beyond the summit of that hill above the village."

" Good. When do you cease to work ? "

" At sunset."

" Will you wake me, before departing ? I have walked two

nights without resting. Let me finish my pipe and I shall sleep like a child. Will you wake me?"

"Surely."

The wayfarer smoked his pipe out, put it in his breast, slipped off his great wooden shoes, and lay down on his back on the heap of stones. He was fast asleep directly.

As the road-mender plied his dusty labor, and the hail clouds, rolling away, revealed bright bars and streaks of sky which were responded to by silver gleams upon the landscape, the little man (who wore a red cap now, in place of his blue one) seemed fascinated by the figure on the heap of stones. His eyes were so often turned toward it, that he used his tools mechanically, and, one would have said, to very poor account. The bronze face, the shaggy black hair and beard, the coarse woolen red cap, the rough medley dress of homespun stuff and hairy skins of beasts, the powerful frame attenuated by spare living, and the sullen and desperate compression of the lips in sleep, inspired the mender of the roads with awe. The traveler had traveled far, and his feet were footsore, and his ankles chafed and bleeding; his great shoes, stuffed with leaves and grass, had been heavy to drag over the many long leagues, and his clothes were chafed into holes as he himself was into sores. Stooping down beside him, the road-mender tried to get a peep at secret weapons in his breast or wherenot; but, in vain, for he slept with his arms crossed upon him, and set as resolutely as his lips. Fortified towns with their stockades, guardhouses, gates, trenches, and drawbridge, seemed to the mender of roads to be so much air as against this figure. And when he lifted his eyes from it to the horizon and looked around, he saw in his small fancy similar figures, stopped by no obstacle, tending to centers all over France.

The man slept on, indifferent to showers of hail and intervals of brightness, to sunshine on his face, and shadow, to the pattering lumps of dull ice on his body, until the sun was low in the west, and the sky was glowing. Then, the mender of roads

having got his tools together, and all things ready to go down into the village, roused him.

"Good!" said the sleeper, rising on his elbow. "Two leagues beyond the summit of the hill?"

"About."

"About. Good!"

The mender of the roads went home, with the dust going on before him according to the set of the wind, and was soon at the fountain, squeezing himself in among the lean kine brought there to drink, and appearing even to whisper to them in his whispering to all the village. When the village had taken its poor supper, it did not creep to bed as it usually did, but came out of doors again, and remained there. A curious contagion of whispering was upon it, and also, when it gathered together at the fountain in the dark, another curious contagion of looking expectantly at the sky in one direction only. Monsieur Gabelle, chief functionary of the place, became uneasy; went out on his housetop alone, and looked in that direction too; glanced down from behind his chimneys at the darkening faces by the fountain below, and sent word to the sacristan[n] who kept the keys of the church, that there might be need to ring the tocsin[n] by and by.

The night deepened. The trees environing the old chateau, keeping its solitary state apart, moved in a rising wind, as though they threatened the pile of building massive and dark in the gloom. Up the two terrace flights of steps the rain ran wildly, and beat at the great door, like a swift messenger rousing those within; uneasy rushes of wind swept through the hall, among the old spears and knives; and passed lamenting up the stairs, and shook the curtains of the bed where the last marquis had slept. East, west, north, and south, through the woods, four heavy-treading, unkempt figures crushed the high grass and cracked the branches, striding on cautiously to come together in the court-yard. Four lights broke out there, and moved away in different directions, and all was black again.

But not for long. Presently the chateau began to make itself strangely visible by some light of its own, as though it were growing luminous. Then, a flickering streak played behind the architecture of the front, picking out transparent places, and showing where balustrades, arches, and windows were. Then it soared higher, and grew broader and brighter. Soon, from a score of the great windows, flames burst forth, and the stone faces, awakened, stared out of fire.

A faint murmur arose about the house from the few people who were left there, and there was a saddling of a horse and riding away. There was spurring and splashing through the darkness, and the bridle was drawn in the space by the village fountain, and the horse in a foam stood at Monsieur Gabelle's door. "Help, Gabelle! Help, every one!" The tocsin rang impatiently, but other help (if that were any) there was none. The mender of roads, and two hundred and fifty particular friends stood with folded arms at the fountain, looking at the pillar of fire in the sky. "It must be forty feet high," said they, grimly; and never moved.

The chateau was left to itself to flame and burn. In the roaring and raging of the conflagration, a red-hot wind, driving straight from the infernal regions, seemed to be blowing the edifice away. With the rising and falling of the blaze, stone faces showed as if they were in torment. When great masses of stone and timber fell, the face with two dints in the nose became obscured — anon struggled out of the smoke again, as if it were the face of the cruel Marquis, burning at the stake and contending with the fire.

The chateau burned; the nearest trees, laid hold of by the fire, scorched and shriveled; trees at a distance, fired by the four fierce figures, begirt the blazing edifice with a new forest of smoke. Molten lead and iron boiled in the marble basin of the fountain; the water ran dry; the tops of the towers vanished like

ice before the heat, and trickled down into four rugged walls of flame. Great rents and splits branched out in the solid walls, like crystallization; stupefied birds wheeled about and dropped into the furnace; four fierce figures trudged away, east, west, north, and south, along the night enshrouded roads, guided by the beacon they had lighted, toward their next destination. The illuminated village had seized hold of the tocsin, and, abolishing the lawful ringer, rang for joy.

Not only that; but the village, light-headed with famine, fire, and bell-ringing, and bethinking itself that Monsieur Gabelle had to do with the collection of taxes — though it was but a small installment of taxes, and no rent at all, that Gabelle had got in those latter days — became impatient for an interview with him, and surrounding his house, summoned him to come forth for personal conference. Whereupon, Monsieur Gabelle did heavily bar his door, and retire to hold counsel with himself. The result of that conference was, that Gabelle again withdrew himself to his housetop behind his stack of chimneys; this time resolved, if his door were broken into, to pitch himself head foremost over the parapet, and crush a man or two below.

Probably Monsieur Gabelle passed a long night up there, with the distant chateau for fire and candle, and the beating at his door, combined with the joy-ringing for music; not to mention his having an ill-omened lamp slung across the road before his posting-house gate, which the village showed a lively inclination to displace in his favor. A trying suspense to be passing a whole summer night on the brink of the black ocean, ready to take that plunge into it upon which Monsieur Gabelle had resolved. But the friendly dawn appearing at last, the people happily dispersed, and Monsieur Gabelle came down bringing his life with him for that while.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DRAWN TO THE LOADSTONE ROCK.

MONSEIGNEUR, as a class, had dissociated himself from the phenomenon of his not being appreciated: of his being so little wanted in France, as to incur considerable danger of receiving his dismissal from it, and this life together.

The Court, from that exclusive inner circle to its outermost rotten ring of intrigue, corruption, and dissimulation, was all gone together. Loyalty was gone; had been besieged in its palace and "suspended," when the last tidings came over.

As was natural, the headquarters and great gathering-place of Monseigneur, in London, was Tellson's Bank. Spirits are supposed to haunt the places where the bodies most resorted, and Monseigneur without a guinea, haunted the spot where his guineas used to be. Moreover, it was the spot to which such French intelligence as was most to be relied upon, came quickest. Again: Tellson's was a munificent house and extended great liberality to old customers who had fallen from their high estate. Again: those nobles who had seen the coming storm in time, and anticipating plunder or confiscation, had made provident remittances to Tellson's, were always to be heard of there by their needy brethren. To which it must be added that every newcomer from France reported himself and his tidings at Tellson's, almost as a matter of course. For such variety of reasons, Tellson's was at that time, as to French intelligence, a kind of high exchange; and this was so well known to the public, and the inquiries made there were in consequence so numerous, that Tellson's sometimes wrote the latest news out in a line or so and posted it in the bank windows, for all who ran through Temple Bar to read.

On a steaming, misty afternoon, Mr. Lorry sat at his desk, and Charles Darnay stood leaning on it, talking with him in a low

tone. The penitential den once set apart for interviews with the House, was now the News Exchange, and was filled to overflowing. It was within half an hour or so of the time of closing.

"But, although you are the youngest man that ever lived," said Charles Darnay, rather hesitating, "I must still suggest to you ——"

"I understand. That I am too old?" said Mr. Lorry.

"Unsettled weather, a long journey, uncertain means of traveling, a disorganized country, a city that may not be even safe for you."

"My dear Charles," said Mr. Lorry, with cheerful confidence, "you touch some of the reasons for my going; not for my staying away. It is safe enough for me; nobody will care to interfere with an old fellow of hard upon fourscore when there are so many people there much better worth interfering with. As to its being a disorganized city, if it were not a disorganized city there would be no occasion to send somebody from our house here to our house there, who knows the business and the city, of old, and is in Tellson's confidence. As to the uncertain traveling, the long journey, and the winter weather, if I were not prepared to submit myself to a few inconveniences for the sake of Tellson's, after all these years, who ought to be?"

"I wish I were going myself," said Charles Darnay, somewhat restlessly, and like one thinking aloud.

"Indeed! You are a pretty fellow to object and advise!" exclaimed Mr. Lorry. "You wish you were going yourself? And you a Frenchman born? You are a wise counselor."

"My dear Mr. Lorry, it is because I am a Frenchman born, that the thought (which I did not mean to utter here, however) has passed through my mind often. One cannot help thinking, having had some sympathy for the miserable people, and having abandoned something to them," he spoke here in his former thoughtful manner, "that one might be listened to, and might

have the power to persuade to some restraint. Only last night, after you had left us, when I was talking to Lucie ——''

"When you were talking to Lucie," Mr. Lorry repeated. "Yes. I wonder you are not ashamed to mention the name of Lucie! Wishing you were going to France at this time of day!"

"However, I am not going," said Charles Darnay, with a smile. "It is more to the purpose that you say you are."

"And I am, in plain reality. The truth is, my dear Charles," Mr. Lorry glanced at the distant House, and lowered his voice, "you can have no conception of the difficulty with which our business is transacted, and of the peril in which our books and papers over yonder are involved. And shall I hang back, when Tellson's knows this and says this — Tellson's, whose bread I have eaten these sixty years — because I am a little stiff about the joints? Why, I am a boy, sir, to half a dozen old codgers here!"

"How I admire the gallantry of your youthful spirit, Mr. Lorry."

"Tut! Nonsense, sir! — And, my dear Charles," said Mr. Lorry, glancing at the House again, "you are to remember, that getting things out of Paris at this present time, no matter what things, is next to an impossibility. Papers and precious matters were this very day brought to us here (I speak in strict confidence; it is not business-like to whisper it, even to you), by the strongest bearers you can imagine, every one of whom had his head hanging on by a single hair as he passed the barriers. At another time our parcels would come and go, as easily as in business-like old England; but now, everything is stopped."

"And do you really go to-night?"

"I really go to-night, for the case has become too pressing to admit of delay."

"And do you take no one with you?"

"All sorts of people have been proposed to me, but I will

have nothing to say to any of them. I intend to take Jerry. Jerry has been my bodyguard on Sunday nights for a long time past, and I am used to him. Nobody will suspect Jerry of being anything but an English bulldog, or of having any design in his head but to fly at anybody who touches his master."

"I must say again that I heartily admire your gallantry and faithfulness."

"And I must say again, nonsense, nonsense! When I have executed this little commission, I shall, perhaps, accept Tellson's proposal to retire and live at my ease. Time enough, then, to think about growing old."

The House approached Mr. Lorry, and laying a soiled and unopened letter before him, asked if he had yet discovered any traces of the person to whom it was addressed. The House laid the letter down so close to Darnay that he saw the direction — the more quickly because it was his own right name. The address turned into English ran:

"Very pressing. To Monsieur heretofore the Marquis St. Evrémonde, of France. Confided to the care of Messrs. Tellson & Co., Bankers, London, England."

On the marriage morning Dr. Manette had made it his one urgent and express request to Charles Darnay, that the secret of his name should be — unless he, the doctor, dissolved the obligation — kept inviolate between them. Nobody else knew it to be his name; his own wife had no suspicion of the fact; Mr. Lorry could have none.

"No," said Mr. Lorry, in reply to the House; "I have referred it, I think, to everybody now here, and no one can tell me where this gentleman is to be found."

The hands of the clock verging upon the hour of closing the bank, there was a general set of the current of talkers past Mr. Lorry's desk. He held the letter out inquiringly; and Monseigneur looked at it in the person of this plotting and indignant refugee; and this, that, and the other, all had something dis-

paraging to say, in French or in English, concerning the Marquis who was not to be found.

"Nephew, I believe — but in any case degenerate successor — of the polished Marquis who was murdered," said one. "Happy to say I never knew him."

"A craven who abandoned his post," said another — this Monseigneur had been got out of Paris, legs uppermost and half suffocated in a load of hay — "some years ago."

"Infected with the new doctrines," said a third, eyeing the direction through his glass in passing; "set himself in opposition to the last Marquis, abandoned the estates when he inherited them, and left them to the ruffian herd. They will recompense him now, I hope as he deserves."

"Hey!" cried the blatant Stryver. "Did he though? Is that the sort of a fellow? Let us look at his infamous name. D—n the fellow"

Darnay, unable to restrain himself any longer, touched Mr. Stryver on the shoulder and said:

"I know the fellow."

"Do you, by Jupiter?" said Stryver. "I am sorry for it."

"Why?"

"Why, Mr. Darnay? D'ye hear what he did? Don't ask why in these times."

"But I do ask why!"

"Then I tell you again, Mr. Darnay, I am sorry for it. I am sorry to hear you putting any such extraordinary questions. Here is a fellow, who, infected by the most pestilent and blasphemous code of deviltry that ever was known, abandoned his property to the vilest scum of the earth that ever did murder by wholesale, and you ask me why I am sorry that a man who instructs youth knows him? Well, but I'll answer you. I am sorry because I believe there is contamination in such a scoundrel. That's why."

Mindful of the secret, Darnay with great difficulty checked

himself, and said: "You may not understand the gentleman."

"I understand how to put you in a corner, Mr. Darnay," said bully Stryver, "and I'll do it. If this fellow is a gentleman, I don't understand him. You may tell him so, with my compliments."

With those words, and a final snap of his fingers, Mr. Stryver shouldered himself into Fleet street, amidst the general approbation of his hearers. Mr. Lorry and Charles Darnay were left alone at the desk, in the general departure from the bank.

"Will you take charge of the letter?" said Mr. Lorry. "You know where to deliver it?"

"I do."

"Will you undertake to explain, that we suppose it to have been addressed here, on the chance of our knowing where to forward it, and that it has been here some time?"

"I will do so. Do you start for Paris from here?"

"From here at eight."

"I will come back to see you off."

Very ill at ease with himself, and with Stryver and most other men, Darnay made the best of his way into the quiet of the Temple, opened the letter, and read it. These were its contents:

"Prison of the Abbaye,[n] Paris, June 21, 1792.

"Monsieur, Heretofore the Marquis: —

"After having long been in danger of my life at the hands of the village, I have been seized, with great violence and indignity, and brought a long journey on foot to Paris. On the road I suffered a great deal. Nor is that all; my house has been destroyed — razed to the ground.

"The crime for which I am imprisoned, Monsieur, heretofore the Marquis, and for which I shall be summoned before the tribunal, and shall lose my life (without your so generous help), is, they tell me, treason against the majesty of the people, in

that I have acted against them for an emigrant. It is in vain I represent that I have acted for them, and not against, according to your commands. It is vain I represent that before the sequestration of emigrant property, I had remitted the imposts they had ceased to pay; that I had collected no rent; that I had had recourse to no process. The only response is, that I have acted for an emigrant, and where is that emigrant?

"Ah! most gracious Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, where is that emigrant? I cry in my sleep where is he? I demand of heaven, will he not come to deliver me? No answer. Ah, Monsieur, heretofore the Marquis, I send my desolate cry across the sea, hoping it may perhaps reach your ears through the great bank of Tellson known at Paris!

"For the love of heaven, of justice, of generosity, of the honor of your noble name, I supplicate you, Monsieur, heretofore the Marquis, to succor and release me. My fault is, that I have been true to you. Oh, Monsieur, heretofore the Marquis, I pray you be true to me!

"From this prison here of horror, whence I every hour tend nearer and nearer to destruction, I send you, Monsieur, heretofore the Marquis, the assurance of my dolorous and unhappy service.

"Your afflicted,

"GABELLE."

The latent uneasiness in Darnay's mind was roused to vigorous life by this letter. The peril of an old servant and a good one, whose only crime was fidelity to himself and his family, stared him so reproachfully in the face that, as he walked to and fro in the Temple considering what to do, he almost hid his face from the passers-by.

He knew very well, that in his horror of the deed which had culminated the bad deeds and bad reputation of the old family house, in his resentful suspicions of his uncle, and in the aversion

with which his conscience regarded the crumbling fabric that he was supposed to uphold, he had acted imperfectly. He knew very well that in his love for Lucie, his renunciation of his social place, though by no means new to his own mind, had been hurried and incomplete. He knew that he ought to have systematically worked it out and supervised it, and that he had meant to do it, and that it had never been done.

But he had oppressed no man, he had imprisoned no man; he was so far from having harshly exacted payment of his dues, that he had relinquished them of his own will, thrown himself on a world with no favor in it, won his own private place there, and earned his own bread. Monsieur Gabelle had held the impoverished and involved estate on written instructions, to spare the people, to give them what little there was to give — such fuel as the heavy creditors would let them have in the winter, and such produce as could be saved from the same grip in the summer — and no doubt he had put the fact in plea and proof, for his own safety, so that it could not but appear now.

This favored the desperate resolution Charles Darnay had begun to make, that he would go to Paris.

His resolution was made. He must go to Paris.

As he walked to and fro with this resolution made, he considered that neither Lucie nor her father must know of it until he was gone. Lucie should be spared the pain of separation; and her father, always reluctant to turn his thoughts toward the dangerous ground of old, should come to the knowledge of the step, as a step taken, and not in the balance of suspense and doubt. How much of the incompleteness of his situation was referable to her father, through the painful anxiety to avoid reviving old associations of France in his mind, he did not discuss with himself. But that circumstance, too, had had its influence in its course.

He walked to and fro, with thoughts very busy, until it was time to return to Tellson's and take leave of Mr. Lorry. As

soon as he arrived in Paris he would present himself to this old friend, but he must say nothing of his intention now.

A carriage with post horses was ready at the bank door and Jerry was booted and equipped.

"I have delivered that letter," said Charles Darnay to Mr. Lorry. "I would not consent to your being charged with any written answer, but perhaps you will take a verbal one?"

"That I will, and readily," said Mr. Lorry, "if it is not dangerous."

"Not at all. Though it is to a prisoner in the Abbaye."

"What is his name?" said Mr. Lorry, with his open pocket-book in his hand.

"Gabelle."

"Gabelle. And what is the message to the unfortunate Gabelle in prison?"

"Simply, 'that he has received the letter, and will come.'"

"Any time mentioned?"

"He will start upon his journey to-morrow night."

"Any person mentioned?"

"No."

He helped Mr. Lorry to wrap himself in a number of coats and cloaks, and went out with him from the warm atmosphere of the old bank, into the misty air of Fleet street. "My love to Lucie, and to little Lucie," said Mr. Lorry at parting, "and take precious care of them till I come back." Charles Darnay shook his head and doubtfully smiled, as the carriage rolled away.

That night — it was the fourteenth of August — he sat up late and wrote two fervent letters; one was to Lucie, explaining the strong obligation he was under to go to Paris, and showing her, at length, the reasons that he had for feeling confident that he could become involved in no personal danger there; the other was to the doctor, confiding Lucie and their dear child to his care, and dwelling on the same topics with the strongest assur-

ances. To both, he wrote that he would dispatch letters in proof of his safety, immediately after his arrival.

It was a hard day, that day of being among them, with the first reservation of their joint lives on his mind. It was a hard matter to preserve the innocent deceit of which they were proudly unsuspicious. But an affectionate glance at his wife, so happy and busy, made him resolute not to tell her what impended (he had been half moved to do it, so strange it was to him to act in anything without her quiet aid), and the day passed quickly. Early in the evening he embraced her, and her scarcely less dear namesake, pretending that he would return by and by (an imaginary engagement took him out, and he had secreted a valise of clothes ready), and so he emerged into the heavy mist of the heavy streets, with a heavier heart.

The unforeseen force was drawing him fast to itself, now, and all the tides and winds were setting straight and strong toward it. He left his two letters with a trusty porter, to be delivered half an hour before midnight, and no sooner; took horse for Dover; and began his journey. "For the love of heaven, of justice, of generosity, of the honor of your noble name!" was the poor prisoner's cry with which he strengthened his sinking heart, as he left all that was dear on earth behind him, and floated away for the Loadstone Rock.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

BOOK THE THIRD — THE TRACK OF A STORM

CHAPTER I.

IN SECRET.

THE traveler fared slowly on his way, who fared towards Paris from England in the autumn of the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two. More than enough of bad roads, bad equipages, and bad horses he would have encountered to delay him, though the fallen and unfortunate King of France had been upon his throne in all his glory; but the changed times were fraught with other obstacles than these. Every town gate and village taxing-house had its band of citizen-patriots, with their national muskets in a most explosive state of readiness; who stopped all comers and goers, cross-questioned them, inspected their papers, looked for their names in lists of their own, turned them back, or sent them on, or stopped them and laid them in hold, as their capricious judgment or fancy deemed best for the dawning Republic One and Indivisible, of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death.

A very few French leagues [n] of his journey were accomplished, when Charles Darnay began to perceive that for him along these country roads there was no hope of return until he should have been declared a good citizen at Paris. Whatever might befall now, he must on to his journey's end. Not a mean village closed upon him, not a common barrier dropped across the road behind him, but he knew it to be another iron door in the series that was barred between him and England. The universal watchfulness so encompassed him, that if he had been taken in

a net, or were being forwarded to his destination in a cage, he could not have felt his freedom more completely gone.

Nothing but the production of the afflicted Gabelle's letter from his prison of the Abbaye would have got him on so far. His difficulty at the guardhouse in this small place had been such, that he felt his journey to have come to a crisis. And he was, therefore, as little surprised as a man could be, to find himself awakened at the small inn to which he had been remitted until morning, in the middle of the night.

Awakened by a timid local functionary and three armed patriots in rough red caps and with pipes in their mouths, who sat down on the bed.

"Emigrant,"[n] said the functionary, "I am going to send you on to Paris, under an escort."

"Citizen, I desire nothing more than to get to Paris, though I could dispense with the escort."

"Silence!" growled the red-cap, striking at the coverlet with the butt end of his musket. "Peace, aristocrat!"

"It is as the good patriot says," observed the timid functionary. "You are an aristocrat, and must have an escort — and must pay for it."

"I have no choice," said Charles Darnay.

"Choice! Listen to him!" cried the same scowling red-cap. "As if it were not a favor to be protected from the lamp iron."

"It is always as the good patriot says," observed the functionary. "Rise and dress yourself, emigrant."

Darnay complied, and was taken back to the guardhouse, where other patriots in rough red-caps were smoking, drinking, and sleeping, by a watchfire. Here he paid a heavy price for his escort, and hence he started with it on the wet, wet roads at three o'clock in the morning.

They traveled in the night, halting an hour or two after daybreak, and lying by until the twilight fell.

But when they came to the town of Beauvais — which they did

at eventide, when the streets were filled with people — Darnay could not conceal from himself that the aspect of affairs was very alarming. An ominous crowd gathered to see him dismount at the posting-yard, and many voices called out loudly, "Down with the emigrant!"

He stopped in the act of swinging himself out of his saddle, and resuming it as his safest place, said:

"Emigrant, my friends! Do you not see me here, in France, of my own will?"

"You are a cursed emigrant," cried a farrier, making at him in a furious manner, through the press, hammer in hand; "and you are a cursed aristocrat!"

The postmaster interposed himself between the man and the rider's bridle (at which he was evidently making), and soothingly said, "Let him be; let him be! He will be judged at Paris."

"Judged!" repeated the farrier, swinging his hammer.

"Ay! and condemned as a traitor." At this the crowd roared approval.

Checking the postmaster, who was for turning his horse's head to the yard, Darnay said as soon as he could make his voice heard:

"Friends, you deceive yourself, or you are deceived. I am not a traitor."

"He lies!" cried the smith. "He is a traitor since the decree. His life is forfeit to the people. His cursed life is not his own."

At the instant when Darnay saw a rush in the eyes of the crowd, which another instant would have brought upon him, the postmaster turned his horse into the yard, the escort rode in close upon his horse's flanks, and the postmaster shut and barred the crazy double gates. The farrier struck a blow upon them with his hammer, and the crowd groaned; but no more was done.

"What is this decree that the smith spoke of?" Darnay asked the postmaster, when he had thanked him, and stood beside him in the yard.

" Truly, a decree for selling the property of emigrants."

" When passed ? "

" On the fourteenth."

" The day I left England ! "

" Everybody says it is but one of several, and that there will be others — if there are not already — banishing all emigrants, and condemning all to death who return. That is what he meant when he said your life was not your own."

" But there are no such decrees yet ? "

" What do I know ! " said the postmaster, shrugging his shoulders; " there may be, or there will be. It is all the same. What would you have ? "

Daylight at last found them before the wall of Paris. The barrier was closed and strongly guarded when they rode up to it.

" Where are the papers of this prisoner ? " demanded a resolute-looking man in authority, who was summoned out by the guard.

Naturally struck by the disagreeable word, Charles Darnay requested the speaker to take notice that he was a free traveler and French citizen, in charge of an escort which the disturbed state of the country had imposed upon him, and which he had paid for.

" Where," repeated the same personage, without taking any heed of him whatever, " are the papers of this prisoner ? "

One of the patriots had them in his cap, and produced them. Casting his eye over Gabelle's letter, the same personage in authority showed some disorder and surprise, and looked at Darnay with a close attention.

He left escort and escorted without saying a word, however, and went into the guardroom; meanwhile, they sat upon their horses outside the gate. Looking about him while in this state of suspense, Charles Darnay observed that the gate was held by a mixed guard of soldiers and patriots, the latter far outnumbering the former.

When he had sat in his saddle some half hour, taking note of these things, Darnay found himself confronted by the same man in authority, who directed the guard to open the barrier. Then he delivered to the escort a receipt for the escorted, and requested him to dismount. He did so; and the two patriots, leading his tired horse, turned and rode away without entering the city.

He accompanied his conductor into a guardroom, smelling of common wine and tobacco, where certain soldiers and patriots, asleep and awake, drunk and sober, and in various neutral states between sleeping and waking, drunkenness and sobriety, were standing and lying about. The light in the guardhouse, half derived from the waning oil lamps of the night, and half from the overcast day, was a correspondingly uncertain condition. Some registers were lying open on a desk, and an officer of a coarse, dark aspect presided over these.

"Citizen Defarge," said he to Darnay's conductor, as he took a slip of paper to write on. "Is this the emigrant Evrémonde?"

"This is the man."

"Your age, Evrémonde?"

"Thirty-seven."

"Married, Evrémonde?"

"Yes."

"Where married?"

"In England."

"Without doubt. Where is your wife, Evrémonde?"

"In England."

"Without doubt. You are consigned, Evrémonde, to the prison of La Force."[n]

"Just heaven!" exclaimed Darnay. "Under what law, and for what offense?"

The officer looked up from his slip of paper for a moment.

"We have new laws, Evrémonde, and new offenses, since you were here." He said, with a hard smile, and went on writing.

"I entreat you to observe that I have come here voluntarily, in response to that written appeal of a fellow countryman which lies before you. I demand no more than the opportunity to do so without delay. Is not that my right?"

"Emigrants have no rights, Evrémonde," was the stolid reply. The officer wrote until he had finished, read over to himself what he had written, sanded it,[n] and handed it to Defarge, with the words "In secret."

Defarge motioned with the paper to the prisoner that he must accompany him. The prisoner obeyed, and a guard of two armed patriots attended them.

"Is it you," said Defarge, in a low voice, as they went down the guardhouse steps, and turned into Paris, "who married the daughter of Doctor Manette, once a prisoner in the Bastile that is no more?"

"Yes," replied Darnay, looking at him with surprise.

"My name is Defarge, and I keep a wine shop in the Quarter Antoine. Possibly you have heard of me."

"My wife came to your house to reclaim her father? Yes!"

The word "wife" seemed to serve as a gloomy reminder to Defarge, to say with sudden impatience, "In the name of that sharp female newly-born, and called La Guillotine, why did you come to France?"

"You heard me say why, a minute ago. Do you not believe it is the truth?"

"A bad truth for you," said Defarge, speaking with knitted brows, and looking straight before him.

"Indeed I am lost here. All here is so unprecedented, so changed, so sudden and unfair, that I am absolutely lost. Will you render me a little help?"

"None." Defarge spoke, always looking straight before him.

"Will you answer me a single question?"

"Perhaps. According to its nature. You can say what it is."

"In this prison that I am going to so unjustly, shall I have some free communication with the world outside?"

"You will see."

"I am not to be buried there prejudged, and without any means of presenting my case?"

"You will see. But, what then? Other people have been similarly buried in worse prisons, before now."

"But never by me, Citizen Defarge."

Defarge glanced darkly at him for answer, and walked on in a steady and set silence. The deeper he sank into this silence, the fainter hope there was — or so Darnay thought — of his softening in any degree. He therefore made haste to say:

"It is of the utmost importance to me (you know, citizen, even better than I, of how much importance,) that I should be able to communicate to Mr. Lorry of Tellson's Bank, an English gentleman who is now in Paris, the simple fact, without comment, that I have been thrown into the prison of La Force. Will you cause that to be done for me?"

"I will do," Defarge doggedly rejoined, "nothing for you. My duty is to my country and the people. I am the sworn servant of both, against you. I will do nothing for you."

Charles Darnay felt it hopeless to entreat him further, and his pride was touched besides. As they walked on in silence, he could not but see how used the people were to the spectacle of prisoners passing along the streets. The very children scarcely noticed him.

That he had fallen among far greater dangers than those which had developed themselves when he left England, he of course knew now. That perils had thickened about him fast, and might thicken faster and faster yet, he of course knew now. He could not but admit to himself that he might not have made this journey, if he could have foreseen the events of a few days.

Of unjust treatment and hardship, and of cruel separation from his wife and child, he forshadowed the likelihood, or the

certainty; but, beyond this, he dreaded nothing distinctly. With this on his mind, which was enough to carry into a dreary prison courtyard, he arrived at the prison of La Force.

A man with a bloated face opened the strong wicket, to whom Defarge presented "The Emigrant Evrémonde."

"What the devil! How many more of them?" exclaimed the man with the bloated face.

Defarge took his receipt without noticing the exclamation, and withdrew, with his two fellow patriots.

"What the devil, I say again!" exclaimed the jailer, left with his wife. "How many more?"

The jailer's wife, being provided with no answer to the question, merely replied, "One must have patience, my dear!" Three turnkeys who entered responsive to a bell she rang, echoed the sentiment, and one added, "For the love of liberty;" which sounded in that place like an inappropriate conclusion.

The prison of La Force was a gloomy prison, dark and filthy, and with a horrible smell of foul sleep in it. Extraordinary how soon the noisome flavor of imprisoned sleep becomes manifest in all such places that are ill-cared for!

"In secret, too," grumbled the jailer, looking at the written paper. "As if I was not already full to bursting!"

He stuck the paper on a file in an ill humor, and Charles Darnay awaited his further pleasure for half an hour; sometimes, pacing to and fro in the strong arched room; sometimes, resting on a stone seat; in either case detained to be imprinted on the memory of the chief and his subordinates.

"Come!" said the chief, at length taking up his keys, "come with me, emigrant."

Through the dismal prison twilight, his new charge accompanied him by corridor and staircase, many doors clanging and locking behind them, until they came into a large, low, vaulted chamber, crowded with prisoners of both sexes. The women were seated at a long table, reading and writing, knitting, sew-

ing, and embroidering; the men were for the most part standing behind their chairs, or lingering up and down the room.

So strangely clouded were these refinements by the prison manners and gloom, so spectral did they become in the inappropriate squalor and misery through which they were seen, that Charles Darnay seemed to stand in a company of the dead.

It struck him motionless. The jailer standing at his side, and the other jailers moving about, who would have been well enough as to appearance in the ordinary exercise of their functions, looked so extravagantly coarse contrasted with sorrowing mothers and blooming daughters who were there — with the apparitions of the coquette, the young beauty, and the mature woman delicately bred — that the inversion of all experience and likelihood which the scene of shadows presented, was heightened to its utmost.

"In the name of the assembled companions in misfortune," said a gentleman of courtly appearance and address, coming forward, "I have the honor of giving you welcome to La Force, and of condoling with you on the calamity that has brought you among us. May it soon terminate happily. It would be an impertinence elsewhere, but it is not so here, to ask your name and condition?"

Charles Darnay roused himself, and gave the required information, in words as suitable as he could find.

"But I hope," said the gentleman, following the chief jailer with his eyes, who moved across the room, "that you are not in secret?"

"I do not understand the meaning of the term, but I have heard them say so."

"Ah, what a pity? We must regret it! But take courage; several members of our society have been in secret, at first, and it has lasted but a short time." Then he added, raising his voice, "I grieve to inform the society — in secret."

There was a murmur of commiseration as Charles Darnay

crossed the room to a grated door where the jailer awaited him, and many voices — among which, the soft and compassionate voices of women were conspicuous — gave him good wishes and encouragement. He turned at the grated door, to render the thanks of his heart; it closed under the jailer's hand; and the apparitions vanished from his sight forever.

The wicket opened on a stone staircase, leading upward. When they had ascended forty steps (the prisoner of half an hour already counted them), the jailer opened a low black door and they passed into a solitary cell. It struck cold and damp, but was not dark.

"Yours," said the jailer.

"Why am I confined alone?"

"How do I know?"

"I can buy pen, ink, and paper?"

"Such are not my orders. You will be visited, and can ask them. At present, you may buy your food, and nothing more."

There were in the cell, a chair, a table, and a straw mattress. As the jailer made a general inspection of these objects, and of the four walls, before going out, a wandering fancy wandered through the mind of the prisoner leaning against the wall opposite to him, that this jailer was so unwholesomely bloated, both in face and person, as to look like a man who had been drowned and filled with water. When the jailer was gone, he thought in the same wandering way, "Now am I left, as if I were dead."

"Five paces by four and a half, five paces by four and a half, five paces by four and a half." The prisoner walked to and fro in his cell, counting its measurement, and the roar of the city arose like muffled drums with a wild swell of voices added to them.

CHAPTER II.

THE GRINDSTONE.

TELLSON'S Bank, established in the Saint Germain quarter[n] of Paris, was in a wing of a large house, approached by a courtyard and shut off from the street by a high wall and a strong gate. Mr. Lorry sat there by a newly-lighted wood fire, and on his honest and courageous face there was a deeper shade than the pendent lamp could throw, or any object in the room distortedly reflect — a shade of horror.

He occupied rooms in the bank, in his fidelity to the house of which he had grown to be a part, like strong root ivy. From the streets beyond the high wall and the strong gate, there came the usual night hum of the city, with now and then an indescribable ring in it, weird and unearthly, as if some unwonted sounds of a terrible nature were going up to heaven.

"Thank God", said Mr. Lorry, clasping his hands, "that no one near and dear to me is in this dreadful town to-night. May He have mercy on all who are in danger!"

Soon afterward, the great bell at the great gate sounded, and he thought, "They have come back!" and sat listening. But there was no loud irruption into the courtyard, as he had expected, and he heard the gate clash again, and all was quiet.

The nervousness and dread that were upon him inspired that vague uneasiness respecting the bank, which a great change would naturally awaken, with such feelings roused. It was well guarded, and he got up to go among the trusty people who were watching it, when his door suddenly opened, and two figures rushed in, at sight of which he fell back in amazement.

Lucie and her father! Lucie with her arms stretched out to him, and with that old look of eagerness so concentrated and intensified, that it seemed as though it had been stamped upon her face expressly to give force and power to it in this one passage of her life.

"What is this?" cried Mr. Lorry, breathless and confused. "What is the matter? Lucie! Manette! What has happened? What has brought you here? What is it?"

With the look fixed upon him, in her paleness and wildness, she panted out in his arms, imploringly, "Oh my dear friend! My husband!"

"Your husband, Lucie?"

"Charles."

"What of Charles?"

"Here."

"Here, in Paris?"

"Has been here, some days — three or four — I don't know how many — I can't collect my thoughts. An errand of generosity brought him here unknown to us; he was stopped at the barrier and sent to prison."

The old man uttered an irrepressible cry. Almost at the same moment the bell of the great gate rang again, and a loud noise of feet and voices came pouring into the courtyard.

"What is that noise?" said the doctor, turning toward the window.

"Don't look!" cried Mr. Lorry. "Don't look out! Manette, for your life, don't touch the blind!"

The doctor turned, with his hand upon the fastening of the window, and said, with a cool, bold smile:

"My dear friend, I have a charmed life in this city. I have been a Bastile prisoner. There is no patriot in Paris — in Paris? — in France — who, knowing me to have been a prisoner in the Bastile, would touch me, except to overwhelm me with embraces, or to carry me in triumph. My old pain has given me a power that has brought us through the barrier, and gained us news of Charles there, and brought us here. I knew it would be so; I knew I could help Charles out of all danger; I told Lucie so. What is that noise?" His hand was again upon the window.

"Don't look!" cried Mr. Lorry, absolutely desperate. "No, Lucie, my dear, nor you!" He got his arm around her and held her. "Don't be so terrified, my love. I solemnly swear to you that I know of no harm having happened to Charles; that I had no suspicion even of his being in this fatal place. What prison is he in?"

"La Force!"

"La Force! Lucie, my child, if ever you were brave and serviceable in your life — and you were always both — you will compose yourself now to do exactly as I bid you; for more depends upon it than you can think, or I can say. There is no help for you in any action on your part to-night; you cannot possibly stir out. I say this, because what I must bid you to do for Charles's sake, is the hardest thing to do of all. You must instantly be obedient, still and quiet. You must let me put you in a room at the back here. You must leave your father and me alone for two minutes, and as there are life and death in the world you must not delay."

"I will be submissive to you. I see in your face that you know I can do nothing else than this. I know you are true."

The old man kissed her, and hurried her into his room, and turned the key; then, came hurrying back to the doctor, and opened the window and partly opened the blind, and put his hand upon the doctor's arm, and looked out with him into the courtyard.

Looked out upon a throng of men and women; not enough in number, or near enough, to fill the courtyard; not more than forty or fifty in all. The people in possession of the house had let them in at the gate, and they had rushed in to work at the grindstone; it had evidently been set up there for their purpose, as in a convenient and retired spot.

But such awful workers, and such awful work!

The grindstone had a double handle, and turning at it madly were two men, whose faces, as their long hair flapped back when

the whirlings of the grindstone brought their faces up, were more horrible and cruel than the visages of the wildest savages in their most barbarous disguise. False eyebrows and false whiskers were stuck upon them, and their hideous countenances were all bloody and sweaty, and all awry with howling, and all staring and glaring with beastly excitement and want of sleep. As these ruffians turned and turned, their matted locks now flung forward over their eyes, now flung backward over their necks, some women held wine to their mouths that they might drink; and what with dropping blood, and what with dropping wine, and what with the streams of sparks struck out from the stone, all their wicked atmosphere seemed gore and fire. The eye could not detect one creature in the group free from the smear of blood. Shouldering one another to get next at the sharpening-stone were men stripped to the waist, with the stains all over their limbs and bodies; men in all sorts of rags, with the stain upon those rags; men devilishly set off with the spoils of women's lace and silk and ribbon, with the stain dyeing these trifles through and through.

All this was seen in a moment, as the vision of a drowning man, or of any human creature at any very great pass, could see a world if it were there. They drew back from the window, and the doctor looked for explanation in his friend's ashy face.

"They are," Mr. Lorry whispered the words, glancing fearfully around at the locked door, "murdering the prisoners. If you are sure of what you say; if you really have the power you think you have — as I believe you have — make yourself known to these devils, and get taken to La Force. It may be too late, I don't know, but let it be not a minute later!"

Doctor Manette pressed his hand, hastened bareheaded out of the room, and was in the courtyard when Mr. Lorry regained the blind.

His streaming white hair, his remarkable face, and the impetuous confidence of his manner, as he put the weapons aside

like water, carried him in an instant to the heart of the concourse at the stone. For a few moments there was a pause, and a hurry, and a murmur, and the unintelligible sound of his voice; and then Mr. Lorry saw him, surrounded by all, and in the midst of a line of twenty men long, all linked shoulder to shoulder, and hand to shoulder, hurried out with cries of — "Long live the Bastile prisoner! Help for the Bastile prisoner's kindred in La Force! Room for the Bastile prisoner in front there! Save the prisoner Evrémonde at La Force!" and a thousand answering shouts.

He closed the lattice again with a fluttering heart, closed the window and the curtain, hastened to Lucie, and told her that her father was assisted by the people, and gone in search of her husband. He found her child and Miss Pross with her; but it never occurred to him to be surprised by their appearance until a long time afterward when he sat watching them in such quiet as the night knew.

Lucie had, by that time, fallen into a stupor on the floor at his feet, clinging to his hand. Miss Pross had laid the child down on his own bed, and her head had gradually fallen on the pillow beside her pretty charge. Oh, the long, long night, with the moans of the poor wife! And oh the long, long night, with no return of her father and no tidings!

Twice more in the darkness the bell at the great gate sounded, and the interruption was repeated, and the grindstone whirled and sputtered. "What is it?" cried Lucie, affrighted. "Hush! The soldiers' swords are sharpened there," said Mr. Lorry. "The place is national property now, and used as a kind of armory, my love."

Twice more in all; but the last spell of work was feeble and fitful. Soon afterward the day began to dawn, and he softly detached himself from the clasping hand and cautiously looked out again. A man, so besmeared that he might have been a sorely wounded soldier creeping back to consciousness on a field

of slain, was rising from the pavement by the side of the grindstone, and looking about him with a vacant air. Shortly, this worn-out murderer descried in the imperfect light one of the carriages of Monseigneur, and, staggering to that gorgeous vehicle, climbed in at the door, and shut himself up to take his rest on its dainty cushions.

The great grindstone, Earth, had turned when Mr. Lorry looked out again, and the sun was red on the courtyard. But the lesser grindstone stood alone there in the calm morning air, with a red upon it that the sun had never given, and would never take away.

CHAPTER III.

THE SHADOW.

One of the first considerations which arose in the business mind of Mr. Lorry when business hours came round was this: — that he had no right to imperil Tellson's by sheltering the wife of an emigrant prisoner under the bank roof. His own possessions, safety, life, he would have hazarded for Lucie and her child, without a moment's demur; but the great trust he held was not his own, and as to that business charge he was a strict man of business.

At first his mind reverted to Defarge, and he thought of finding out the wine shop again and taking counsel with its master in reference to the safest dwelling place in the distracted state of the city. But the same consideration that suggested him, repudiated him; he lived in the most violent quarter, and doubtless was influential there, and deep in its dangerous workings.

Noon coming, and the doctor not returning, and every minute's delay tending to compromise Tellson's, Mr. Lorry advised with Lucie. She said that her father had spoken of hiring a lodging for a short term in that quarter, near the banking house. As there

was no business objection to this, and as he foresaw that even if it were all well with Charles, and he were to be released, he could not hope to leave the city, Mr. Lorry went out in quest of such a lodging, and found a suitable one high up in a removed by-street where the closed blinds in all the other windows of a high melancholy square of buildings marked deserted homes.

To this lodging he at once removed Lucie and her child, and Miss Pross; giving them what comfort he could, and much more than he had himself. He left Jerry with them, as a figure to fill a doorway that would bear considerable knocking on the head, and returned to his own occupations. A disturbed and doleful mind he brought to bear upon them and slowly and heavily the day lagged on with him.

It wore itself out, and wore him out with it, until the bank closed. He was again alone in his room of the previous night, considering what to do next, when he heard a foot upon the stair. In a few moments a man stood in his presence, who with a keenly observant look at him, addressed him by his name.

"Your servant," said Mr. Lorry. "Do you know me?"

He was a strongly made man with dark curling hair, from forty-five to fifty years of age. For answer he repeated, without any change of emphasis, the words:

"Do you know me?"

"I have seen you somewhere."

"Perhaps at my wine shop?"

Much interested and agitated, Mr. Lorry said: "You come from Doctor Manette?"

"Yes. I come from Doctor Manette."

"And what says he? What does he send me?"

Defarge gave into his anxious hand, an open scrap of paper. It bore the words in the doctor's writing:

"Charles is safe, but I cannot safely leave this place yet. I have obtained the favor that the bearer has a short note from Charles to his wife. Let the bearer see his wife."

It was dated from La Force, within an hour.

"Will you accompany me," said Mr. Lorry, joyfully relieved after reading this note aloud, "to where his wife resides?"

"Yes," returned Defarge.

Scarcely noticing as yet, in what a curiously reserved and mechanical way Defarge spoke, Mr. Lorry put on his hat and they went down into the courtyard. There, they found two women, one knitting.

"Madame Defarge, surely!" said Mr. Lorry, who had left her exactly in the same attitude about seventeen years ago.

"It is she," observed her husband.

"Does madame go with us?" inquired Mr. Lorry, seeing that she moved as they moved.

"Yes. That she may be able to recognize the faces and know the persons. It is for their safety."

Beginning to be struck by Defarge's manner, Mr. Lorry looked dubiously at him, and led the way. Both the women followed; the second woman being the Vengeance.

They passed through the intervening streets as quickly as they might, ascended the staircase of the new domicile, were admitted by Jerry, and found Lucie weeping, alone. She was thrown into a transport by the tidings Mr. Lorry gave her of her husband, and clasped the hand that delivered his note — little thinking what it had been doing near him in the night, and might, but for a chance, have done to him.

"DEAREST: — Take courage. I am well, and your father has influence around me. You cannot answer this. Kiss our child for me."

That was all the writing. It was so much, however, to her who received it that she turned from Defarge to his wife, and kissed one of the hands that knitted. It was a passionate, loving, thankful, womanly action, but the hand made no response — dropped cold and heavy, and took to its knitting again.

There was something in its touch that gave Lucie a check.

She stopped in the act of putting the note in her bosom, and with her hands yet at her neck, looked terrified at Madame Defarge. Madame Defarge met the lifted eyebrows and forehead with a cold, impassive stare.

"My dear," said Mr. Lorry, striking in to explain; "there are frequent risings in the streets; and, although it is not likely they will ever trouble you, Madame Defarge wishes to see those whom she has the power to protect at such times, to the end that she may know them — that she may identify them. I believe," said Mr. Lorry, rather halting in his reassuring words, as the stony manner of the three impressed itself upon him more and more, "I state the case, Citizen Defarge?"

Defarge looked gloomily at his wife and gave no other answer than a gruff sound of acquiescence.

"You had better, Lucie," said Mr. Lorry, doing all he could to propitiate, by tone and manner, "have the dear child here, and our good Pross. Our good Pross, Defarge, is an English lady, and knows no French."

The lady in question, whose rooted conviction that she was more than a match for any foreigner, was not to be shaken by distress and danger, appeared with folded arms, and observed in English to the Vengeance, whom here eyes first encountered, "Well, I am sure, Boldface! I hope you are pretty well!" She also bestowed a British cough on Madame Defarge; but neither of them took much heed of her.

"Is that his child?" said Madame Defarge, stopping in her work for the first time, and pointing her knitting needle at little Lucie as if it were the finger of Fate.

"Yes, madame," aswered Mr. Lorry; "this is our poor prisoner's darling daughter, and only child."

The shadow attendant on Madame Defarge and her party seemed to fall so threatening and dark on the child, that her mother instinctively kneeled on the ground beside her, and held her to her breast. The shadow attendant on Madame Defarge

and her party seemed then to fall, threatening and dark, on both the mother and the child.

"It is enough, my husband," said Madame Defarge. "I have seen them. We may go."

But the suppressed manner had enough of menace in it — not visible and presented, but indistinct and withheld — to alarm Lucie into saying, as she laid her appealing hand on Madame Defarge's dress:

"You will be good to my poor husband. You will do him no harm. You will help me to see him, if you can?"

"Your husband is not my business here," replied Madame Defarge, looking down at her with perfect composure. "It is the daughter of your father who is my business here."

"As a wife and mother," said Lucie, most earnestly, "I implore you to have pity on me and not to exercise any power that you possess against my innocent husband, but to use it in his behalf. Oh sister woman, think of me. As a wife and mother!"

Madame Defarge looked, coldly as ever, on the suppliant, and said, turning to her friend the Vengeance:

"The wives and mothers we have been used to see, since we were as little as this child, and much less, have not been greatly considered. We have known their husbands and fathers laid in prison and kept from them, often enough. All our lives, we have seen our sister women suffer in themselves and in their children, poverty, nakedness, hunger, thirst, sickness, misery, oppression and neglect of all kinds."

"We have seen nothing else," returned the Vengeance.

"We have borne this a long time," said Madame Defarge, turning her eyes again upon Lucie. "Judge you! Is it likely that the trouble of one wife and mother would be much to us now?"

She resumed her knitting and went out. The Vengeance followed. Defarge went last and closed the door.

CHAPTER IV.

CALM IN STORM.

Doctor Manette did not return until the morning of the fourth day of his absence. So much of what happened in that dreadful time as could be kept from the knowledge of Lucie was so well concealed from her, that not until long afterward, when France and she were far apart, did she know that eleven hundred defenseless prisoners of both sexes and all ages had been killed by the populace; that four days and nights had been darkened by this deed of horror; and that the air around her had been tainted by the slain. She only knew that there had been an attack upon the prisons, that all political prisoners had been in danger, and that some had been dragged out by the crowd and murdered.

To Mr. Lorry, the doctor communicated under an injunction of secrecy on which he had no need to dwell, that the crowd had taken him through a scene of carnage to the prison of La Force. That, in the prison he had found a self-appointed tribunal, sitting, before which the prisoners were brought singly, and by which they were rapidly ordered to be put forth to be massacred, or to be released, or (in a few cases) to be sent back to their cells. That, presented by his conductors to this tribunal, he had announced himself by name and profession as having been for eighteen years a secret and unaccused prisoner in the Bastille; that, one of the body so sitting in judgment had risen and identified him, and that this man was Defarge.

That, hereupon he had ascertained through the registers on the table, that his son-in-law was among the living prisoners, and had pleaded hard to the tribunal — of whom some members were asleep and some awake, some dirty with murder and some clean, some sober and some not — for his life and liberty. That, in the first frantic greetings lavished on him as a notable sufferer

under the overthrown system, it had been accorded to him to have Charles Darnay brought before the lawless court, and examined. That he seemed on the point of being at once released, when the tide in his favor met with some unexplained check (not intelligible to the doctor), which led to a few words of secret conference. That, the man sitting as president had then informed Doctor Manette that the prisoner must remain in custody, but, should for his sake, be held inviolate in safe custody.

As Mr. Lorry received these confidences, and as he watched the face of his friend now sixty-two years of age, a misgiving arose within him that such dread experiences would revive the old danger. But he had never seen his friend in his present aspect; he had never at all known him in his present character. For the first time the doctor felt, now, that his suffering was strength and power.

Greater things than the doctor had at that time to contend with, would have yielded before his persevering purpose. While he kept himself in his place, as a physician, whose business was with all degrees of mankind, bond and free, rich and poor, bad and good, he used his personal influence so wisely, that he was soon the inspecting physician of three prisons, and among them of La Force. He could now assure Lucie that her husband was now no longer confined alone, but was mixed with the general body of prisoners; he saw her husband weekly, and brought sweet messages to her, straight from his lips; sometimes her husband himself sent a letter to her (though never by the doctor's hand), but she was not permitted to write to him; for, among the many wild suspicions of plots in the prisons, the wildest of all pointed at emigrants who were known to have made friends or permanent connections abroad.

This new life of the doctor's was an anxious one, no doubt; still, the sagacious Mr. Lorry saw that there was a new sustaining pride in it. Nothing unbecoming tinged the pride; it was a natural and worthy one; but he observed it as a curiosity.

But though the doctor tried hard, and never ceased trying, to get Charles Darnay set at liberty, or at least to get him brought to trial, the public current of the time set too strong and fast for him. The new era began; the king was tried, doomed, and beheaded; the Republic of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death, declared for victory or death against the world in arms; the black flag waved night and day from the great towers of Notre Dame; [n] three hundred thousand men, summoned to rise against the tyrants of the earth, rose from all the varying soils of France, as if the dragon's teeth [n] had been sown broadcast, and had yielded fruit equally on hill and plain, on rock, in gravel, and alluvial mud, under the bright sky of the south and under the cold of the north, in fell and forest, in the vineyards and the olive-ground and among the cropped grass and the stubble of corn, along the fruitful banks of the broad rivers, and in the sand of the seashore.

There was no pause, no pity, no peace, no interval of relenting rest, no measurement of time. Though days and nights circled as regularly as when time was young, and the evening and morning were the first day,[n] other count of time there was none. Half of it was lost in the raging fever of a nation as it is in the fever of one patient. Now, breaking the unnatural silence of a whole city, the executioner showed the people the head of the king [n] — and now, it seemed almost in the same breath, the head of his fair wife [n] which had had eight weary months of imprisoned widowhood and misery to turn it gray.

Above all, one hideous figure grew so familiar as if it had been before the general gaze from the foundations of the world — the figure of the sharp female called La Guillotine. It was the popular theme for jests; it sheared off heads so many, that it, and the ground it most polluted, were a rotten red. Twenty-two friends of high public mark, twenty-one living and one dead, it had lopped the heads off, in one morning, in as many minutes.

Among the terrors, and the brood belonging to them, the

doctor walked with a steady hand, confident in his power, cautiously persistent in his end, never doubting that he would save Lucie's husband at last. Yet the current of the time swept by, so strong and deep, and carried the time away so fiercely, that Charles had lain in prison one year and three months when the doctor was thus steady and confident. So much more wicked and distracted had the revolution grown in that December month, that the rivers of the South were encumbered with the bodies of the violently drowned by night, and the prisoners were shot in lines and squares under the southern wintry sun. Still, the doctor walked among the terrors with a steady hand. No man better known in Paris at that day; no man in a stranger situation.

CHAPTER V.

TRIUMPH.

The dread tribunal of five judges, public prosecutor, and determined jury, sat every day. Their lists went forth every evening, and were read out by the jailers of the various prisons to their prisoners. The standard jailer joke was, "Come out and listen to the evening paper, you inside there!"

"Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay!"

So at last began the evening paper at La Force.

When a name was called, its owner stepped apart into a spot reserved for those who were announced as being thus fatally recorded. Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay, had reason to know the usage, he had seen hundreds pass away so.

His bloated jailer, who wore spectacles to read with, glanced over them to assure himself that he had taken his place, and went through the list, making a similar short pause at each name. The list was read in the vaulted chamber where Darnay had seen the associated prisoners on the night of his arrival. Every one of those had perished in the massacre; every human creature

he had since cared for and parted with, had died on the scaffold.

There were hurried words of farewell and kindness, but the parting was soon over. It was the incident of every day, and the society of La Force were engaged in the preparation of some games of forfeits and a little concert, for that evening. The passage to the Conciergerie [n] was short and dark; the night in its vermin haunted cells was long and dark. Next day, fifteen prisoners were put to the bar before Charles Darnay's name was called. All the fifteen were condemned, and the trials of the whole occupied an hour and a half.

"Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay," was at length arraigned.

His judges sat upon the bench in feathered hats; but the rough red cap and tri-colored cockade was the headdress otherwise prevailing. Looking at the jury and the turbulent audience, he might have thought that the usual order of things was reversed, and that the felons were trying the honest men. The lowest, cruelest, and worst populace of a city, never without its quantity of low, cruel, and bad, were the directing spirits of the scene; noisily commenting, applauding, disapproving, anticipating, and precipitating the result, without a check. Of the men, the greater part were armed in various ways; of the women, some wore knives, some daggers, some ate and drank as they looked on, many knitted. Among these last, was one with a spare piece of knitting under her arm, as she worked. She was in a front row, by the side of a man whom he had never seen since his arrival at the Barrier, but whom he directly remembered as Defarge. He noticed that she once or twice whispered in his ear, and that she seemed to be his wife; but what he most noticed in the two figures was, that although they were posted as close to himself as they could be, they never looked toward him. They seemed to be waiting for something with a dogged determination, and they looked at the jury, but at nothing else. Under the president sat Doctor Manette, in his usual quiet dress.

As well as the prisoner could see, he and Mr. Lorry were the only men there, unconnected with the tribunal, who wore their usual clothes, and had not assumed the coarse garb of the Carmagnole.[n]

Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay, was accused by the public prosecutor as an emigrant, whose life was forfeit to the republic, under the decree which banished all emigrants on pain of death. It was nothing that the decree bore date since his return to France. There he was, and there was the decree; he had been taken in France, and his head was demanded.

"Take off his head!" cried the audience. "An enemy to the republic!"

The president rang his bell to silence those cries, and asked the prisoner whether it was not true that he had lived many years in England?

Undoubtedly it was.

Was he not an emigrant then? What did he call himself?

Not an emigrant, he hoped, within the sense and spirit of the law.

Why not? the president desired to know.

Because he had voluntarily relinquished a title that was distasteful to him, and a station that was distasteful to him, and had left his country — he submitted, before the word emigrant in the present acceptation by the tribunal was in use — to live by his own industry in England rather than on the industry of the overladen people of France

What proof had he of this?

He handed in the names of two witnesses; Theophile Gabelle, and Alexandre Manette.

But he had married in England, — the president reminded him.

True, but not an Englishwoman.

A citizeness of France?

Yes. By birth.

Her name and family?

" Lucie Manette, only daughter of Doctor Manette, the good physician who sits there '

This answer had a happy effect upon the audience. Cries in exaltation of the well-known physician rent the hall. So capriciously were the people moved, that tears immediately rolled down several ferocious countenances which had been glaring at the prisoner a moment before, as if with impatience to pluck him out into the street and kill him.

On these few steps of his dangerous way, Charles Darnay had set his foot according to Doctor Manette's reiterated instructions. The same cautious counsel directed every step that lay before him, and prepared every inch of his road.

The president asked why he had returned to France when he did, and not sooner ?

He had not returned sooner, he replied, simply because he had no means of living in France, save those he had resigned; whereas, in England, he lived by giving instruction in the French language and literature. He had returned when he did, on the pressing and written entreaty of a French citizen, who represented that his life was endangered by his absence. He had come back to save a citizen's life, and to bear his testimony, at whatever personal hazard, to the truth. Was that criminal in the eyes of the republic ?

The populace cried enthusiastically, " No ! " and the president rang his bell to quiet them. Which it did not, for they continued to cry " No ! " until they left off, of their own will.

The president required the name of that citizen ? The accused explained that the citizen was his first witness. He also referred with confidence to the citizen's letter, which had been taken from him at the Barrier, but which he did not doubt would be found among the papers then before the president.

The doctor had taken care that it should be there — had assured him that it would be there — and at this stage of the proceedings it was produced and read. Citizen Gabelle was

called to confirm it, and did so. Citizen Gabelle hinted, with infinite delicacy and politeness, that in the pressure of business imposed on the tribunal by the multitude of the enemies of the republic with which it had to deal, he had been slightly overlooked in his prison of the Abbaye — in fact had rather passed out of the tribunal's patriotic remembrance — until three days ago; when he had been summoned before it, and had been set at liberty on the jury's declaring themselves satisfied that the accusation against him was answered as to himself, by the surrender of the Citizen Evrémonde, called Darnay.

Doctor Manette was next questioned. His high personal popularity, and the clearness of his answers, made a great impression; but, as he proceeded, as he showed that the accused was his first friend on his release from his long imprisonment; that the accused had remained in England, always faithful and devoted to his daughter and himself in their exile; that, so far from being in favor with the aristocrat government there, he had actually been tried for his life by it, as the foe of England and friend of the United States — as he brought these circumstances into view, with the greatest discretion and with the straightforward force of truth and earnestness, the jury and the populace became one. At last, when he appealed by name to Monsieur Lorry, an English gentleman then and there present, who, like himself, had been a witness on that English trial and could corroborate his account of it, the jury declared that they had heard enough, and that they were ready with their votes if the president were content to receive them.

At every vote (the jurymen voted aloud and individually), the populace set up a shout of applause. All the voices were in the prisoner's favor, and the president declared him free.

No sooner was the acquittal pronounced than tears were shed as freely as blood at another time, and such fraternal embraces were bestowed upon the prisoner by as many of both sexes as could rush at him, that after his long and unwholesome confine-

ment he was in danger of fainting from exhaustion; none the less because he knew very well, that the same people, carried by another current, would have rushed at him with the very same intensity, to rend him to pieces and strew him over the streets.

They put him into a great chair they had among them, and which they had taken either out of the court itself, or one of its rooms or passages. Over the chair they had thrown a red flag, and to the back of it they had bound a pike with a red cap on its top. In their car of triumph, not even the doctor's entreaties could prevent his being carried to his home on men's shoulders, with a confused sea of red caps heaving about him, and casting up to sight from the stormy deep such wrecks of faces, that he more than once misdoubted his mind being in confusion, and that he was in the tumbril on his way to the guillotine.

In wild dreamlike procession, embracing whom they met and pointing him out, they carried him on. Reddening the snowy streets with the prevailing republican color, in winding and tramping through them, as they had reddened them below the snow with a deeper dye, they carried him thus into the courtyard of the building where he lived. Her father had gone on before, to prepare her, and when her husband stood upon his feet, she dropped insensible in his arms.

As he held her to his heart and turned her beautiful head between his face and the brawling crowd, so that his tears and her lips might come together unseen, a few of the people fell to dancing. Instantly all the rest fell to dancing, and the courtyard overflowed with the Carmagnole. Then they elevated into the vacant chair a young woman from the crowd to be carried as the Goddess of Liberty, and then swelling and overflowing out into the adjacent streets, and along the river's banks, and over the bridge, the Carmagnole absorbed them every one and whirled them away.

After grasping the doctor's hand, as he stood victorious and proud before him; after grasping the hand of Mr. Lorry, who

came panting in breathless from his struggle against the water-spout of the Carmagnole; after kissing little Lucie, who was lifted up to clasp her arms around his neck; and after embracing the ever-zealous and faithful Pross who lifted her; he took his wife in his arms, and carried her up to their own rooms.

"Lucie! My own! I am safe!"

"Oh, dearest Charles, let me thank God for this on my knees as I have prayed to him."

They all reverently bowed their heads and hearts. When she was again in his arms, he said to her:

"And now speak to your father, dearest. No other man in all this France could have done what he has done for me."

She laid her head upon her father's breast, as she had laid his poor head on her own breast, long, long ago. He was happy in the return he had made her, he was recompensed for his suffering, he was proud of his strength. "You must not be weak, my darling," he remonstrated; "don't tremble so. I have saved him."

CHAPTER VI.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

"I HAVE saved him." It was not another of the dreams in which he had often come back; he was really here. And yet his wife trembled, and a vague but heavy fear was upon her.

Her father, cheering her, showed a compassionate superiority to this woman's weakness, which was wonderful to see. No garret, no shoemaking, no One Hundred and Five, North Tower, now! He had accomplished the task he had set himself, his promise was redeemed, he had saved Charles. Let them all lean upon him.

Their housekeeping was of a very frugal kind; not only because that was the safest way to live, involving the least offense to the people, but because they were not rich, and Charles, throughout

his imprisonment, had had to pay heavily for his bad food, and for his guard, and toward the living of the poorer prisoners. Partly on this account, and partly to avoid a domestic spy, they kept no servant; the citizen and citizeness who acted as porters at the courtyard gate, rendered them occasional service; and Jerry (almost wholly transferred to them by Mr. Lorry) had become their daily retainer, and had his bed there every night.

It was an ordinance of the Republic One and Indivisible of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death, that on the door or doorpost of every house, the name of every inmate must be legibly inscribed in letters of a certain size, at a certain convenient height from the ground. Mr. Jerry Cruncher's name, therefore, duly embellished the doorpost below; and, as the afternoon shadows deepened, the owner of that name himself appeared, from overlooking a painter whom Doctor Manette had employed to add to the list the name of Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay.

In the universal fear and distrust that darkened the time, all the usual harmless ways of life were changed. In the doctor's little household, as in very many others, the articles of daily consumption that were wanted were purchased every evening in small quantities and at various small shops. To avoid attracting notice, and to give as little occasion as possible for talk or envy, was the general desire.

For some months past, Miss Pross and Mr. Cruncher had discharged the office of purveyors; the former carrying the money, the latter the basket. Every afternoon at about the time when the public lamps were lighted, they fared forth on this duty, and made and brought home such purchases as were needful. Although Miss Pross, through her long association with a French family, might have known as much of their language as of her own, if she had had a mind, she had no mind in that direction; consequently she knew no more of that "nonsense" (as she was pleased to call it) than Mr. Cruncher did. So her manner of marketing was to plump a noun-substantive at the head of a

shopkeeper without any introduction in the nature of an article, and, if it happened not to be the name of the thing she wanted, to look round for that thing, lay hold of it, and hold on by it until the bargain was concluded. She always made a bargain for it, by holding up, as a statement of its just price, one finger less than the merchant held up, whatever his number might be.

"Now, Mr. Cruncher," said Miss Pross, whose eyes were red with felicity; "if you are ready, I am."

Jerry hoarsely professed himself at Miss Pross's service. He had worn all his rust off long ago, but nothing would file his spiky head down.

They went out, leaving Lucie, and her husband, her father and the child, by a bright fire. Mr. Lorry was expected back presently from the banking house. Miss Pross had lighted the lamp, but had put it aside in a corner, that they might enjoy the firelight undisturbed. Little Lucie sat by her grandfather with her hands clasped through his arm; and he, in a tone not rising much above a whisper, began to tell her a story of a great and powerful fairy who had opened a prison-wall and let out a captive who had once done the fairy a service. All was subdued and quiet, and Lucie was more at ease than she had been.

"What is that?" she cried, all at once.

"My dear," said her father, stopping in his story, and laying his hand on hers, "command yourself. What a disordered state you are in! The least thing — nothing — startles you! You, your father's daughter!"

"I thought, my father," said Lucie, excusing herself, with a pale face and in a faltering voice, "that I heard strange feet upon the stairs."

"My love, the staircase is as still as death."

As he said the word, a blow was struck upon the door.

"Oh father, father. What can this be! Hide Charles! Save him!"

"My child," said the doctor, rising, and laying his hand upon

her shoulder, "I have saved him. What weakness is this, my dear! Let me go to the door."

He took the lamp in his hand, crossed the two outer intervening rooms, and opened it. A rude clattering of feet over the floor, and four rough men in red caps, armed with sabers and pistols, entered the room.

"The Citizen Evrémonde, called Darnay," said the first.

"Who seeks him?" answered Darnay.

"I seek him. We seek him. I know you, Evrémonde; I saw you before the tribunal to-day. You are again the prisoner of the republic."

The four surrounded him, where he stood with his wife and child clinging to him.

"Tell me how and why I am again a prisoner?"

"It is enough that you return straight to the Conciergerie, and will know to-morrow. You are summoned for to-morrow."

Dr. Manette, whom this visitation had so turned into stone, that he stood with the lamp in his hand, as if he were a statue made to hold it, moved after these words were spoken, put the lamp down, and confronting the speaker, and taking him, not ungently, by the loose front of his red woolen shirt, said:

"You know him, you have said. Do you know me?"

"Yes, I know you, citizen doctor."

"We all know you, citizen doctor," said the other three.

He looked abstractedly from one to another, and said, in a lower voice, after a pause:

"Will you answer his question to me then? How does this happen?"

"Citizen doctor," said the first, reluctantly, "he has been denounced to the section of Saint Antoine. "This citizen," pointing out the second who had entered, "is from Saint Antoine."

The citizen here indicated nodded his head, and added:

"He is accused by Saint Antoine."

"Of what?" asked the doctor.

"Citizen doctor," said the first, with his former reluctance, "ask no more. If the republic demands sacrifices from you, without doubt you as a good patriot will be happy to make them. The republic goes before all. The people is supreme. Evrémonde, we are pressed."

"One word," the doctor entreated. "Will you tell me who denounced him?"

"It is against the rule," answered the first; "but you can ask him of Saint Antoine here."

The doctor turned his eyes upon that man. Who moved uneasily upon his feet, rubbed his beard a little, and at length said:

"Well! Truly it is against rule. But he is denounced — and gravely — by the Citizen and Citizeness Defarge. And by one other."

"What other?"

"Do you ask, citizen doctor?"

"Yes."

"Then," said he of Saint Antoine, with a strange look, "you will be answered to-morrow. Now, I am dumb!"

CHAPTER VII.

A HAND AT CARDS.

Happily unconscious of the new calamity at home, Miss Pross threaded her way along the narrow streets and crossed the river by the bridge of the Pont Neuf,[n] reckoning in her mind the number of indispensable purchases she had made. Mr. Cruncher, with the basket, walked at her side.

Having purchased a few small articles of grocery, and a measure of oil for the lamp, Miss Pross bethought herself of the wine they wanted. After peeping into several wine shops she stopped at

the sign of the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, not far from the national palace, where the aspect of things rather took her fancy. It had a quieter look than any other place of the same description they had passed, and though red with patriotic caps, was not so red as the rest. Sounding Mr. Cruncher, and finding him of her opinion, Miss Pross resorted to the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity attended by her cavalier.

As their wine was measuring out, a man parted from another man in a corner, and rose to depart. In going he had to face Miss Pross. No sooner did he face her, than Miss Pross uttered a scream, and clapped her hands.

In a moment, the whole company were on their feet. That somebody was assassinated by somebody vindicating a difference of opinion was the likeliest occurrence. Everybody looked to see somebody fall, but only saw a man and a woman standing staring at each other; the man with all the outward aspect of a Frenchman and a thorough republican; the woman evidently English.

"What is the matter?" said the man who had caused Miss Pross to scream; speaking in a vexed, abrupt voice (though in a low tone), and in English.

"Oh, Solomon, dear Solomon!" cried Miss Pross, clapping her hands again. "After not setting eyes upon you or hearing of you for so long a time, do I find you here!"

"Don't call me Solomon. Do you want to be the death of me?" asked the man, in a furtive, frightened way.

"Brother, brother!" cried Miss Pross, bursting into tears. "Have I ever been so hard with you that you ask me such a cruel question?"

"Then hold your meddlesome tongue," said Solomon, "and come out, if you want to speak to me. Pay for your wine, and come out. Who's this man?"

Miss Pross, shaking her loving and dejected head at her by no means affectionate brother, said through her tears, "Mr. Cruncher."

"Let him come out, too," said Solomon. "Does he think me a ghost?"

"Now," said Solomon, stopping at a dark street corner, "what do you want?"

"How dreadfully unkind in a brother nothing has ever turned my love away from," cried Miss Pross, "to give me such a greeting, and show me no affection!"

"There. Con-found it! There," said Solomon, making a dab at Miss Pross's lips with his own. "Now are you content?"

Miss Pross only shook her head and wept in silence.

"If you expect me to be surprised," said her brother Solomon, "I am not surprised; I knew you were here; I know of most people who are here. If you really don't want to endanger my existence — which I half believe you do — go your ways as soon as possible, and let me go mine. I am busy. I am an official."

"My English brother, Solomon," mourned Miss Pross, casting up her tear-fraught eyes, "that had the makings in him of one of the best and greatest of men in his native country, an official among foreigners, and such foreigners! I would almost sooner have seen the dear boy lying in his ——"

"I said so!" cried the brother, interrupting. "I knew it. You want to be the death of me. I shall be rendered suspected by my own sister. Just as I am getting on!"

"The gracious and merciful heavens forbid!" cried Miss Pross. "Far rather would I never see you again, dear Solomon, though I have ever loved you truly, and ever shall. Say but one affectionate word to me, and tell me there is nothing angry or estranged between us, and I will detain you no longer."

Good Miss Pross! As if the estrangement between them had come of any culpability of hers. As if Mr. Lorry had not known it for a fact, years ago, in the quiet corner in Soho, that this precious brother had spent her money and left her!

He was saying the affectionate word, however, with a far more grudging condescension and patronage than he could have shown if their relative merits and positions had been reversed (which is invariably the case, the world over), when Mr. Cruncher, touching him on the shoulder, hoarsely and unexpectedly interposed with the following singular question:

"I say! Might I ask the favor? As to whether your name is John Solomon, or Solomon John?"

The official turned toward him with sudden distrust. He had not previously uttered a word.

"Come," said Mr. Cruncher. "Speak out, you know. John Solomon, or Solomon John? She calls you Solomon, and she must know, being your sister. And *I* know you're John, you know. Which of the two goes first? And regarding that name of Pross, likewise. That warn't your name over the water."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I don't know all I mean, for I can't call to mind what your name was over the water."

"No?"

"No. But I'll swear it was a name of two syllables."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. T'other one's was one syllable. I know you. You was a spy-witness at the Bailey. What in the name of the Father of Lies, own father to yourself, was you called at that time?"

"Barsad," said another voice, striking in.

"That's the name for a thousand pound!" cried Jerry.

The speaker who struck in was Sydney Carton. He had his hands behind him under the skirts of his riding coat, and he stood at Mr. Cruncher's elbow as negligently as he might have stood at the Old Bailey itself.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear Miss Pross. I arrived at Mr. Lorry's, to his surprise, yesterday evening; we agreed that I would not present myself elsewhere until all was well, or else I

could be useful; I present myself here, to beg a little talk with your brother. I wish you had a better employed brother than Mr. Barsad. I wish for your sake Mr. Barsad was not a sheep of the prisons."

Sheep was a cant word of the time for a spy under the jailers. The spy, who was pale, turned paler, and asked him how he dared ——

"I'll tell you," said Sydney. "I lighted on you, Mr. Barsad, coming out of the prison of the Conciergerie while I was contemplating the walls, an hour or more ago. You have a face to be remembered, and I remember faces well. And gradually, what I had done at random, seemed to shape itself into a purpose, Mr. Barsad."

"What purpose?" the spy asked.

"It would be troublesome, and might be dangerous, to explain in the street. Could you favor me, in confidence, with some minutes of your company — at the office of Tellson's Bank, for instance?"

"Under a threat?"

"Oh! Did I say that?"

"Then, why should I go there?"

"Really, Mr. Barsad, I can't say, if you can't."

"Do you mean that you won't say, sir?" the spy irresolutely asked.

"You apprehend me very clearly, Mr. Barsad. I won't."

Carton's negligent recklessness of manner came powerfully in aid of his quickness and skill, in such a business as he had in his secret mind, and with such a man as he had to do with. His practiced eye saw it, and made the most of it.

"Now, I told you so," said the spy, casting a reproachful look at his sister; "if any trouble comes of this, it is your doing."

"Come, come, Mr. Barsad!" exclaimed Sydney. "Don't be ungrateful. But for my present respect for your sister, I might not have led up so pleasantly to a little proposal that I

wish to make for our mutual satisfaction. Do you go with me to the bank?"

"I'll hear what you have got to say. Yes, I'll go with you."

"I propose that we first conduct your sister safely to the corner of her own street. Let me take your arm, Miss Pross. This is not a good city, at this time, for you to be out in, unprotected; and as your escort knows Mr. Barsad, I will invite him to Mr. Lorry's with us. Are we ready? Come then!"

They left her at the corner of the street, and Carton led the way to Mr. Lorry's, which was within a few minutes' walk. John Barsad, or Solomon Pross, walked at his side.

Mr. Lorry had just finished his dinner, and was sitting before a cheery little log or two of fire — perhaps looking into their blaze for the picture of that younger elderly gentleman from Tellson's, who had looked into the red coals at the Royal George at Dover, now a good many years ago. He turned his head as they entered, and showed the surprise with which he saw a stranger.

"Miss Pross's brother, sir," said Sydney. "Mr. Barsad."

"Barsad?" repeated the old gentleman, "Barsad? I have an association with that name — and with the face."

"I told you you had a remarkable face, Mr. Barsad," observed Carton coolly. "Pray sit down."

"Mr. Barsad has been recognized by Miss Pross as the affectionate brother you have heard of," said Sydney, "and has acknowledged the relationship. I pass to worse news. Darnay has been arrested again."

Struck with consternation, the old gentleman exclaimed, "What do you tell me! I left him safe and free within these two hours, and am about to return to him!"

"Arrested for all that. When was it done, Mr. Barsad?"

"Just now, if at all."

"Mr. Barsad is the best authority possible, sir," said Sydney. "And I have it from Mr. Barsad's communication to a friend

and brother-sheep over a bottle of wine, that the arrest has taken place. He left the messengers at the gate, and saw them admitted by the porter. There is no earthly doubt that he is retaken. Now, I trust that the name and influence of Doctor Manette may stand him in as good stead to-morrow — you said he would be before the tribunal to-morrow, Mr. Barsad? ——''

"Yes; I believe so."

"— In as good stead to-morrow as to-day. But it may not be so. I own to you I am shaken, Mr. Lorry, by Doctor Manette's not having had the power to prevent his arrest."

"He may not have known of it beforehand," said Mr. Lorry.

"But that very circumstance would be alarming, when we remember how identified he is with his son-in-law."

"That's true," Mr. Lorry acknowledged, with his troubled hand at his chin, and his troubled eyes on Carton.

"In short," said Sydney, "this is a desperate time, when desperate games are played for desperate stakes. Let the doctor play the winning game; I will play the losing one. No man's life is here worth purchase. Any one carried home by the people to-day, may be condemned to-morrow. Now, the stake I have resolved to play for, in case of the worst, is a friend in the Conciergerie. And the friend I purpose to myself to win, is Mr. Barsad."

"You need have good cards, sir," said the spy.

"I'll run them over. I'll see what I hold — Mr. Lorry, you know what a brute I am; I wish you'd give me a little brandy."

It was put before him, and he drank off a glassful — drank off another glassful — pushed the bottle thoughtfully away.

"Mr. Barsad," he went on, in the tone of one who was really looking over a hand at cards: "Sheep of the prisons, emissary of republican committees, now turnkey, now prisoner, always spy and secret informer, so much the more valuable here for being English that an Englishman is less open to suspicion of subornation in those characters, represents himself to his employers

under a false name. That's a very good card. Mr. Barsad, now in the employ of the republican French government, was formerly in the employ of the aristocratic English government, the enemy of France and freedom. That's an excellent card. Inference clear as day, in this region of suspicion, that Mr. Barsad, still in the employ of the aristocratic English government, is the spy of Pitt, the treacherous foe of the republic crouching in its bosom, the English traitor and agent of all mischief so much spoken of, and so difficult to find. That's a card not to be beaten. Have you followed my hand, Mr. Barsad ? "

" Not to understand your play," returned the spy, somewhat uneasily.

" I play my ace, denunciation of Mr. Barsad to the nearest section committee. Look over your hand, Mr. Barsad, and see what you have. Don't hurry."

It was a poorer hand than he suspected. Mr. Barsad saw losing cards in it that Sydney Carton knew nothing of. Thrown out of his enjoyable employment in England through too much unsuccessful hard swearing there — not because he was not wanted there; our English reasons for vaunting our superiority to secrecy and spies are of very modern date — he knew that he had crossed the Channel, and accepted service in France; first, as a tempter and an eavesdropper among his own countrymen there; gradually, as a tempter and an eavesdropper among the natives. He knew that under the overthrown government he had been a spy upon Saint Antoine and Defarge's wine shop; had received from the watchful police such heads of information concerning Doctor Manette's imprisonment, release and history, as should serve him for an introduction to familiar conversation with the Defarges; and tried them on Madame Defarge, and had broken down signally. He always remembered with fear and trembling, that that terrible woman had knitted when he had talked with her, and had looked ominously at him as her fingers moved. He had since seen her, in the section of Saint Antoine,

over and over again produce her knitted registers, and denounce the people whose lives the guillotine then surely swallowed up. He knew, as every one employed as he was did, that he was never safe; that flight was impossible; that he was tied fast under the shadow of the ax; and that in spite of his utmost tergiversation and treachery in furtherance of the reigning terror, a word might bring it down upon him. Once denounced, and on such grave grounds as had just now been suggested to his mind, he foresaw that the dreadful woman of whose unrelenting character he had seen many proofs, would produce against him that fatal register, and would squash his last chance of life. Besides that all secret men are men soon terrified, here were surely cards enough of one black suit to justify the holder in growing rather livid as he turned them over.

"You scarcely seem to like your hand," said Sydney, with the greatest composure. "Do you play?"

"I think, sir," said the spy, in the meanest manner, as he turned to Mr. Lorry, "I may appeal to a gentleman of your years and benevolence, to put it to this other gentleman, so much your junior, whether he can under any circumstances reconcile it to his station to play that ace of which he has spoken. I admit that I am a spy, and that it is considered a discreditable station — though it must be filled by somebody; but this gentleman is no spy, and why should he so demean himself as to make himself one?"

"I play my ace, Mr. Barsad," said Carton, taking the answer on himself, and looking at his watch, "without any scruple, in a very few minutes."

"I should have hoped, gentlemen both," said the spy, always striving to hook Mr. Lorry into the discussion, "that your respect for my sister ——"

"I could not better testify my respect for your sister than by finally relieving her of her brother," said Sydney Carton.

"You think not, sir?"

" I have thoroughly made up my mind about it."

The smooth manner of the spy, curiously in dissonance with his ostentatiously rough dress, and probably with his usual demeanor, received such a check from the inscrutability of Carton — who was a mystery to wiser and honester men than he — that it faltered here and failed him. While he was at a loss, Carton said, resuming his former air of contemplating cards:

" And indeed, now I think again, I have a strong impression that I have another good card here, not yet enumerated. That friend and fellow sheep, who spoke of himself as pasturing in the country prisons; who was he ? "

" French. You don't know him," said the spy, quickly.

" French, eh ? " repeated Carton, musing and not appearing to notice him at all, though he echoed his word. " Well; he may be."

" Is, I assure you," said the spy; " though it's not important."

" Though it's not important," repeated Carton, in the same mechanical way — " though it's not important — No, it's not important. No. Yet I know the face."

" I think not. I am sure not. It can't be," said the spy.

" It — can't — be," muttered Sydney Carton, retrospectively, and filling his glass again. " Can't be. Spoke good French. Yet like a foreigner, I thought ? "

" Provincial," said the spy.

" No. Foreign ! " cried Carton, striking his open hand on the table, as a light broke clearly on his mind. " Cly ! Disguised, but the same man. We had that man before us at the Old Bailey."

" Now, there you are hasty, sir," said Barsad, with a smile that gave his aquiline nose an extra inclination to one side; " there you really give me an advantage over you. Cly has been dead several years. I attended him in his last illness. He was buried in London, at the Church of Saint Pancras-in-the-Fields. His unpopularity with the blackguard multitude at the moment

prevented my following his remains, but I helped to lay him in his coffin."

Here, Mr. Lorry became aware, from where he sat, of a most remarkable goblin shadow on the wall. Tracing it to its source, he discovered it to be caused by a sudden extraordinary rising and stiffening of all the risen and stiff hair on Mr. Cruncher's head.

"Let us be reasonable," said the spy, "and let us be fair. To show you how mistaken you are, and what an unfounded assumption yours is, I will lay before you a certificate of Cly's burial, which I happen to have carried in my pocketbook," — and with a hurried hand he produced and opened it — "ever since. There it is. Oh, look at it, look at it! You may take it in your hand; it's no forgery."

Here, Mr. Lorry perceived the reflection on the wall to elongate, and Mr. Cruncher rose, and stepped forward. His hair could not have been more violently on end if it had been that moment dressed by the cow with the crumpled horn in the house that Jack built.

Unseen by the spy, Mr. Cruncher stood at his side, and touched him on the shoulder like a ghostly bailiff.

"That there Roger Cly, master," said Mr. Cruncher, with a taciturn and iron-bound visage. "So *you* put him in his coffin?"

"I did."

"Who took him out of it?"

Barsad leaned back in his chair, and stammered, "What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Mr. Cruncher, "that he warn't never in it. No! Not he! I'll have my head took off, if he was ever in it."

The spy looked round at the two gentlemen; they both looked in unspeakable astonishment at Jerry.

"I tell you," said Jerry, "that you buried paving stones and earth in that there coffin. Don't go and tell *me* that you buried Cly. It was a take in. Me and two more knows it."

"How do you know it?"

"What's that to you? Ecod!" growled Mr. Cruncher. "It's you I have got a grudge again, is it, with your shameful imposition upon tradesmen? I'd catch hold of your throat and choke you for half a guinea."

Sydney Carton, who, with Mr. Lorry, had been lost in amazement at this turn of the business, here requested Mr. Cruncher to moderate and explain himself.

"At another time, sir," he returned, evasively, "the present time is ill convenient for explainin'. What I stand to, is, that he knows well wot that there Cly was never in that there coffin. Let him say he was, in so much as a word of one syllable, and I'll either catch hold of his throat and choke him for half a guinea;" — Mr. Cruncher dwelt upon this as a liberal offer — "or I'll out and announce him."

"Humph! I see one thing," said Carton. "I hold another card, Mr. Barsad. A strong card — a certain guillotine card! Do you play?"

"No!" returned the spy. "I throw up. I confess that we were so unpopular with the outrageous mob, that I only got away from England at the risk of being ducked to death, and that Cly was so ferreted up and down, that he never would have got away at all but for the sham. Though how this man knows it was a sham, is a wonder of wonders to me."

"Never you trouble your head about this man," retorted the contentious Mr. Cruncher; "you'll have trouble enough with giving your attention to that gentleman. And look here! Once more!" — Mr. Cruncher could not be restrained from making rather an ostentatious parade of his liberality — "I'd catch hold of your throat and choke you for half a guinea."

The sheep of the prisons turned from him to Sydney Carton, and said with more decision, "It has come to a point. I go on duty soon, and can't overstay my time. Now, what do you want with me?"

"Not very much. You are turnkey at the Conciergerie!"

"I tell you, once for all, there is no such thing as an escape possible," said the spy, firmly.

"Why need you tell me what I have not asked? You are a turnkey at the Conciergerie?"

"I am sometimes."

"You can be when you choose?"

"I can pass in and out when I choose."

Sydney Carton filled another glass of brandy, poured it slowly upon the hearth, and watched it as it dropped. It being all spent, he said, rising:

"So far we have spoken before these two, because it was as well that the merits of the cards should not rest solely between you and me. Come into the dark room here, and let us have one final word alone."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GAME MADE.

While Sydney Carton and the sheep of the prisons were in the adjoining dark room, speaking so low that not a sound was heard, Mr. Lorry looked at Jerry with considerable doubt and mistrust. That honest tradesman's manner of receiving the look, did not inspire confidence; he changed the leg on which he rested, as often as if he had fifty of those limbs, and were trying them all; he examined his finger nails with a very questionable closeness of attention; and whenever Mr. Lorry's eye caught his, he was taken with that peculiar kind of short cough requiring the hollow of a hand before it, which is seldom, if ever, known to be an infirmity attendant on perfect openness of character.

"Jerry," said Mr. Lorry. "Come here."

Mr. Cruncher came forward sideways, with one of his shoulders in advance of him.

"What have you been besides a messenger?"

After some cogitation, accompanied with an intent look at his patron, Mr. Cruncher conceived a luminous idea of replying, "Agricultooral character."

"My mind misgives me much," said Mr. Lorry, angrily shaking a forefinger at him, "that you have used the respectable and great house of Tellson's as a blind, and that you have had an unlawful occupation of an infamous description. If you have, don't expect me to befriend you when you get back to England. If you have, don't expect me to keep your secret. Tellson's shall not be imposed upon."

"I hope, sir," pleaded the abashed Mr. Cruncher, "that a gentleman like yourself wot I've had the honor of odd-jobbing till I'm gray at it, would think twice about harming of me, even if it wos so — I don't say it is, but even if it wos. And which is to be took into account that if it wos, it wouldn't, even then, be all o' one side. There'd be two sides to it, even if it wos so."

"Ugh!" cried Mr. Lorry, rather relenting, nevertheless. "I'm shocked at the sight of you."

"Now, what I would humbly offer to you, sir," pursued Mr. Cruncher, "even if it wos so, which I don't say it is ——"

"Don't prevaricate," said Mr. Lorry.

"No, I will not, sir," returned Mr. Cruncher, as if nothing were further from his thoughts or practice — "which I don't say it is — wot I would humbly offer to you, sir, would be this. Upon that there stool, at that there Bar, sets that there boy of mine, brought up and growed up to be a man, wot will errand you, message you, general-light-job you, till your heels is where your head is (for I will not prewaricate to you, sir), let that there boy keep his father's place, and take care of his mother; don't blow upon that boy's father — do not do it, sir — and let that father go into the line of the reg'lar diggin', and make amends for what he would have un-dug — if it wos so — by diggin' of 'em in with a will, and with conwictions respectin' the future keepin' of 'em safe. That, Mr. Lorry," said Mr. Crun-

cher, wiping his forehead with his arm, as an announcement that he had arrived at the peroration of his discourse, "is wot I would respectfully offer to you, sir. A man don't see all this here a-goin' on dreadful around him, in the way of subjects without heads, dear me, plentiful enough for to bring the price down to porterage, and hardly that, without havin' his serious thoughts of things. And this here would be mine, if it was so, entreatin' of you fur to bear in mind that wot I said just now, I up and said in the good cause when I might have kep' it back."

"That at least is true," said Mr. Lorry. "Say no more now. It may be that I shall yet stand your friend, if you deserve it, and repent in action, not in words. I want no more words."

Mr. Cruncher knuckled his forehead, as Sydney Carton and the spy returned from the dark room. "Adieu, Mr. Barsad," said the former, "our arrangements thus made, you have nothing to fear from me."

He sat down in a chair on the hearth, over against Mr. Lorry. When they were alone, Mr. Lorry asked him what he had done?

"Not much. If it should go ill with the prisoner, I have insured access to him once."

Mr. Lorry's countenance fell.

"It is all I could do," said Carton. "To propose too much would be to put this man's head under the ax, and, as he himself said, nothing worse could happen to him if he were denounced. It was obviously the weakness of the position. There is no help for it."

"But access to him," said Mr. Lorry, "if it should go ill before the tribunal, will not save him."

"I never said it would."

Mr. Lorry's eyes gradually sought the fire; his sympathy with his darling, and the heavy disappointment of this second arrest, gradually weakened them; he was an old man now, overborne with anxiety of late, and his tears fell.

"You are a good man and a true friend," said Carton, in an

altered voice. "Forgive me if I notice that you are affected. I could not see my father weep, and sit by careless. And I could not respect your sorrow more if you were my father. You are free from that misfortune, however."

Though he said the last words with a slip into his usual manner, there was a true feeling and respect both in his tone and in his touch, that Mr. Lorry, who had never seen the better side of him, was wholly unprepared for. He gave him his hand, and Carton gently pressed it.

"To return to poor Darnay," said Carton. "Don't tell *her* of this interview, or this arrangement. It would not enable her to go to see him. She might think it was contrived, in case of the worst, to convey to him the means of anticipating the sentence."

Mr. Lorry had not thought of that, and he looked quickly at Carton to see if it were in his mind. It seemed to be; he returned the look, and evidently understood it.

"She might think a thousand things," Carton said, "and any of them would only add to her trouble. Don't speak of me to her. As I said to you when I first came, I had better not see her. I can put my hand out to do any little helpful work for her that my hand can find to do, without that. You are going to her, I hope? She must be very desolate to-night."

"I am going now, directly."

"I am glad of that. She has such a strong attachment to you and reliance on you. How does she look?"

"Anxious and unhappy, but very beautiful."

"Ah!"

It was a long and grieving sound, like a sigh — almost like a sob. It attracted Mr. Lorry's eyes to Carton's face, which was turned to the fire. He wore the white riding-coat and top boots, then in vogue, and the light of the fire touching their light surfaces made him look very pale, with his long brown hair, all untrimmed, hanging loose about him. His indifference to

fire was sufficiently remarkable to elicit a word of remonstrance from Mr. Lorry; his boot was still upon the hot embers of the flaming log, when it had broken under the weight of his foot.

"I forgot it," he said.

Mr. Lorry's eyes were again attracted to his face.

"And your duties here have drawn to an end, sir?" said Carton, turning to him.

"Yes. As I was telling you last night when Lucie came in so unexpectedly, I have at length done all I can do here. I hoped to have left them in perfect safety, and then to have quitted Paris. I have my leave to pass. I was ready to go."

They were both silent.

"Yours is a long life to look back upon, sir?" said Carton, wistfully.

"I am in my seventy-eighth year."

"You have been useful all your life; steadily and constantly occupied; trusted, respected, and looked up to?"

"I have been a man of business ever since I have been a man. Indeed, I may say that I was a man of business when a boy."

"See, what a place you fill at seventy-eight. How many people will miss you when you leave it empty!"

"A solitary old bachelor," answered Mr. Lorry, shaking his head. "There is nobody to weep for me."

"How can you say that? Wouldn't *she* weep for you? Wouldn't her child?"

"Yes, yes, thank God. I didn't quite mean what I said."

"It *is* a thing to thank God for, is it not?"

"Surely, surely."

"If you could say, with truth, to your own solitary heart, to-night, 'I have secured to myself the love and attachment, the gratitude or respect, of no human creature; I have won myself a tender place in no regard; I have done nothing good or serviceable to be remembered by!' your seventy-eight years would be seventy-eight heavy curses; would they not?"

" You say truly, Mr. Carton. I think they would."

Sydney turned his eyes again upon the fire, and, after a silence of a few moments, said:

" I should like to ask you: — Does your childhood seem far off? Do the days when you sat at your mother's knee, seem days very long ago? "

Responding to his softened manner, Mr. Lorry answered:

" Twenty years back, yes; at this time of my life, no. For, as I draw closer and closer to the end, I travel in the circle, nearer and nearer to the beginning. It seems to be one of the kind smoothings and preparings of the way. My heart is touched now, by many remembrances that had long fallen asleep, of my pretty young mother (and I so old!), and my many associations of the days when what we call the world was not so real to me, and my faults were not confirmed in me."

" I understand the feeling! " exclaimed Carton, with a bright flush. " And you are the better for it."

" I hope so."

Carton terminated the conversation here by rising to help him on with his outer coat. " But you," said Mr. Lorry, reverting to the theme, " you are young."

" Yes," said Carton. " I am not old, but my young way was never the way to age. Enough of me."

" And of me, I am sure," said Mr. Lorry. " Are you going out? "

" I will walk with you to her gate. You know my vagabond and restless habits. If I should prowl about the streets for a long time, don't be uneasy; I shall reappear in the morning. You go to the court to-morrow? "

" Yes, unhappily."

" I shall be there, but only as one of the crowd. My spy will find a place for me. Take my arm, sir."

Mr. Lorry did so, and they went down stairs and out in the streets. A few minutes brought them to Mr. Lorry's destination.

Carton left him there; but lingered at a little distance, and turned back again to the gate when it was shut, and touched it. He had heard of her going to the prison every day. "She came out here," he said, looking about him, "turned this way, must have trod on these stones often. Let me follow in her steps."

It was ten o'clock at night when he stood before the prison of La Force, where she had stood hundreds of times.

Sydney stopped in the middle of the street under a glimmering lamp, and wrote with his pencil on a scrap of paper. Then, traversing with the decided step of one who remembered the way well several dark and dirty streets — much dirtier than usual, for the best public thoroughfares remained uncleansed in those times of terror — he stopped at a chemist's shop,[n] which the owner was closing with his own hands. A small, dim, crooked shop, kept in a tortuous uphill thoroughfare, by a small, dim, crooked man.

Giving this citizen good night, as he confronted him at his counter, he laid the scrap of paper before him. "Whew!" the chemist whistled softly, as he read it. "Hi! hi! hi!"

Sydney Carton took no heed, and the chemist said:

"For you, citizen?"

"For me."

"You will be careful to keep them separate, citizen? You know the consequences of mixing them?"

"Perfectly."

Certain small packets were made and given to him. He put them, one by one, in the breast of his inner coat, counted out the money for them, and deliberately left the shop. "There is nothing more to do," said he, glancing upward at the moon. "I can't sleep."

The night wore out, and, as he stood upon a bridge listening to the water as it splashed the river walls of the Island of Paris,[n] where the picturesque confusion of houses and cathedral shone bright in the light of the moon, the day came coldly, looking

like a dead face out of the sky. Then the night, with the moon and stars, turned pale and died, and for a little while it seemed as if creation were delivered over to death's dominion.

Mr. Lorry was already out when he got back, and it was easy to surmise where the good old man was gone. Sydney Carton drank nothing but a little coffee, ate some bread, and having washed and changed to refresh himself, went out to the place of trial.

The court was all astir and a-buzz, when the black sheep — whom many fell away from in dread — pressed him into an obscure corner among the crowd. Mr. Lorry was there, and Doctor Manette was there. She was there, sitting beside her father.

When her husband was brought in, she turned a look upon him so sustaining, so encouraging, so full of admiring love and pitying tenderness, yet so courageous for his sake, that it called the healthy blood into his face, brightened his glance, and animated his heart. If there had been any eyes to notice the influence of her look on Sydney Carton, it would have been seen to be the same influence exactly.

Every eye was turned to the jury. The same determined patriots and good republicans as yesterday and the day before, and to-morrow and the day after. Eager and prominent among them, one man with a craving face, and his fingers perpetually hovering about his lips, whose appearance gave great satisfaction to the spectators. A life-thirsting, cannibal-looking, bloody-minded juryman, the Jacques Three of St. Antoine. The whole jury, as a jury of dogs impaneled to try the deer.

Every eye was turned to the five judges and public prosecutor. No favorable leaning in that quarter to-day. A fell, uncompromising, murderous business-meaning there. Every eye then sought some other eye in the crowd, and gleamed at it approvingly; and heads nodded at one another, before bending forward with a strained attention.

Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay. Released yesterday. Re-accused and re-taken yesterday. Indictment delivered to him last night. Suspected and denounced enemy of the republic, aristocrat, one of a family of tyrants, one of a race proscribed, for that they had used their abolished privileges to the infamous oppression of the people. Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay, in right of such proscription, absolutely dead in law.

To this effect, in as few or fewer words, the public prosecutor.

The president asked, was the accused openly denounced or secretly?

"Openly, president."

"By whom?"

"Three voices. Earnest Defarge, wine vender of St. Antoine."

"Good."

"Thérèse Defarge, his wife."

"Good."

"Alexandre Manette, physician."

A great uproar took place in the court, and in the midst of it Doctor Manette was seen, pale and trembling, standing where he had been seated.

"President, I indignantly protest to you that this is a forgery and a fraud. You know the accused to be the husband of my daughter. My daughter, and those dear to her, are far dearer to me than my life. Who and where is the false conspirator who says that I denounce the husband of my child!"

"Citizen Manette, be tranquil. To fail in submission to the authority of the tribunal would be to put yourself out of law. As to what is dearer to you than life, nothing can be so dear to a good citizen as the republic."

Loud acclamation hailed this rebuke. The president rang his bell and with warmth resumed.

"If the republic should demand of you the sacrifice of your child herself, you would have no duty but to sacrifice her. Listen to what is to follow. In the meanwhile, be silent!"

Frantic acclamations were again raised. Doctor Manette sat down, with his eyes looking around, and his lips trembling; his daughter drew closer to him. The craving man on the jury rubbed his hands together and restored the usual hand to his mouth.

Defarge was produced, when the court was quiet enough to admit of his being heard, and rapidly expounded the story of the imprisonment, and of his having been a mere boy in the doctor's service, and of the release, and of the state of the prisoner when released and delivered to him. This short examination followed, for the court was quick with its work.

"You did good service at the taking of the Bastile, citizen?"

"I believe so."

Here, an excited woman screeched from the crowd: "You were one of the best patriots there. Why not say so? You were a cannoneer that day there, and you were among the first to enter the accursed fortress when it fell. Patriots, I speak the truth!"

It was the Vengeance, who, amidst the warm commendation of the audience, thus assisted the proceedings. The president rang his bell, but the Vengeance, warming with encouragement, shrieked, "I defy that bell!" wherein she was likewise much commended.

"Inform the tribunal of what you did that day within the Bastile, citizen."

"I knew," said Defarge, looking down at his wife, who stood at the bottom of the steps on which he was raised, looking steadily up at him; "I knew that this prisoner, of whom I speak, had been confined in a cell known as One Hundred and Five, North Tower. I knew it from himself. He knew himself by no other name than One Hundred and Five, North Tower, when he made shoes under my care. As I serve my gun that day, I resolve, when the place shall fall, to examine that cell. It falls. I mount to the cell, with a fellow-citizen who is one

of the jury, directed by a jailer. I examine it very closely. In a hole in the chimney, where a stone had been worked out and replaced, I find a written paper. This is that written paper. I have made it my business to examine some specimens of the writing of Doctor Manette. This is the writing of Doctor Manette. I confide this paper in the writing of Doctor Manette, to the hands of the president."

"Let it be read."

In a dead silence and stillness — the prisoner under trial looked lovingly at his wife, his wife only looking from him to look with solicitude at her father, Doctor Manette keeping his eyes fixed on the reader, Madame Defarge never taking her eyes from the prisoner, Defarge never taking his eyes from his feasting wife, and all the other eyes there intent upon the doctor, who saw none of them — the paper was read as follows.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SUBSTANCE OF THE SHADOW.

"I, ALEXANDRE MANETTE, unfortunate physician, native of Beauvais, and afterward resident in Paris, write this melancholy paper in my doleful cell in the Bastile, during the last month of the year 1767. I write it at stolen intervals, under every difficulty. I design to secrete it in the wall of the chimney, where I have slowly and laboriously made a place of concealment for it. Some pitying hand may find it there when I and my sorrows are dust.

"These words are formed by the rusty iron point with which I write with difficulty in scrapings of soot and charcoal from the chimney, mixed with blood, in the last month of the tenth year of my captivity. Hope has quite departed from my breast. I know from terrible warnings I have noted in myself that my reason will not long remain unimpaired, but I solemnly declare

that I am at this time in the possession of my right mind — that my memory is exact and circumstantial — and that I write the truth as I shall answer for these my last recorded words, whether they shall ever be read by men or not, at the eternal judgment-seat.

" One cloudy moonlight night, in the third week of December (I think the twenty-second of the month), in the year 1757, I was walking on a retired part of the quay by the Seine for the refreshment of the frosty air, at an hour's distance from my place of residence in the Street of the School of Medicine, when a carriage came along behind me, driving very fast. As I stood aside to let that carriage pass, apprehensive that it might otherwise run me down, a head was put out at the window, and a voice called to the driver to stop.

" The carriage stopped as soon as the driver could rein in his horses, and the same voice called me by my name. I answered. The carriage was then so far in advance of me that two gentlemen had time to open the door and alight before I came up with it. I observed that they were both wrapped in cloaks, and appeared to conceal themselves. As they stood side by side near the carriage door, I also observed that they both looked of about my own age, or rather younger, and that they were greatly alike, in stature, manner, voice, and (as far as I could see) face too.

" ' You are Doctor Manette! ' said one.

" ' I am.'

" ' Doctor Manette, formerly of Beauvais,' said the other; ' the young physician, originally an expert surgeon, who within the last year or two has made a rising reputation in Paris ? '

" ' Gentlemen,' I returned, ' I am that Doctor Manette of whom you speak so graciously.'

" ' We have been to your residence,' said the first, ' and not being so fortunate as to find you there, and being informed that you were probably walking in this direction, we followed in the hope of overtaking you. Will you please to enter the carriage ? '

" The manner of both was imperious, and they both moved, as these words were spoken, so as to place me between themselves and the carriage door. They were armed. I was not.

" ' Gentlemen,' said I, ' pardon me; but I usually inquire who does me the honor to seek my assistance, and what is the nature of the case to which I am summoned.'

" The reply to this was made by him who had spoken second. ' Doctor, your clients are people of condition. As to the nature of the case, our confidence in your skill assures us that you will ascertain it for yourself better than we can describe it. Enough. Will you please to enter the carriage ? '

" I could do nothing but comply, and I entered it in silence. They both entered after me — the last springing in, after putting up the steps. The carriage turned about, and drove on at its former speed.

" I repeat this conversation exactly as it occurred. I have no doubt that it is word for word the same. I describe everything exactly as it took place, constraining my mind not to wander from the task. Where I make the broken marks that follow here, I leave off for the time, and put my paper in its hiding-place. * * *

" The carriage left the street behind, passed the North Barrier, and emerged upon the country road. At two-thirds of a league from the Barrier — I did not estimate the distance at that time, but afterward when I traversed it — it struck out of the main avenue, and presently stopped at a solitary house. We all three alighted, and walked, by a damp soft footpath in a garden where a neglected fountain had overflowed, to the door of the house. It was not opened immediately, in answer to the ringing of the bell, and one of my two conductors struck the man who opened it, with his heavy riding glove, across the face.

" There was nothing in this action to attract my particular attention, for I had seen common people struck more commonly than dogs. But, the other of the two, being angry likewise,

struck the man in like manner with his arm; the look and bearing of the brothers were then so exactly alike, that I then first perceived them to be twin brothers.

"From the time of our alighting at the outer gate (which we found locked, and which one of the brothers had opened to admit us, and had re-locked it), I had heard cries proceeding from an upper chamber. I was conducted to this chamber straight, the cries grew louder as we ascended the stairs, and I found a patient in a high fever, lying on a bed.

"The patient was a woman of great beauty, and young; assuredly not much past twenty. Her hair was torn and ragged, and her arms were bound to her sides with sashes and handkerchiefs. I noticed that these bonds were all portions of a gentleman's dress. On one of them, which was a fringed scarf for a dress of ceremony, I saw the armorial bearing of a noble, and the letter E.

"I saw this within the first few minutes of my contemplation of the patient; for, in her restless strivings she had turned over on her face on the edge of the bed, had drawn the end of the scarf into her mouth, and was in danger of suffocation. My first act was to put out my hand to relieve her breathing; and in moving the scarf aside, the embroidery in the corner caught my sight.

"I turned her gently over, placed my hand upon her breast to calm her and to keep her down, and looked into her face. Her eyes were dilated and wild, and she constantly uttered piercing shrieks, and repeated the words, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' and then counted up to twelve, and said 'Hush!' For an instant, and no more, she would pause to listen, and then the piercing shrieks would begin again, and she would repeat the cry, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' and would count up to twelve, and say 'Hush!' There was no variation in the order, or the manner. There was no cessation, but the regular moment's pause, in the utterance of these sounds.

" ' How long,' I asked, ' has this lasted ? '

" To distinguish the brothers, I will call them the elder and the younger; by the elder, I mean him who exercised the most authority. It was the elder who replied, ' Since about this hour last night.'

" ' She has a husband, a father, and a brother ? '

" ' A brother.'

" ' I do not address her brother ? '

" He answered with great contempt, ' No.'

" ' She has some recent association with the number twelve ? '

" ' The younger brother impatiently rejoined, ' With twelve o'clock ! '

" ' See, gentlemen,' said I, still keeping my hands upon her breast, ' how useless I am, as you have brought me ! If I had known what I was coming to see, I could have come provided. As it is, time must be lost. There are no medicines to be obtained in this lonely place.'

" The elder brother looked to the younger, who said haughtily, ' There is a case of medicines here; ' and brought it from a closet, and put it on the table. * * *

" I opened some of the bottles, smelled them, and put the stoppers to my lips. If I had wanted to use anything save narcotic medicines that were poisons in themselves, I would not have administered any of those.

" ' Do you doubt them ? ' asked the younger brother.

" ' You see, monsieur, I am going to use them,' I replied, and said no more.

" I made the patient swallow, with great difficulty, and after many efforts, the dose that I desired to give. As I intended to repeat it after a while, and as it was necessary to watch its influence, I then sat down by the side of the bed. There was a timid and suppressed woman in attendance (wife of the man downstairs), who had retreated into a corner. The house was damp and decayed, indifferently furnished — evidently, recently

occupied, and temporarily used. Some thick old hangings had been nailed up before the windows, to deaden the sounds of the shrieks. They continued to be uttered in their regular succession, with the cry, ' my husband, my father, and my brother! ' the counting up to twelve, and ' Hush! ' The frenzy was so violent, that I had not unfastened the bandages restraining the arms; but I had looked to them to see that they were not painful. The only spark of encouragement in the case was, that my hand upon the sufferer's breast had this much soothing influence, that for minutes at a time it tranquilized the figure. It had no effect upon the cries; no pendulum could be more regular.

" For the reason that my hand had this effect (I assume), I had sat by the side of the bed for half an hour, with the two brothers looking on, before the elder said:

" ' There is another patient.'

" I was startled, and asked, ' Is it a pressing case ? '

" ' You had better see,' he carelessly answered; and took up a light. * * *

" The other patient lay in a back room across a second staircase, which was a species of loft over a stable. There was a low plastered ceiling to a part of it; the rest was open, to the ridge of the tiled roof, and there were beams across. Hay and straw were stored in that portion of the place, fagots for firing, and a heap of apples in sand. I had to pass through that part, to get at the other. My memory is circumstantial and unshaken. I try it with these details, and I see them all, in this my cell in the Bastile, near the close of the tenth year of my captivity, as I saw them all that night.

" On some hay on the ground, with a cushion thrown under his head, lay a handsome peasant boy — a boy of not more than seventeen at the most. He lay on his back, with his teeth set, his right hand clenched on his breast, and his glaring eyes looking straight upward. I could not see where his wound was, as I

kneeled on one knee over him; but I could see that he was dying of a wound from a sharp point.

" ' I am a doctor, my poor fellow,' said I. ' Let me examine it.'

" ' I do not want it examined,' he answered; ' let it be.'

" It was under his hand, and I soothed him to let me move his hand away. The wound was a sword thrust, received from twenty to twenty-four hours before, but no skill could have saved him if it had been looked to without delay. He was then dying fast. As I turned my eyes to the elder brother, I saw him looking down at this handsome boy whose life was ebbing out, as if he were a wounded hare, or bird, or rabbit; not at all as if he were a fellow-creature.

" ' How has this been done, monsieur ? ' said I.

" ' A crazed young common dog! A serf! Forced my brother to draw upon him, and has fallen by my brother's sword — like a gentleman.'

" There was no touch of pity, sorrow, or kindred humanity, in this answer. The speaker seemed to acknowledge that it was inconvenient to have that different order of creature dying there, and that it would have been better if he had died in the usual obscure routine of his vermin kind. He was quite incapable of any compassionate feeling about the boy, or about his fate.

" The boy's eyes had slowly moved to me.

" ' Doctor, they are very proud, these nobles; but we common dogs are proud too, sometimes. They plunder us, outrage us, beat us, kill us; but we have a little pride left, sometimes. She — have you seen her, doctor ? '

" The shrieks and cries were audible there, though subdued by the distance. He referred to them, as if she were lying in our presence.

" I said, ' I have seen her.'

" ' She is my sister, doctor. They have had their shameful rights, these nobles, in the modesty and virtues of our sisters,

many years, but we have had good girls among us. I know it, and have heard my father say so. She was a good girl. She was betrothed to a good young man, too; a tenant of his. We were all tenants of his — that man's who stands there. The other is his brother, the worst of a bad race.'

"It was with the greatest difficulty that the boy gathered bodily force to speak; but his spirit spoke with a dreadful emphasis.

"'We were so robbed by that man who stands there, as all we common dogs are by those superior beings — taxed by him without mercy, obliged to work for him without pay, obliged to grind our corn at his mill, obliged to feed scores of his tame birds on our wretched crops, and forbidden for our lives to keep a single tame bird of our own, pillaged and plundered to that degree that when we chanced to have a bit of meat, we ate it in fear, with the door barred and the shutters closed, that his people should not see it and take it from us — I say, we were so robbed, and hunted, and were made so poor, that our father told us it was a dreadful thing to bring a child into the world, and that what we should most pray for, was, that our women might be barren and our miserable race die out!'

"I had never before seen the sense of being oppressed, bursting forth like fire. I had supposed that it must be latent in the people somewhere; but I had never seen it break out, until I saw it in the dying boy.

"'Nevertheless, doctor, my sister married. He was ailing at that time, poor fellow, and she married her lover that she might tend and comfort him in our cottage — our dog hut, as that man would call it. She had not been married many weeks, when that man's brother saw her and admired her, and asked that man to lend her to him — for what are husbands among us! He was willing enough, but my sister was good and virtuous, and hated his brother, with a hatred as strong as mine. What did the two, then, to persuade her husband to use his influence over her to make her willing?'

" The boy's eyes, which had been fixed on mine, slowly turned to the looker-on, and I saw in the two faces that all he said was true. The two opposing kinds of pride confronting one another, I can see, even in this Bastile; the gentleman's, all negligent indifference; the peasant's, all trodden-down sentiment and passionate revenge.

" ' You know, doctor, that it is among the rights of these nobles to harness us common dogs to carts, and drive us. They so harnessed him and drove him. You know that it is among their rights to keep us in their grounds all night, quieting the frogs, in order that their noble sleep may not be disturbed. They kept him out in the unwholesome mists at night, and ordered him back into his harness in the day. But he was not persuaded. No! Taken out of the harness one day at noon, to feed — if he could find food — he sobbed twelve times, once for every stroke of the bell, and died on her bosom.'

" Nothing human could have held life in the boy but his determination to tell all his wrong. He forced back the gathering shadows of death, as he forced his clenched right hand to remain clenched and to cover his wound.

" ' Then with that man's permission, and even with his aid, his brother took her away; in spite of what I knew she must have told his brother — and what that is, will not be long unknown to you, doctor, if it is now — his brother took her away — for his pleasure and diversion, for a little while. I saw her pass me on the road. When I took the tidings home, our father's heart burst; he never spoke one of the words that filled it. I took my younger sister (for I have another) to a place beyond the reach of this man, and where, at least, she will never be his vassal. Then, I tracked the brother here, and last night climbed in — a common dog, but sword in hand. — Where is the loft window? It was somewhere here? '

" The room was darkening to his sight; the world was narrowing around him. I glanced about me, and saw that the hay and

straw were trampled over the floor, as if there had been a struggle.

" ' She heard me, and ran in. I told her not to come near us till he was dead. He came in and first tossed me some pieces of money; then struck at me with a whip. But I, though a common dog, so struck at him to make him draw. Let him break into as many pieces as he will the sword that he stained with my common blood; he drew to defend himself — thrust at me with all his skill for his life.'

" My glance had fallen, but a few moments before, on the fragments of a broken sword, lying among the hay. That weapon was a gentleman's. In another place, lay an old sword that seemed to have been a soldier's.

" ' Now lift me up, doctor; lift me up. Where is he ? '

" ' He is not here,' I said, supporting the boy, and thinking that he referred to the brother.

" ' He! Proud as these nobles are, he is afraid to see me. Where is the man who was here ? Turn my face to him.'

" I did so, raising the boy's head against my knee. But, invested for a moment with extraordinary power, he raised himself completely; obliging me to rise too, or I could not have still supported him.

" ' Marquis,' said the boy, turning to him with his eyes opened wide, and his right hand raised, ' in the days when all these things are to be answered for, I summon you and yours, to the last of your bad race, to answer for them. I mark this cross of blood upon you, as a sign that I do it. In the days when all these things are to be answered for, I summon your brother, the worst of the bad race, to answer for them separately. I mark this cross of blood upon him, as a sign that I do it.'

" Twice, he put his hand to the wound in his breast, and with his forefinger drew a cross in the air. He stood for an instant with the finger yet raised, and, as it dropped, he dropped with it, and I laid him down dead. * * *

" When I returned to the bedside of the young woman, I found her raving in precisely the same order and continuity. I knew that this might last for many hours, and that it would probably end in the silence of the grave.

" I repeated the medicines I had given her, and I sat at the side of the bed until the night was far advanced. She never abated the piercing quality of her shrieks, never stumbled in the distinctness of the order of her words. They were always ' My husband, my father, and my brother! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Hush! '

" This lasted twenty-six hours from the time when I first saw her. I had come and gone twice, and was again sitting by her, when she began to falter. I did what little could be done to assist that opportunity, and by and by she sank into a lethargy and lay like the dead.

" It was as if the rain and wind had lulled at last, after a long and fearful storm. I released her arms, and called the woman to assist me to compose her figure and the dress she had torn. It was then that I knew her condition to be that of one in whom the first expectations of being a mother have arisen; and it was then that I lost the little hope I had had of her.

" ' Is she dead ? ' asked the marquis, whom I will still describe as the elder brother, coming booted into the room from his horse.

" ' Not dead,' said I; ' but like to die.'

" ' What strength there is in these common bodies! ' he said, looking down at her with some curiosity.

" ' There is prodigious strength,' I answered him, ' in sorrow and despair.'

" He first laughed at my words, and then frowned at them. He moved a chair with his foot nearer to mine, ordered the woman away, and said with a subdued voice:

" ' Doctor, finding my brother in this difficulty with these hinds, I recommended that your aid should be invited. Your reputation is high, and, as a young man with your fortune to make,

you are probably mindful of your interest. The things that you see here, are things to be seen, and not spoken of.'

" I listened to the patient's breathing, and avoided answering.

" ' Do you honor me with your attention, doctor ? '

" ' Monsieur,' said I, ' in my profession, the communications of patients are always received in confidence.' I was guarded in my answer for I was troubled in my mind with what I had seen and heard.

" Her breathing was so difficult to trace, that I carefully tried the pulse at the heart. There was life, and no more. Looking round as I resumed my seat, I found both the brothers intent upon me. * * *

" I write with so much difficulty, the cold is so severe, I am so fearful of being detected and consigned to an underground cell and total darkness, that I must abridge this narrative. There is no confusion or failure in my memory; it can recall, and could detail, every word that was ever spoken between me and those brothers.

" She lingered for a week. Toward the last I could understand some few syllables that she said to me, by placing my ear close to her lips. She asked me where she was, and I told her; who I was, and I told her. It was in vain that I asked her for her family name. She faintly shook her head upon the pillow, and kept her secret, as the boy had done.

" I had no opportunity of asking her any question, until I had told the brothers she was sinking fast, and could not live another day. Until then, though no one was ever presented to her consciousness save the woman and myself, one or other of them had always jealously sat behind the curtain at the head of the bed when I was there. But when it came to that, they seemed careless what communication I might hold with her; as if — the thought passed through my mind — I were dying too.

" I always observed that their pride bitterly resented the younger brother's (as I call him) having crossed swords with a

peasant,[n] and that peasant a boy. The only consideration that appeared to affect the mind of either of them was the consideration that this was highly degrading to the family, and was ridiculous. As often as I caught the younger brother's eyes, the expression reminded me that he disliked me deeply for knowing what I knew from the boy. He was smoother and more polite to me than the elder; but I saw this. I also saw that I was an incumbrance in the mind of the elder, too.

" My patient died, two hours before midnight — at a time, by my watch, answering almost to the minute when I had first seen her. I was alone with her, when her forlorn young head dropped gently on one side, and all her earthly wrongs and sorrows ended.

" The brothers were waiting in a room downstairs, impatient to ride away. I heard them, alone at the bedside, striking their boots with their riding-whips, and loitering up and down.

" ' At last she is dead ? ' said the elder, when I went in.

" ' She is dead,' said I.

" ' I congratulate you, my brother,' were his words as he turned round.

" He had before offered me money, which I had postponed taking. He now gave me a rouleau of gold. I took it from his hand, but laid it on the table. I had considered the question, and had resolved to accept nothing.

" ' Pray excuse me,' said I. ' Under the circumstances, no.'

" They exchanged looks but bent their heads to me as I bent mine to them, and we parted without another word on either side. * * *

" I am weary, weary — worn down by misery, I cannot read what I have written with this gaunt hand.

" Early in the morning the rouleau was left at my door in a little box, with my name on the outside. From the first I had anxiously considered what I ought to do. I decided, that day, to write privately to the minister, stating the nature of the two

cases to which I had been summoned, and the place to which I had gone: in effect, stating all the circumstances. I knew what court influence was, and what the immunities of the nobles were, and I expected that the matter would never be heard of; but I wished to relieve my own mind. I had kept the matter a profound secret, even from my wife; and this, too, I resolved to state in my letter. I had no apprehension whatever of my real danger; but I was conscious that there might be danger for others, if others were compromised by possessing the knowledge that I possessed.

"I was much engaged that day, and could not complete my letter that night. I rose long before my usual time next morning to finish it. The letter was lying before me just completed, when I was told that a lady waited who wished to see me. * * *

"I am growing more and more unequal to the task I have set myself. It is so cold, so dark, my senses are benumbed, and the gloom upon me is so dreadful.

"The lady was young, engaging and handsome, but not marked for long life. She was in great agitation. She presented herself to me as the wife of the Marquis St. Evrémonde. I connected the title by which the boy had addressed the elder brother, with the initial letter embroidered on the scarf, and had no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that I had seen the nobleman very lately.

"My memory is still accurate, but I cannot write the words of our conversation. I suspect that I am watched more closely than I was, and I know not at what times I may be watched. She had in part suspected and in part discovered the main facts of the cruel story, of her husband's share in it, and my being resorted to. She did not know that the girl was dead. Her hope had been, she said, in great distress, to show her, in secret, a woman's sympathy. Her hope had been to avert the wrath of

heaven from a house that had long been hateful to the suffering many.

" She had reasons for believing that there was a younger sister living, and her greatest desire was, to help that sister. I could tell her nothing but that there was such a sister; beyond that I knew nothing. Her inducement to come to me, relying on my confidence, had been the hope that I could tell her the name and place of abode. Whereas, to this wretched hour I am ignorant of both. * * *

" These scraps of paper fail me. One was taken from me, with a warning, yesterday. I must finish my record to-day.

" She was a good, compassionate lady, and not happy in her marriage. How could she be? The brother distrusted and disliked her, and his influence was all opposed to her; she stood in dread of him, and in dread of her husband too. When I handed her down to the door, there was a child, a pretty boy, from two to three years old, in her carriage.

" ' For his sake, doctor,' she said, pointing to him in tears, ' I would do all I can to make what poor amends I can. He will never prosper in his inheritance otherwise. I have a presentiment that if no other innocent atonement is made for this, it will one day be required of him. What I have left to call my own — it is little beyond the worth of a few jewels — I will make it the first charge of his life to bestow, with the compassion and lamenting of his dead mother, on this injured family, if the sister can be discovered.'

" She kissed the boy, and said, caressing him, ' It is for thine own dear sake. Thou wilt be faithful, little Charles? ' The child answered her bravely, ' Yes! ' I kissed her hand, and she took him in her arms, and went away caressing him. I never saw her more.

" As she had mentioned her husband's name in the faith that I knew it, I added no mention of it to my letter. I sealed my

letter, and, not trusting it out of my own hands, delivered it myself that day.

"That night, the last night of the year, toward nine o'clock, a man in a black dress rang at my gate, demanded to see me, and softly followed my servant, Ernest Defarge, a youth, upstairs. When my servant came into the room where I sat with my wife — O my wife, beloved of my heart! My fair young English wife! — we saw the man, who was supposed to be at the gate, standing silent behind him.

"'An urgent case in the Rue St. Honore,' he said. It would not detain me, he had a coach in waiting.

"It brought me here, it brought me to my grave. When I was clear of the house, a black muffler was drawn tightly over my mouth from behind, and my arms were pinioned. The two brothers crossed the road from a dark corner, and identified me with a single gesture. The marquis took from his pocket the letter I had written, showed it me, burned it in the light of a lantern that was held, and extinguished the ashes with his foot. Not a word was spoken. I was brought here, I was brought to my living grave.

"If it had pleased God to put it in the hard heart of either of the brothers, in all these frightful years, to grant me any tidings of my dearest wife — so much as to let me know by a word whether alive or dead — I might have thought that He had not quite abandoned them. But now I believe that the mark of the red cross is fatal to them, and that they have no part in His mercies. And them and their descendants, to the last of their race, I, Alexandre Manette, unhappy prisoner, do this last night of the year 1767, in my unbearable agony, denounce to the times when all these things shall be answered for. I denounce them to heaven and to earth."

A terrible sound arose when the reading of this document was done. A sound of craving and eagerness that had nothing

articulate in it but blood. The narrative called up the most revengeful passions of the time, and there was not a head in the nation but must have dropped before it.

Little need, in presence of that tribunal and that auditory, to show how the Defarges had not made the paper public, with the other captured Bastile memorials borne in procession, and had kept it, biding their time. Little need to show that this detested family name had long been anathematized by Saint Antoine, and was wrought into the fatal register. The man never trod ground whose virtues and services would have sustained him in that place that day, against such denunciation.

And all the worse for the doomed man, that the denouncer was a well-known citizen, his own attached friend, the father of his wife. One of the frenzied aspirations of the populace was, for imitations of the questionable public virtues of antiquity,[n] and for sacrifices and self-immolations on the people's altar. Therefore when the president said (else had his own head quivered on his shoulders), that the good physician of the republic would deserve better still of the republic by rooting out an obnoxious family of aristocrats, and would doubtless feel a sacred glow and joy in making his daughter a widow and her child an orphan, there was wild excitement, patriotic fervor, not a touch of human sympathy.

"Much influence around him, has that doctor!" murmured Madame Defarge, smiling to the Vengeance. "Save him now, my doctor, save him!"

At every juryman's vote, there was a roar. Another and another. Roar and roar.

Unanimously voted. At heart and by descent an aristocrat, an enemy of the republic, a notorious oppressor of the people. Back to the Conciergerie, and death within twenty-four hours!

CHAPTER X.

DUSK.

The wretched wife of the innocent man thus doomed to die, fell under the sentence, as if she had been mortally stricken. But she uttered no sound; and so strong was the voice within her, representing that it was she of all the world who must uphold him in his misery and not augment it, that it quickly raised her, even from that shock.

The judges having to take part in a public demonstration out of doors, the tribunal adjourned. The quick noise and movement of the court's emptying itself by many passages had not ceased, when Lucie stood stretching out her arms toward her husband, with nothing in her face but love and consolation.

"If I might touch him! If I might embrace him once! Oh, good citizens, if you would have so much compassion for us!"

There was but a jailer left, along with two of the four men who had taken him last night, and Barsad. The people had all poured out to the show in the streets. Barsad proposed to the rest, "Let her embrace him then; it is but a moment." It was silently acquiesced in, and they passed her over the seats in the hall to a raised place, where he, by leaning over the dock, could fold her in his arms.

"Farewell, dear darling of my soul. My parting blessing on my love. We shall meet again, where the weary are at rest!"[n]

They were her husband's words, as he held her to his bosom.

"I can bear it, dear Charles. I am supported from above; don't suffer for me. A parting blessing for our child."

"I send it to her by you. I kiss her by you. I say farewell to her by you."

"My husband. No! A moment!" He was tearing himself apart from her. "We shall not be separated long. I feel that this will break my heart by and by; but I will do my duty while

I can, and when I leave her, God will raise up friends for her, as He did for me."

Her father had followed her, and would have fallen on his knees to both of them, but that Darnay put out a hand and seized him, crying:

"No, no! What have you done, what have you done that you should kneel to us? We know now, what a struggle you made of old. We know now, what you underwent when yon suspected my descent, and when you knew it. We know now, the natural antipathy you strove against and conquered, for her dear sake. We thank you with all our hearts, and all our love and duty. Heaven be with you!"

Her father's only answer was to draw his hands through his white hair, and wring them with a shriek of anguish.

"It could not be otherwise," said the prisoner. "All things have worked together as they have fallen out. It was the always-vain endeavor to discharge my poor mother's trust that first brought my fatal presence near you. Good could never come of such evil, a happier end was not in the nature to so unhappy a beginning. Be comforted and forgive me. Heaven bless you!"

As he was drawn away, his wife released him and stood looking after him with her hands touching one another in the attitude of prayer and with a radiant look upon her face, in which there was even a comforting smile. As he went out at the prisoner's door, she turned, laid her head lovingly on her father's breast, tried to speak to him, and fell at his feet.

Then, issuing from the obscure corner from which he had never moved, Sydney Carton came and took her up. Only her father and Mr. Lorry were with her. His arm trembled as it raised her, and supported her head. Yet, there was an air about him that was not all of pity — that had a flush of pride in it.

"Shall I take her to a coach? I shall never feel her weight."

He carried her lightly to the door, and laid her tenderly down

in a coach. Her father and their old friend got into it, and he took his seat beside the driver.

When they arrived at the gateway where he had paused in the dark not many hours before, to picture to himself on which of the rough stones her feet had trodden, he lifted her again, and carried her up the staircase to their rooms. There he laid her down on a couch, where her child and Miss Pross wept over her.

"Don't recall her to herself," he said, softly, to the latter, "she is better so. Don't revive her to consciousness, while she only faints."

"Oh, Carton, Carton, dear Carton!" cried little Lucie, springing up and throwing her arms passionately round him, in a burst of grief. "Now that you have come, I think you will do something to help mamma, something to save papa! Oh, look at her, dear Carton! Can you, of all the people who love her, bear to see her so?"

He bent over the child, and laid her blooming cheek against his face. He put her gently from him, and looked at her unconscious mother.

"Before I go," he said, and paused — "I may kiss her?"

It was remembered afterward that when he bent down and touched her face with his lips, he murmured some words. The child, who was nearest to him, told them afterward, and told her grandchildren when she was a handsome old lady, that she heard him say, "A life you love."

When he had gone out into the next room, he turned suddenly on Mr. Lorry and her father, who were following, and said to the latter:

"You had great influence but yesterday, Doctor Manette; let it at least be tried. These judges, and all the men in power, are very friendly to you, and very recognizant of your services; are they not?"

"Nothing connected with Charles was concealed from me. I had the strongest assurances that I should save him; and I

did." He returned the answer in great trouble, and very slowly.

"Try them again. The hours between this and to-morrow afternoon are few and short, but try."

"I intend to try. I will not rest a moment."

"That's well. I have known such energy as yours do great things before now — though never," he added, with a smile and a sigh together, "such great things as this. But try! Of little worth as life is when we misuse it, it is worth that effort. It would cost nothing to lay down if it were not."

"I will go," said Doctor Manette, "to the prosecutor and the president straight, and I will go to others whom it is better not to name. I will write too, and — but stay! There is a celebration in the streets, and no one will be accessible until dark."

"That's true. Well! It is a forlorn hope at the best, and not much the forlorner for being delayed till dark. I should like to know how you speed; though, mind! I expect nothing! When are you likely to have seen these dread powers, Doctor Manette?"

"Immediately after dark, I should hope. Within an hour or two from this."

"It will be dark soon after four. Let us stretch the hour or two. If I go to Mr. Lorry's at nine, shall I hear what you have done, either from our friend or from yourself?"

"Yes."

"May you prosper!"

Mr. Lorry followed Sydney to the outer door, and, touching him on the shoulder as he was going by, caused him to turn.

"I have no hope," said Mr. Lorry, in a low and sorrowful whisper.

"Nor have I."

"If any of these men, or all of these men, were disposed to spare him — which is a large supposition; for what is his life, or

any man's to them! — I doubt if they durst spare him after the demonstration of the court."

"And so do I. I heard the fall of the ax in that sound."

Mr. Lorry leaned his arm upon the doorpost, and bowed his face upon it.

"Don't despond," said Carton, very gently; "don't grieve. I encouraged Doctor Manette in this idea, because I felt that it might one day be consolatory to her. Otherwise she might think his life was wantonly thrown away or wasted, and that might trouble her."

"Yes, yes, yes," returned Mr. Lorry, drying his eyes, "you are right. But he will perish; there is no real hope."

"Yes. He will perish; there is no real hope," echoed Carton. And walked with a settled step down stairs.

CHAPTER XI.

DARKNESS.

Sydney Carton paused in the street, not quite decided where to go. "At Tellson's banking house at nine," he said with a musing face. "Shall I do well in the meantime, to show myself? I think so. It is best that these people should know that there is such a man as I here," and he turned his face toward Saint Antoine.

Defarge had described himself that day as the keeper of a wine shop in the Saint Antoine suburb. It was not difficult for one who knew the city well, to find his house without asking any questions. As he passed along toward Saint Antoine, he stopped at a shop window where there was a mirror, and slightly altered the disordered arrangement of his loose cravat, and his coat collar, and his wild hair. This done, he went on direct to Defarge's and went in.

There happened to be no customer in the shop but Jacques

Three. This man whom he had seen upon the jury, stood drinking at the little counter, in conversation with the Defarges, man and wife. The Vengeance assisted in the conversation, like a regular member of the establishment.

As Carton walked in, took his seat, and asked for a small measure of wine, Madame Defarge cast a careless glance at him, and then a keener, and then a keener, and then advanced to him herself, and asked him what he had ordered.

He repeated what he had already said.

"English?" asked Madame Defarge, inquisitively raising her dark eyebrows.

"Yes, madame, yes. I am English!"

Madame Defarge returned to her counter to get the wine, and, as he took up a Jacobin journal and feigned to pore over it puzzling out its meaning, he heard her say, "I swear to you, like Evrémonde!"

Defarge brought him the wine, and gave him good evening.

"How?"

"Good evening."

"Oh! Good evening, citizens," filling his glass. "Ah! and good wine. I drink to the republic."

Defarge went back to the counter, and said, "Certainly, a little like." Madame sternly retorted, "I tell you a good deal like." Jacques Three pacifically remarked, "He is so much in your mind, see you, madame!" The amiable Vengeance added, with a laugh, "Yes, my faith! And you are looking forward with so much pleasure to seeing him once more to-morrow!"

After a silence of a few minutes, during which they all looked toward him without disturbing his outward attention from the Jacobin editor, they resumed their conversation.

"It is true what madame says," observed Jacques Three. "Why stop? There is great force in that. Why stop?"

"Well, well," reasoned Defarge, "but one must stop somewhere. After all, the question is still where?"

" At extermination," said madame.

" Magnificent!" croaked Jacques Three. The Vengeance also highly approved.

" Extermination is good doctrine, my wife," said Defarge, rather troubled; " in general, I say nothing against it. But this doctor has suffered much; you have seen him to-day; you have observed his face when the paper was read."

" I have observed his face!" repeated madame, contemptuously and angrily. " Yes. I have observed his face. I have observed his face to be not the face of a true friend of the republic. Let him take care of his face!"

" And you have observed, my wife," said Defarge, in a deprecatory manner, " the anguish of his daughter, which must be dreadful anguish to him!"

" I have observed his daughter," repeated madame; " yes, I have observed his daughter, more times than one. I have observed her to-day and I have observed her other days. I have observed her in the court, and I have observed her in the street by the prison. Let me but lift my finger ——!" She seems to raise it, and to let it fall with a rattle on the ledge before her, as if the ax had dropped.

" The citizeness is superb!" croaked the juryman.

" She is an angel!" said the Vengeance, and embraced her.

" As to thee," pursued madame, implacably, addressing her husband, " if it depended on thee — which, happily, it does not — thou wouldst rescue this man even now."

" No!" protested Defarge. " Not if to lift this glass would do it! But I would leave the matter there. I say, stop there."

" See you then, Jacques," said Madame Defarge, wrathfully; " and see you, too, my little Vengeance; see you both! Listen. For other crimes as tyrants and oppressors, I have this race a long time on my register, doomed to destruction and extermination. Ask my husband, is that so."

" It is so," assented Defarge, without being asked.

" In the beginning of the great days, when the Bastile falls, he finds this paper of to-day, and he brings it home, and in the middle of the night when this place is clear and shut, we read it here on this spot, by the light of the lamp. Ask him is that so."

" It is so," assented Defarge.

" That night, I tell him, when the paper is read through, and the lamp is burned out, and the day is gleaming in above those shutters and between those iron bars, that I have now a secret to communicate. Ask him, is that so."

" It is so," assented Defarge again.

" I communicate to him that secret. I smite this bosom with these two hands as I smite it now, and I tell him, ' Defarge, I was brought up among the fishermen of the seashore, and that peasant family so injured by the two Evrémonde brothers, as that Bastile paper describes, is my family. Defarge, that sister of the mortally wounded boy upon the ground was my sister, that husband was my sister's husband, that unborn child was their child, that brother was my brother, that father was my father, those dead are my dead, and that summons to answer for those things descends to me! ' Ask him, is that so."

" It is so," assented Defarge once more.

" Then tell wind and fire where to stop," frowned madame; " but don't tell me."

Customers entered, and the group was broken up. The English customer paid for what he had had, perplexedly counted his change, and asked, as a stranger, to be directed toward the National Palace. Madame Defarge took him to the door, and put her arm on his, in pointing out the road. The English customer was not without his reflections then, that it might be a good deed to seize that arm, lift it, and strike under it sharp and deep.

But he went his way, and was soon swallowed up in the shadow of the prison wall. At the appointed hour, he emerged from it to present himself in Mr. Lorry's room again, where he found

the old gentleman walking to and fro in restless anxiety. He said he had been with Lucie until just now, and had only left her for a few minutes, to come and keep his appointment. Her father had not been seen, since he quitted the banking house toward four o'clock. She had some faint hopes that his mediation might save Charles, but they were very slight. He had been more than five hours gone; where could he be?

Mr. Lorry waited until ten; but Doctor Manette not returning, and he being unwilling to leave Lucie any longer, it was arranged that he should go back to her, and come to the banking house again at midnight. In the meanwhile, Carton could wait alone by the fire for the doctor.

He waited, and waited, and the clock struck twelve; but Doctor Manette did not come back. Mr. Lorry returned, and found no tidings of him, and brought none. Where could he be?

They were discussing this question, and were almost building up some weak structure of hope on his prolonged absence, when they heard him on the stairs. The instant he entered the room, it was plain that all was lost.

Whether he had really been to anyone, or whether he had been all that time traversing the streets, was never known. As he stood staring at them, they asked him no question, for his face told them everything.

"I cannot find it," said he, "and I must have it. Where is it?"

His head and throat were bare, and, as he spoke with a helpless straying look all around, he took his coat off, and let it drop on the floor.

"Where is my bench? I have been looking everywhere for my bench, and I can't find it. What have they done with my work? Time presses; I must finish those shoes."

They looked at one another, and their hearts died within them.

"Come, come!" said he, in a whimpering, miserable way;

" let me get to work! What is to become of us, if those shoes are not done to-night ? "

Lost, utterly lost!

Affected, and impressed with terror as they both were, by this spectacle of ruin, it was not a time to yield to such emotions. His lonely daughter, bereft of her final hope and reliance, appealed to them both too strongly. Again, as if by agreement, they looked at one another with one meaning in their faces. Carton was the first to speak.

" The last chance is gone; it was too much. Yes; he had better be taken to her. But before you go, will you, for a moment steadily attend to me ? Don't ask me why I make the stipulations I am going to make, and exact the promise I am going to exact; I have a reason — a good one."

" I do not doubt it," answered Mr. Lorry. " Say on."

The figure in the chair between them was all the time monotonously rocking itself to and fro, and moaning. They spoke in such a tone as they would have used if they had been watching by a sick-bed in the night.

Carton stooped to pick up the coat, which lay almost entangling his feet. As he did so, a small case in which the doctor was accustomed to carry the list of his day's duties, fell lightly on the floor. Carton took it up and there was a folded paper in it. " We should look at this! " he said. Mr. Lorry nodded his consent. He opened it, and exclaimed, " Thank God! "

" What is it ? " asked Mr. Lorry, eagerly.

" A moment! Let me speak of it in its place. First," he put his hand in his pocket, and took another paper from it, " that is the certificate which enables me to pass out of this city. Look at it. You see — Sydney Carton, an Englishman ? "

Mr. Lorry held it open in his hand, gazing in his earnest face.

" Keep it for me until to-morrow. I shall see him to-morrow, you remember, and I had better not take it into the prison."

" Why not ? '

" I don t know; I prefer not to do so. Now, take this paper that Doctor Manette has carried about him. It is a similar certificate, enabling him and his daughter and her child, at any time, to pass the Barrier and the frontier. You see ? "

" Yes ! "

" Perhaps he obtained it as his last and utmost precaution against evil, yesterday. When is it dated ? But no matter; don't stay to look; put it up carefully with mine and your own. Now, observe I have never doubted until within this hour or two, that he had, or could have such a paper. It is good until recalled. But it may be soon recalled, and I have good reason to think, will be."

" They are not in danger ? "

" They are in great danger. They are in danger of denunciation by Madame Defarge. I know it from her own lips. I have overheard words of that woman's to-night, which have presented their danger to me in strong colors. I have lost no time, and since then, I have seen the spy. He confirms me. He knows that a wood-sawyer, living by the prison wall, is under the control of the Defarges, and has been rehearsed by Madame Defarge as to his having seen her " — he never mentioned Lucie's name — " making signs and signals to prisoners. It is easy to see that the pretense will be the common one, a prison plot, and that it will involve her life — and perhaps her child's — and perhaps her father's — for both have been seen with her at that place. Don't look so horrified. You will save them all ! "

" Heaven grant I may, Carton ! But how ? "

" I am going to tell you how. It will depend on you, and it could depend on no better man. This new denunciation will certainly not take place until after to-morrow; probably not until two or three days afterward; more probably a week afterward. You know it is a capital crime, to mourn for, or sympathize with, a victim of the guillotine. She and her father would

unquestionably be guilty of this crime, and this woman would wait to add that strength to her case, and make herself doubly sure. You follow me?"

"So attentively, and with so much confidence in what you say, that for the moment I lose sight," touching the back of the doctor's chair, "even of this distress."

"You have money, and can buy the means of traveling to the seacoast as quickly as the journey can be made. Your preparations have been completed for some days, to return to England. Early to-morrow have your horses ready, so that they may be in starting trim at two o'clock in the afternoon."

"It shall be done!"

His manner was so fervent and inspiring, that Mr. Lorry caught the flame, and was as quick as youth.

"You are a noble heart. Did I say we could depend upon no better man? Tell her, to-night, what you know of her danger as involving her child and her father. Dwell upon that, for she would lay her own fair head beside her husband's cheerfully." He faltered for an instant; then went on as before. "For the sake of her child and her father, press upon her the necessity of leaving Paris, with them and you, at that hour. Tell her that it was her husband's last arrangement. Tell her that more depends upon it than she dare believe, or hope. You think that her father, even in this sad state, will submit himself to her; do you not?"

"I am sure of it."

"I thought so. Quietly and steadily have all these arrangements made in the courtyard here, even to the taking of your own seat in the carriage. The moment I come to you, take me in, and drive away."

"I understand that I wait for you under all circumstances?"

"You have my certificate in your hand with the rest, you know, and will reserve my place. Wait for nothing but to have my place occupied, and then for England!"

"Why, then," said Mr. Lorry, grasping his eager but so firm and steady hand, "It does not all depend on one old man, but I shall have a young and ardent man at my side."

"By the help of heaven you shall! Promise me solemnly that nothing will influence you to alter the course on which we now stand pledged to one another."

"Nothing, Carton."

"Remember these words to-morrow; change the course, or delay in it — for any reason — and no life can possibly be saved, and many lives must inevitably be sacrificed."

"I will remember them. I hope to do my part faithfully."

"And I hope to do mine. Now, good-by!"

Though he said it with a grave smile of earnestness, and though he even put the old man's hand to his lips, he did not part from him then. He helped him so far to arouse the rocking figure before the dying embers, as to get a cloak and hat upon it, and to tempt it forth to find where the bench and work were hidden that it still moaningly besought to have. He walked on the other side of it and protected it to the courtyard of the house where the afflicted heart — so happy in the memorable time when he had revealed his own desolate heart to it — outwatched the awful night. He entered the courtyard and remained there for a few moments alone, looking up at the light in the window of her room. Before he went away, he breathed a blessing toward it, and a farewell.

CHAPTER XII.

FIFTY-TWO.

In the black prison of the Conciergerie, the doomed of the day awaited their fate. They were in number as the weeks of the year. Fifty-two were to roll that afternoon on the life-tide of the city to the boundless everlasting sea. Before their cells were quit of them, new occupants were appointed; before their

blood ran into the blood spilled yesterday, the blood that was to mingle with theirs to-morrow was already set apart.

Charles Darnay, alone in a cell, had sustained himself with no flattering delusion since he came to it from the tribunal. In every line of the narrative he had heard, he had heard his condemnation. He had fully comprehended that no personal influence could possibly save him, that he was virtually sentenced by the millions, and that units could avail him nothing.

The consideration that there was no disgrace in the fate he must meet, and that numbers went the same road wrongfully, and trod it firmly every day, sprang up to stimulate him. Next followed the thought that much of the future peace of mind enjoyable by the dear ones, depended on his quiet fortitude. So, by degrees, he calmed into the better state, when he could raise his thoughts much higher, and draw comfort down.

Before it had set in dark on the night of his condemnation, he had traveled thus far on his last way. Being allowed to purchase the means of writing, and a light, he sat down to write until such time as the prison lamps should be extinguished.

He wrote a long letter to Lucie, showing her that he had known nothing of her father's imprisonment, until he had heard it from herself, and that he had been as ignorant as she of his father's and uncle's responsibility for that misery, until the paper had been read. He had already explained to her that his concealment from herself of the name he had relinquished, was the one condition — fully intelligible now — that her father had attached to their betrothal, and was the one promise he had still exacted on the morning of their marriage. He entreated her, for her father's sake, never to seek to know whether her father had become oblivious of the existence of the paper, or had had it recalled to him (for the moment, or for good), by the story of the tower, on that old Sunday under the dear old plane tree in the garden. If he had preserved any definite remembrance of it, there could be no doubt that he had supposed it destroyed

with the Bastile, when he had found no mention of it among the relics of the prisoners which the populace had discovered there, and which had been described to all the world. He besought her — though he added he knew it was useless — to console her father, by impressing him through every tender means she could think of, with the truth that he had done nothing for which he could justly reproach himself, but had uniformly forgotten himself for their joint sakes. Next to her preservation of his own last grateful love and blessing, and her overcoming of her sorrow, to devote herself to their dear child, he adjured her, as they would meet in heaven, to comfort her father.

To her father himself he wrote in the same strain; but he told her father that he expressly confided his wife and child to his care. And he told him this, very strongly, with the hope of rousing him from any despondency or dangerous retrospect toward which he foresaw he might be tending.

To Mr. Lorry, he commended them all, and explained his worldly affairs. That done, with many added sentences of grateful friendship and warm attachment, all was done. He never thought of Carton. His mind was so full of others, that he never once thought of him.

He had time to finish these letters before the lights were put out. When he lay down on the straw bed he thought he had done with this world.

Thus he had come through the hours, to the day when the fifty-two heads were to fall. And now, while he was composed, and hoped he could meet the end with quiet heroism, a new action began in his waking thoughts, which was very difficult to master.

He had never seen the instrument that was to terminate his life. How high it was from the ground, how many steps it had, where he would be stood, how he would be touched, whether the touching hands would be dyed red, which way his face would be turned, whether he would be the first, or might be the last:

these, and many similar questions, in no wise directed by his will, obtruded themselves over and over again, countless times.

The hours went on as he walked to and fro, and the clock struck the numbers he would never hear again. Nine gone forever, ten gone forever, eleven gone forever, twelve coming on to pass away. After a hard contest with that eccentric action of thought which had last perplexed him, he had got the better of it. He walked up and down softly repeating their names to himself. The worst of the strife was over. He could walk up and down, free from distracting fancies, praying for himself and for them.

Twelve gone forever.

He had been apprised that the final hour was three, and he knew he would be summoned some time earlier, inasmuch as the tumbrils jolted heavily and slowly through the streets. Therefore, he resolved to keep two before his mind, as the hour, and so to strengthen himself in the interval that he might be able, after that time, to strengthen others.

Walking regularly to and fro with his arms folded on his breast, a very different man from the prisoner who had walked to and fro at La Force, he heard one struck away from him without surprise. The hour had measured like most other hours. Devoutly, thankful to heaven for his recovered self-possession, he thought, "There is but another now," and turned to walk again.

Footsteps in the stone passage outside the door. He stopped.

The key was put in the lock, and turned. Before the door was opened, a man said a low voice, in English; "He has never seen me here; I have kept out of his way. Go in alone; I wait near. Lose no time!"

The door was quickly opened, and closed, and there stood before him face to face, quiet, intent upon him, with the light of a smile on his features, and a cautionary finger on his lip, Sydney Carton.

There was something so bright and remarkable in his look, that, for the first moment, the prisoner misdoubted him to be an apparition of his own imagining. But he spoke, and it was his voice; he took the prisoner's hand, and it was his real grasp.

"Of all the people upon earth, you least expected to see me?" he said.

"I could not believe it to be you. I can scarcely believe it now. You are not" — the apprehension came suddenly into his mind — "a prisoner?"

"No. I am accidentally possessed of a power over one of the keepers here, and in virtue of it I stand before you. I come from her — your wife, dear Darnay."

The prisoner wrung his hand.

"I bring you a request from her."

"What is it?"

"A most earnest, pressing, and emphatic entreaty, addressed to you in the most pathetic tones of the voice so dear to you, that you well remember."

The prisoner turned his face partly aside.

"You have no time to ask me why I bring it, or what it means; I have no time to tell you. You must comply with it — take off those boots you wear, and draw on these of mine."

There was a chair against the wall of the cell, behind the prisoner. Carton, pressing forward, had already, with the speed of lightning got him down into it, and stood over him, barefoot.

"Draw on those boots of mine. Put your hands to them; put your will to them. Quick!"

"Carton, there is no escaping from this place; it never can be done. You will only die with me. It is madness."

"It would be madness if I asked you to escape; but do I? When I ask you to pass out at that door, tell me it is madness, and remain here. Change that cravat for mine, that coat for this of mine. While you do it let me take this ribbon from your hair, and shake out your hair like this of mine!"

With wonderful quickness, and with a strength both of will and action, that appeared quite supernatural, he forced all these changes upon him. The prisoner was like a young child in his hands.

"Carton. Dear Carton! It is madness. It cannot be accomplished; it can never be done, it has been attempted, and has always failed. I implore you not to add your death to the bitterness of mine."

"Do I ask you, my dear Darnay, to pass that door? When I ask that refuse. There are pen and ink and paper on this table. Is your hand steady enough to write?"

"It was when you came in."

"Steady it again, and write what I shall dictate. Quick, friend, quick!"

Pressing his hand to his bewildered head, Darnay sat down at the table. Carton, with his right hand in his breast, stood close beside him.

"Write exactly as I speak."

"To whom do I address it?"

"To no one." Carton still had his hand in his breast.

"Do I date it?"

"No."

The prisoner looked up, at each question. Carton, standing over him with his hand in his breast, looked down.

"'If you remember,'" said Carton, dictating, "'The words that passed between us long ago, you will readily comprehend this when you see it. You do remember them, I know. It is not in your nature to forget them.'"

He was drawing his hand from his breast; the prisoner chancing to look up in his hurried wonder as he wrote, the hand stopped, closing upon something.

"Have you written 'forget them?'" Carton asked.

"I have. Is that a weapon in your hand?"

"No; I am not armed."

"What is it in your hand?"

"You shall know directly. Write on; there are but a few words more." He dictated again. "'I am thankful that the time has come, when I can prove them. That I do so is no subject for regret or grief.'" As he said those words with his eyes fixed on the writer, his hand slowly and softly moved down close to the writer's face.

The pen dropped from Darnay's fingers on the table, and he looked about him vacantly.

"What vapor is that?" he asked.

"Vapor?"

"Something that crossed me!"

"I am conscious of nothing; there can be nothing here. Take up your pen and finish. Hurry, hurry!"

As if his memory were impaired, or his faculties disordered, the prisoner made an effort to rally his attention. As he looked at Carton with clouded eyes and with an altered manner of breathing, Carton — his hand again on his breast — looked steadily at him.

"Hurry, hurry!"

The prisoner bent over the paper once more.

"'If it had been otherwise;'" Carton's hand was again watchfully and softly stealing down; "'I should have used the longer opportunity. If it had been otherwise;'" the hand was at the prisoner's face; "'I should have had so much the more to answer for. If it had been otherwise ——'"

Carton looked at the pen and saw it was trailing off into unintelligible signs.

Carton's hand moved back to his breast no more. The prisoner sprang up with a reproachful look, but Carton's hand was close and firm at his nostrils, and Carton's left arm caught him around the waist. For a few seconds he vainly struggled with the man who had come to lay down his life for him; but, within a minute or so, he was stretched insensible on the ground.

Quickly, but with hands as true to the purpose as his heart was, Carton dressed himself in the clothes the prisoner had laid aside, combed back his hair, and tied it with the ribbon the prisoner had worn. Then he softly called, "Enter there! Come in!" and the spy presented himself.

"You see?" said Carton, looking up, as he kneeled on one knee beside the insensible figure, putting the paper in the breast; "is your hazard very great?"

"Mr. Carton," the spy answered, with a timid snap of his fingers, "my hazard is not that, in the thick of business here, if you are true to the whole of your bargain."

"Don't fear me. I will be true to the death."

"You must be, Mr. Carton, if the tale of fifty-two is to be right. Being made right by you in that dress, I shall have no fear."

"Have no fear! I shall soon be out of the way of harming you, and the rest will soon be far from here, please God! Now, get assistance to take me to the coach."

"You?" said the spy, nervously.

"Him, man, with whom I have exchanged. You go out at the gate by which you brought me in?"

"Of course."

"I was weak and faint when you brought me in, and I am fainter now you take me out. That parting interview has overpowered me. Such a thing has happened here, often, and too often. Your life is in your own hands. Quick! Call assistance!"

"You swear not to betray me?" said the trembling spy, as he paused for a last moment.

"Man, man!" returned Carton, stamping his foot; "have I sworn by no solemn vow already, to go through with this, that you waste the precious moments now? Take him yourself to the courtyard you know of, place him yourself in the carriage, show him yourself to Mr. Lorry, tell him yourself to give him no

restorative but air, and to remember my words of last night, and his promise of last night, and drive away!"

The spy withdrew, and Carton seated himself at the table, resting his forehead on his hands. The spy returned immediately with two men.

"How then?" said one of them, contemplating the fallen figure. "So afflicted to find that his friend had drawn a prize in the lottery of Sainte Guillotine?"

"A good patriot," said the other, "could hardly have been more afflicted if the aristocrat had drawn a blank."

They raised the unconscious figure, placed it on a litter they had brought to the door, and bent to carry it away.

"The time is short, Evrémonde," said the spy, in a warning voice.

"I know it well," answered Carton. "Be careful of my friend, I entreat you, and leave me."

"Come, then, my children," said Barsad. "Lift him, and come away!"

The door closed, and Carton was left alone. Straining his powers of listening to the utmost, he listened for any sound that might denote suspicion or alarm. There was none. Keys turned, doors clashed, footsteps passed along distant passages; no cry was raised, or hurry made, that seemed unusual. Breathing more freely in a little while, he sat down at the table, and listened again, until the clock struck two.

Sounds that he was not afraid of, for he divined their meaning, then began to be audible. Several doors were opened in succession, and finally his own. A jailer, with a list in his hand, looked in, merely saying, "Follow me, Evrémonde!" and he followed into a large dark room, at a distance. It was a dark winter day, and what with the shadows within, and what with the shadows without, he could but dimly discern the others who were brought there to have their arms bound. Some were standing; some seated. Some were lamenting, and in restless motion;

but these were few. The great majority were silent and still, looking fixedly at the ground.

As he stood by the wall in a dim corner, while some of the fifty-two were brought in after him, one man stopped in passing, to embrace him, as having knowledge of him It thrilled him with a great dread of discovery; but the man went on. A very few moments after that, a young woman, with a slight girlish form, a sweet spare face in which there was no vestige of color, and largely opened patient eyes, rose from the seat where he had observed her sitting, and came to speak to him.

" Citizen Evrémonde,' she said, touching him with her cold hand. " I am a poor little seamstress, who was with you in La Force."

He murmured for answer: " True. I forget what you were accused of! "

" Plots. Though the just heaven knows I am innocent of any. Is it likely? Who would think of plotting with a poor little weak creature like me? "

The forlorn smile with which she said it, so touched him, that tears started from his eyes.

" I am not afraid to die, Citizen Evrémonde, but I have done nothing. I am not unwilling to die, if the republic which is to do so much good to us poor, will profit by my death; but I do not know how that can be, Citizen Evrémonde. Such a poor weak little creature! "

As the last thing on earth that his heart was to warm and soften to, it warmed and softened to this pitiable girl.

" I heard you were released, Citizen Evrémonde. I hoped it was true? "

" It was. But I was again taken and condemned."

" If I may ride with you, Citizen Evrémonde, will you let me hold your hand? I am not afraid, but I am little and weak, and it will give me more courage."

As the patient eyes were lifted to his face he saw a sudden

doubt in them, and then astonishment. He pressed the work-worn, hunger-worn young fingers, and touched his lips.

"Are you dying for him?" she whispered.

"And his wife and child. Hush! Yes."

"Oh you will let me hold your brave hand, stranger?"

"Hush! Yes, my poor sister; to the last."

The same shadows that were falling on the prison, are falling, in that same hour of the early afternoon, on the Barrier with the crowd about it, when a coach going out of Paris drives up to be examined.

"Who goes there? Whom have we within? Papers!"

The papers are handed out, and read.

"Alexandre Manette. Physician. French. Which is he?"

This is he; this helpless, inarticulately murmuring, wandering old man pointed out.

"Apparently the citizen doctor is not in his right mind. The revolution fever will have been too much for him?"

Greatly too much for him.

"Hah! Many will suffer it. Lucie. His daughter. French. Which is she?"

This is she.

"Apparently it must be. Lucie, the wife of Evrémonde; is it not?"

It is.

"Hah! Evrémonde has an assignation elsewhere. Lucie, her child. English. This is she?"

She and no other.

"Kiss me, child of Evrémonde. Now, thou hast kissed a good republican; something new in the family; remember it! Sydney Carton. Advocate. English. Which is he?"

He lies here in the corner of the carriage. He, too, is pointed out.

"Apparently the English advocate is in a swoon?"

It is hoped he will recover in the fresh air. It is represented that he is not strong in health, and has separated sadly from a friend who is under the displeasure of the republic.

"Is that all? It is not a great deal, that! Many are under the displeasure of the republic, and must look out at the little window. Jarvis Lorry. Banker. English. Which is he?"

"I am he. Necessarily, being the last."

It is Jarvis Lorry who has replied to all the previous questions. It is Jarvis Lorry who has alighted and stands with his hand on the coach door, replying to a group of officials. They leisurely walk round the carriage and leisurely mount the box, to look at what little luggage it carries on the roof; the country people hanging about, press nearer to the coach doors and greedily stare in; a little child, carried by its mother, has its short arm held out for it, that it may touch the wife of an aristocrat who has gone to the guillotine.

"Behold your papers, Jarvis Lorry, countersigned."

"One can depart, citizen?"

"One can depart. Forward, my postilions!"

"I salute you, citizens. — And the first danger passed!"

These are again the words of Jarvis Lorry as he clasps his hands, and looks upward. There is terror in the carriage, there is weeping, there is the heavy breathing of the insensible traveler.

"Are we not going too slowly? Can they not be induced to go faster?" asks Lucie, clinging to the old man.

"It would seem like flight, my darling. I must not urge them too much; it would rouse suspicion."

"Look back, look back, and see if we are pursued!"

"The road is clear, my dearest. So far, we are not pursued."

Out of the open country, in again among ruinous buildings, solitary farms, dye-works, tanneries, and the like, cottages in twos and threes, avenues of leafless trees. Have these men deceived us, and taken us back by another road? Is not this the same place twice over? Thank heaven, no. A village. Look back, look back, and see if we are pursued! Hush! The posting-house.

Leisurely, our four horses are taken out; leisurely, the coach stands in the little street, bereft of horses, and with no likelihood upon it of ever moving again; leisurely, the new horses come into visible existence, one by one; leisurely the new postilions follow, sucking and plaiting the lashes of their whips; leisurely the old postilions count their money, make wrong additions, and arrive at dissatisfied results. All the time, our overwrought hearts are beating at a rate that would far outstrip the fastest gallop of the fastest horse ever foaled.

At length the new postilions are in their saddles, and the old are left behind. We are now through the village, up the hill, and down the hill, and on the low watery grounds. Suddenly, the postilions exchange speech with animated gesticulation, and the horses are pulled up, almost on their haunches. We are pursued!

"Ho! Within the carriage there. Speak then!"

"What is it?" asked Mr. Lorry, looking out at window.

"How many did they say?"

"I do not understand you."

"— At the last post. How many to the guillotine to-day?"

"Fifty-two."

"I said so! A brave number! My fellow citizen here would have it forty-two; ten more heads are worth having. The guillotine goes handsomely. I love it! Hi, forward! Whoop!"

The night comes on dark. He moves more; he is beginning to revive, and to speak intelligibly; he thinks they are still together; he asks him, by his name, what he has in his hand. Oh, pity us, kind heaven, and help us! Look out, look out, and see if we are pursued!

The wind is rushing after us, and the clouds are flying after us, and the moon is plunging after us, and the whole wild night is in pursuit of us; but, so far, we are pursued by nothing else.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE KNITTING DONE.

In that same juncture of time when the fifty-two waited their fate, Madame Defarge held darkly ominous council with the Vengeance and Jacques Three of the revolutionary jury. Not in the wine shop did Madame Defarge confer with these ministers, but in the shed of the wood-sawyer, erst a mender of roads. The sawyer himself did not participate in the conference, but abided at a little distance, like an outer satellite who was not to speak until required, or to offer an opinion until invited.

"But our Defarge," said Jacques Three, "is undoubtedly a good republican? Eh?"

"There is no better," the voluble Vengeance protested in her shrill tones, "in France."

"Peace, little Vengeance," said Madame Defarge, laying her hand with a slight frown on her lieutenant's lips, "hear me speak. My husband, fellow citizen, is a good republican and a bold man; he has deserved well of the republic, and possesses its confidence. But my husband has his weaknesses, and he is so weak as to relent towards this doctor."

"It is a great pity," croaked Jacques Three, dubiously shaking his head, "it is not quite like a good citizen; it is a thing to regret."

"See you," said madame, "I care nothing for this doctor, I. He may wear his head or lose it, for any interest I have in him; it is all one to me. But the Evrémonde people are to be exterminated, and the wife and child must follow the husband and father."

"She has a fine head for it," croaked Jacques Three. "I have seen blue eyes and golden hair there, and they looked charming when Samson[n] held them up."

Madame Defarge cast down her eyes, and reflected a little.

"The child also," observed Jacques Three, with a meditative enjoyment of his words, "has golden hair and blue eyes. And we seldom have a child there. It is a pretty sight!"

"In a word," said Madame Defarge, coming out of her short abstraction, "I cannot trust my husband in this matter. Not only do I feel, since last night, that I dare not confide to him the details of my projects; but also I feel that if I delay, there is danger of his giving warning, and then they might escape."

"That must never be," croaked Jacques Three, "no one must escape. We have not half enough as it is. We ought to have six score a day."

"In a word," Madame Defarge went on, "my husband has not my reason for pursuing this family to annihilation, and I have not his reason for regarding this doctor with any sensibility. I must act for myself, therefore. Come hither, little citizen."

The wood-sawyer, who held her in the respect, and himself in the submission, of mortal fear, advanced with his hand to his red cap.

"Touching those signals, little citizen," said Madame Defarge, sternly, "that she made to the prisoners; you are ready to bear witness to them this very day?"

"Ay, ay, why not!" cried the sawyer. "Every day, in all weathers, from two to four, always signaling, sometimes with the little one, sometimes without. I know what I know. I have seen with my eyes."

He made all manner of gestures while he spoke, as if in incidental imitation of some few of the great diversity of signals that he had seen.

"Clearly plots," said Jacques Three. "Transparently!"

"There is no doubt of the jury?" inquired Madame Defarge, letting her eyes turn on him with a gloomy smile.

"Rely upon the patriotic jury, dear citizeness. I answer for my fellow jurymen."

"Now let me see," said Madame Defarge, pondering again.

"Yet once more! Can I spare this doctor to my husband? I have no feeling either way. Can I spare him?"

"He would count as one head," observed Jacques Three, in a low voice. "We really have not heads enough; it would be a pity, I think."

"He was signaling with her when I saw her," argued Madame Defarge; "I cannot speak of one without the other; and I must not be silent, and trust the case wholly to him, this little citizen here. For I am not a bad witness."

The Vengeance and Jacques Three vied with each other in their fervent protestations that she was the most admirable and marvelous of witnesses. The little citizen, not to be outdone, declared her to be a celestial witness.

"He must take his chances," said Madame Defarge. "No; I cannot spare him! You are engaged at three o'clock; you are going to see the batch of to-day executed.— You?"

The question was addressed to the wood-sawyer, who hurriedly replied in the affirmative; seizing the occasion to add that he was the most ardent of republicans, and that he would be in effect the most desolate of republicans, if anything prevented him from enjoying the pleasure of smoking his afternoon pipe in the contemplation of the droll national barber.

"I," said madame, "am equally engaged at the same place. After it is over — say at eight to-night — come you to me, in Saint Antoine, and we will give information against these people at my section."

The wood-sawyer said he would be proud and flattered to attend the citizeness. The citizeness looking at him, he became embarrassed, evaded her glance as a small dog would have done, retreated among his wood, and hid his confusion over the handle of his saw.

Madame Defarge beckoned the juryman and the Vengeance a little nearer to the door, and there expounded her further views to them thus:

"She will now be at home, awaiting the moment of his death. She will be mourning and grieving. She will be in a state of mind to impeach the justice of the republic. She will be full of sympathy with its enemies. I will go to her."

"What an admirable woman; what an adorable woman!" exclaimed Jacques Three, rapturously. "Ah, my cherished!" cried the Vengeance; and embraced her.

"Take you my knitting," said Madame Defarge, placing it in her lieutenant's hands, "and have it ready for me in my usual seat. Keep me my usual chair. Go you there, straight, for there will probably be a greater concourse than usual to-day."

"I will willingly obey the orders of my chief," said the Vengeance with alacrity, and kissing her cheek. "You will not be late?"

"I shall be there before the commencement."

"And before the tumbrils arrive. Be sure you are there, my soul," said the Vengeance, calling after her, for she had already turned into the streets, "before the tumbrils arrive!"

Madame Defarge slightly waved her hand, to imply that she heard, and might be relied upon to arrive in good time, and so went through the mud, and round the corner of the prison wall. The Vengeance, and the juryman, looking after her as she walked away, were highly appreciative of her fine figure, and her superb moral endowments.

There were many women at that time, upon whom the time laid a dreadfully disfiguring hand; but there was not one among them more to be dreaded than this ruthless woman, now taking her way along the streets. She was absolutely without pity. If she had ever had the virtue in her, it had quite gone out of her.

Such a heart Madame Defarge carried under her rough robe. Carelessly worn, it was a becoming robe enough in a certain weird way, and her dark hair looked rich under her coarse red cap.

Lying hidden in her bosom, was a loaded pistol. Lying hidden in her waist. was a sharpened dagger. Thus accoutred, Madame Defarge took her way along the streets.

Now, when the journey of the traveling coach, at that very moment waiting for the completion of its load, had been planned out last night, the difficulty of taking Miss Pross in it had much engaged Mr. Lorry's attention. It was not merely desirable to avoid overloading the coach, but it was of the highest import ance that the time occupied in examining it and its passengers, should be reduced to its utmost; since their escape might depend on the saving of only a few seconds here and there. Finally, he had proposed, after anxious consideration, that Miss Pross and Jerry, who were at liberty to leave the city, should leave it at three o'clock in the lightest wheeled conveyance known to that period. Unincumbered with luggage, they would soon overtake the coach, and passing it and preceding it on the road, would order its horses in advance, and greatly facilitate its progress during the precious hours of the night, when delay was the most to be dreaded.

Seeing in this arrangement the hope of rendering real services in that pressing emergency, Miss Pross hailed it with joy. She and Jerry had beheld the coach start, had known whom it was that Solomon brought, had passed some ten minutes in torture of suspense, and were now concluding their arrangements to follow the coach, even as Madame Defarge, taking her way through the streets, now drew nearer and nearer to the else-deserted lodgings in which they held their consultation.

"Now, what do you think, Mr. Cruncher," said Miss Pross, whose agitation was so great that she could hardly speak, or stand, or move, or live; "what do you think of our not starting from this courtyard? Another carriage having already gone from here to-day, it might awaken suspicion."

"My opinion, miss," returned Mr. Cruncher, "is as you're right. Likewise wot I'll stand by you, right or wrong."

"I am so distracted with fear and hope for our precious creatures," said Miss Pross, wildly crying, "that I am incapable of forming any plan. Are you capable of forming any plan, my dear, good Mr. Cruncher?"

"Respectin' a future spear o' life, miss," returned Mr. Cruncher, "I hope so. Respectin' any present use o' this here blessed old head o' mine, I think not. Would you do me the favor, miss, to take notice o' two promises and wows wot it is my wishes for to record in this here crisis?"

"Oh, for gracious sake!" cried Miss Pross, still wildly crying, "record them at once, and get them out of the way, like an excellent man."

"First," said Mr. Cruncher, who was all in a tremble, and who spoke with an ashy and solemn visage, "them poor things well out o' this, never more will I do it, never no more!"

"I am quite sure, Mr. Cruncher," returned Miss Pross, "that you never will do it again, whatever it is, and I beg you not to think it necessary to mention more particularly what it is."

"No, miss," returned Jerry, "it shall not be named to you. Second; them poor things well out o' this, and never no more will I interfere with Mrs. Cruncher's flopping, never no more!"

"Whatever housekeeping arrangement that may be," said Miss Pross, striving to dry her eyes and compose herself, "I have no doubt that it is best that Mrs. Cruncher should have it entirely under her own superintendence. Oh, my poor darlings!"

"I go so far as to say, miss, morehover," proceeded Mr. Cruncher, with a most alarming tendency to hold forth as from a pulpit, — "and let my words be took down and took to Mrs. Cruncher through yourself — that wot my opinions respectin' flopping has undergone a change, and that wot I only hope with all my heart as Mrs. Cruncher may be a flopping at the present time."

"There, there, there! I hope she is, my dear man," cried

the distracted Miss Pross, "and I hope she finds it answering her expectations."

"Forbid it," proceeded Mr. Cruncher, with additional solemnity, additional slowness, and additional tendency to hold forth and hold out, "as anything wot I have ever said or done should be wisited on my earnest wishes for them poor creeturs now! Forbid it as we shouldn't all flop to get 'em out o' this here dismal risk! Forbid it, miss! Wot I say, for — BID it!" This was Mr. Cruncher's conclusion after a protracted but vain endeavor to find a better one.

"If we ever get back to our native land," said Miss Pross, "you may rely upon my telling Mrs. Cruncher as much as I may be able to remember and understand of what you have impressively said; and at all events you may be sure that I shall bear witness to your being thoroughly in earnest at this dreadful time. Now, pray let us think! My esteemed Mr. Cruncher, let us think!"

Still, Madame Defarge, pursuing her way along the streets, came nearer and nearer.

"If you were to go before," said Miss Pross, "and stop the vehicle and horses from coming here, and were to wait somewhere for me, wouldn't that be best?"

Mr. Cruncher thought it might be best.

Mr. Cruncher was so bewildered that he could think of no locality but Temple Bar. Alas! Temple Bar was hundreds of miles away, and Madame Defarge was drawing very near indeed.

"By the cathedral door," said Miss Pross. "Would it be much out of the way, to take me in near the great cathedral door between the two towers?"

"No, miss," answered Mr. Cruncher.

"Then, like the best of men," said Miss Pross, "go to the posting house straight, and make that change."

"I am doubtful," said Mr. Cruncher, hesitating and shaking

his head, "about leaving of you, you see. We don't know what may happen."

"Heaven knows we don't," returned Miss Pross, "but have no fear of me. Take me in at the cathedral, at three o'clock, or as near it as you can, and I am sure it will be better than our going from here. I feel certain of it. There! Bless you, Mr. Cruncher! Think — not of me, but of the lives that may depend on both of us!"

This exordium, and Miss Pross's two hands in quite agonzied entreaty clasping his, decided Mr. Cruncher. With an encouraging nod or two, he immediately went out to alter the arrangements, and left her by herself to follow as she had proposed.

The having originated a precaution which was already in course of execution, was a great relief to Miss Pross. The necessity of composing her appearance so that it would cause no special notice in the streets, was another relief. She looked at her watch, and it was twenty minutes past two. She had no time to lose, but must get ready at once.

Afraid, in her extreme perturbation, of the loneliness of the deserted rooms, and of half-imagined faces peeping from behind every open door in them, Miss Pross got a basin of cold water and began laving her eyes, which were swollen and red. Haunted by her feverish apprehensions, she could not bear to have her sight obscured for a minute at a time by the dripping water, but constantly paused and looked round to see that there was no one watching her. In one of those pauses she recoiled and cried out, for she saw a figure standing in the room.

The basin fell to the ground broken, and the water flowed to the feet of Madame Defarge. By strange stern ways, and through much staining blood, those feet had come to meet that water.

Madame Defarge looked coldly at her, and said, "The wife of Evrémonde; where is she?"

It flashed upon Miss Pross's mind that the doors were all standing open, and would suggest the flight. Her first act was to shut them. There were four in the room, and she shut them all. She then placed herself before the door of the chamber which Lucie had occupied.

Madame Defarge's dark eyes followed her through this rapid movement, and rested on her when it was finished. Miss Pross had nothing beautiful about her; years had not tamed the wildness, or softened the grimness of her appearance; but she too was a determined woman in her different way, and she measured Madame Defarge with her eyes, every inch.

"You might, from your appearance, be the wife of Lucifer," said Miss Pross, in her breathing. "Nevertheless, you shall not get the better of me. I am an Englishwoman."

Madame Defarge looked at her scornfully, but still with something of Miss Pross's own perception that they two were at bay. She saw a tight, hard, wiry woman before her, as Mr. Lorry had seen in the same figure a woman with a strong hand, in the years gone by. She knew full well that Miss Pross was the family's devoted friend; Miss Pross knew full well that Madame Defarge was the family's malevolent enemy.

"On my way yonder," said Madame Defarge, with a slight movement of her hand toward the fatal spot, "where they reserve my chair and my knitting for me, I am come to make my compliments to her in passing. I wish to see her."

"I know that your intentions are evil," said Miss Pross, "and you may depend upon it, I'll hold my own against them."

Each spoke in her own language; neither understood the other's words; both were very watchful, and intent to deduce from look and manner, what the unintelligible words meant.

"It will do her no good to keep herself concealed from me at this moment," said Madame Defarge. "Good patriots will know what that means. Let me see her. Go tell her that I wish to see her. Do you hear?"

"If those eyes of yours were bed winches," returned Miss Pross, "and I was an English fourposter, they shouldn't loose a splinter of me. No, you wicked foreign woman; I am your match."

Madame Defarge was not likely to follow these idiomatic remarks in detail; but she so far understood them as to perceive that she was set at naught.

"Woman imbecile and pig-like!" said Madame Defarge, frowning. "I take no answer from you. I demand to see her. Either tell her that I demand to see her, or stand out of the way of the door and let me go to her!" This, with an angry explanatory wave of her right arm.

"I little thought," said Miss Pross, "that I should ever want to understand your nonsensical language; but I would give all I have, except the clothes I wear, to know whether you suspect the truth, or any part of it."

Neither of them for a single moment released the other's eyes. Madame Defarge had not moved from the spot where she stood when Miss Pross first became aware of her; but she now advanced one step.

"I am a Briton," said Miss Pross. "I am desperate. I don't care an English twopence for myself. I know that the longer I keep you here, the greater hope there is for my Lady-bird. I'll not leave a handful of that dark hair upon your head, if you lay a finger on me!"

Thus, Miss Pross, with a shake of her head and a flash of her eyes between every rapid sentence, and every rapid sentence a whole breath. Thus, Miss Pross, who had never struck a blow in her life.

But her courage was of that emotional nature that it brought irrepressible tears into her eyes. This was a courage that Madame Defarge so little comprehended as to mistake for weakness. "Ha, ha!" she laughed, "you poor wretch! What are you worth? I address myself to that doctor." Then she

raised her voice and called out, "Citizen Doctor! Wife of Evrémonde! Child of Evrémonde! Any person but this miserable fool, answer the Citizeness Defarge!"

Perhaps the following silence, perhaps some latent disclosure in the expression of Miss Pross's face, perhaps a sudden misgiving apart from either suggestion, whispered to Madame Defarge that they were gone. Three of the doors she opened swiftly, and looked in.

"Those rooms are all in disorder, there has been hurried packing, there are odds and ends upon the ground. There is no one in that room behind you! Let me look."

"Never!" said Miss Pross, who understood the request as perfectly as Madame Defarge understood the answer.

"If they are not in that room, they are gone, and can be pursued and brought back," said Madame Defarge to herself.

"As long as you don't know whether they are in that room or not, you are uncertain what to do," said Miss Pross to herself; "and you shall not know that, if I can prevent your knowing it; and know that, or not know that, you shall not leave here while I can hold you."

"I have been in the streets from the first, nothing has stopped me; I will tear you to pieces, but I will have you from that door," said Madame Defarge.

"We are alone at the top of a high house in a solitary courtyard, we are not likely to be heard, and I pray for bodily strength to keep you here, while every minute you are here is worth a hundred thousand guineas to my darling," said Miss Pross.

Madame Defarge made at the door. Miss Pross, on the instinct of the moment, seized her round the waist in both her arms, and held her tight. It was in vain for Madame Defarge to struggle and to strike; Miss Pross, with the vigorous tenacity of love, always so much stronger than hate, clasped her tight, and even lifted her from the floor in the struggle that they had. The two hands of Madame Defarge buffeted and tore her face;

but Miss Pross with her head down, held her round the waist, and clung to her with more than the hold of a drowning woman.

Soon Madame Defarge's hands ceased to strike, and fell to her encircled waist. "It is under my arm," said Miss Pross, in smothered tones, "you shall not draw it. I am stronger than you, I bless heaven for it. I'll hold you till one or other of us faints or dies!"

Madame Defarge's hands were at her bosom. Miss Pross looked up, saw what it was, struck at it, struck out a flash and a crash, and stood alone — blinded with smoke.

All this was in a second. As the smoke cleared, leaving an awful stillness, it passed out on the air, like the soul of the furious woman whose body lay lifeless on the ground.

In the first fright and horror of her situation, Miss Pross passed the body as far from it as she could, and ran down the stairs to call for fruitless help. Happily, she bethought herself of the consequences of what she did, in time to check herself and go back. It was dreadful to go in at the door again; but she did go in, and even went near it, to get the bonnet and other things she must wear. These she put on, out on the staircase, first shutting and locking the door and taking away the key. She then sat down on the stairs a few minutes to breathe and to cry, and then got up and hurried away.

By good fortune she had a veil on her bonnet, or she could hardly have gone along the streets without being stopped. By good fortune, too, she was naturally so peculiar in appearance as not to show disfigurement like any other woman. She needed both advantages, for the marks of griping fingers were deep in her face, and her hair was torn, and her dress (hastily composed with unsteady hands) was clutched and dragged a hundred ways.

In crossing the bridge, she dropped the door key in the river. Arriving at the cathedral some few minutes before her escort, and waiting there, she thought, what if the key were already taken

in a net. what if it were identified, what if the door were opened, and the remains discovered — what if she were stopped at the gate, sent to prison, and charged with murder! In the midst of these fluttering thoughts, the escort appeared, took her in, and took her away.

" Is there any noise in the streets ? " she asked him.

" The usual noises," Mr. Cruncher replied; and looked surprised by the question and by her aspect.

" I don't hear you," said Miss Pross. " What do you say ? "

It was in vain for Mr. Cruncher to repeat what he said; Miss Pross could not hear him. " So I'll nod my head," thought Mr. Cruncher, amazed, " at all events she'll see that." And she did.

" Is there any noise in the streets now ? " asked Miss Pross again, presently.

Again Mr. Cruncher nodded his head.

" I don't hear it."

" Gone deaf in an hour ? " said Mr. Cruncher, ruminating, with his mind much disturbed; " wot's come to her ? "

" I feel," said Miss Pross, " as if there had been a flash and a crash, and that crash was the last thing I should ever hear in this life."

" Blest if she ain't in a queer condition! " said Mr. Cruncher, more and more disturbed. " Wot can she have been a takin' to keep her courage up ? Hark! There's the roll of them dreadful carts. You can hear that, miss ? "

" I can hear," said Miss Pross, seeing that he spoke to her, " nothing. Oh, my good man, there was first a great crash, and then a great stillness, and that stillness seems to be fixed and unchangeable, never to be broken any more as long as my life lasts."

" If she don't hear the roll of those dreadful carts, now very nigh their journey's end," said Mr. Cruncher, glancing over his shoulder, " it's my opinion that indeed she never will hear anything else in this world."

And indeed she never did.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FOOTSTEPS DIE OUT FOREVER.

ALONG the Paris streets the death carts rumble, hollow and harsh. Six tumbrils roll along the streets. As the somber wheels of the carts go round, they seem to plow up a long, crooked furrow among the populace in the streets. Ridges of faces are thrown to this side and to that, and the plows go steadily onward. So used are the regular inhabitants of the houses to the spectacle, that in many windows there are no people, and in some the occupation of the hands is not so much as suspended, while the eyes survey the faces in the tumbrils. Here and there, the inmate has visitors to see the sight; then he points his finger, with something of the complacency of a curator or authorized expo nent, to this cart, and to this, and seems to tell who sat here yesterday, and who there the day before.

Of the riders in the tumbrils, some observe these things, and all things on their last roadside, with an impassive stare; others, with a lingering interest in the ways of life and men. Some, seated with drooping heads, are sunk in silent despair; again, there are some so heedful of their looks that they cast upon the multitude such glances as they have seen in theaters, and in pictures. Several close their eyes, and think, or try to get their straying thoughts together. Only one, and he a miserable creature, of a crazed aspect, is so shattered and made drunk by horror, that he sings, and tries to dance. Not one of the whole number appeals by look or gesture to the pity of the people.

There is a guard of sundry horsemen riding abreast of the tumbrils, and faces are often turned up to some of them, and they are asked some question. It would seem to be always the same question, for it is always followed by a press of people toward the third cart. The horsemen abreast of that cart, frequently point out one man in it with their swords. The lead-

ing curiosity is, to know which is he; he stands at the back of the tumbril with his head bent down, to converse with a mere girl who sits on the side of the cart, and holds his hand. He has no curiosity or care for the scene about him, and always speaks to the girl. Here and there in the long street of St. Honore, cries are raised against him. If they move him at all, it is only to a quiet smile, as he shakes his hair a little more loosely about his face. He cannot easily touch his face, his arms being bound.

On the steps of a church, awaiting the coming-up of the tumbrils, stands the spy and prison sheep. He looks into the first of them; not there. He looks into the second; not there. He already asks himself, "Has he sacrificed me?" when his face clears, as he looks into the third.

"Which is Evrémonde?" says a man behind him.

"That. At the back there."

"With his hand in the girl's?"

"Yes."

The man cries, "Down, Evrémonde! To the guillotine all aristocrats! Down, Evrémonde!"

"Hush, hush!" the spy entreats him, timidly.

"And why not, citizen?"

"He is going to pay the forfeit; it will be paid in five minutes more. Let him be at peace."

But the man continuing to exclaim, "Down, Evrémonde!" the face of Evrémonde is for a moment turned toward him. Evrémonde then sees the spy, and looks attentively at him and goes his way.

The clocks are on the stroke of three, and the furrow plowed among the populace is turning round, to come on into the place of execution, and end. The ridges thrown to this side, and to that, now crumble in and close behind the last plow as it passes on, for all are following to the guillotine. In front of it, seated on chairs, as in a garden of public diversion, are a number of

women, busily knitting. On one of the foremost chairs, stands the Vengeance, looking about for her friend.

"Thérèse!" she cries, in her shrill tones. "Who has seen her? Thérèse Defarge!"

"She never missed before," said a knitting woman of the sisterhood.

"No; nor will she miss now," cries the Vengeance, petulantly. "Thérèse!"

"Louder," the woman recommends.

Ay! Louder, Vengeance, much louder, and still she will scarcely heed thee. Louder yet, Vengeance, with a little oath or so added, and yet it will hardly bring her. Send other women up and down to seek her, lingering somewhere; and yet, although the messengers have done dread deeds, it is questionable whether of their own wills they will go far enough to find her!

"Bad fortune!" cries the Vengeance, stamping her foot in the chair, "and here are the tumbrils! And Evrémonde will be despatched in a wink, and she not here! See her knitting in my hand, and her empty chair ready for her. I cry with vexation and disappointment!"

As the Vengeance descends from her elevation to do it, the tumbrils begin to discharge their loads. The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready. Crash! — A head is held up, and the knitting women who scarcely lifted their eyes to look at it a moment ago when it could think and speak, count One.

The second tumbril empties and moves on; the third comes up. Crash! — And the knitting women, never faltering or pausing in their work, count Two.

The supposed Evrémonde descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him. He has not relinquished her patient hand in getting out, but still holds it as he promised. He gently places her with her back to the crashing engine that constantly whirrs up and falls, and she looks into his face and thanks him.

"But for you, dear stranger, I should not be so composed,

for I am naturally a poor little thing, faint of heart; nor could I have been able to raise my thoughts to Him who was put to death, that we might have hope and comfort here to-day. I think you were sent to me by heaven."

"Or you to me," says Sydney Carton. "Keep your eyes upon me, dear child, and mind no other object."

"I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid."

"They will be rapid. Fear not!"

The two stand in the fast-thinning throng of victims, but they speak as if they were alone. Eye to eye, voice to voice, hand to hand, heart to heart, these two children of the universal mother, else so wide apart and differing, have come together on the dark highway, to repair home together, and to rest in her bosom.

"Brave and generous friend, will you let me ask you one last question? I am very ignorant, and it troubles me — just a little."

"Tell me what it is."

"I have a cousin, an only relative, and an orphan, like myself, whom I love very dearly. She is five years younger than I, and she lives in a farmer's house in the south country. Poverty parted us, and she knows nothing of my fate — for I cannot write — and if I could, how should I tell her! It is better as it is."

"Yes, yes; better as it is."

"What I have been thinking as we came along, and what I am still thinking now, as I look into your kind strong face which gives me so much support, is this: — If the republic really does good to the poor, and they come to be less hungry and in all ways to suffer less, she may live a long time; she may even live to be old."

"What then, my gentle sister?"

"Do you think," the uncomplaining eyes in which there is so much endurance, fill with tears, and the lips part a little more,

and tremble; "that it will seem long to me, while I wait for her in the better land, where I trust both you and I will be mercifully sheltered?"

"It cannot be, my child; there is no time there, and no trouble there."

"You comfort me so much! I am so ignorant! Am I to kiss you now? Is the moment come?"

"Yes."

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing more than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him — is gone; the knitting women count Twenty-two.

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."[n]

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-three.[n]

They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peacefulest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

One of the most remarkable sufferers[n] by the same ax — a woman — had asked at the foot of the same scaffold, not long before, to be allowed to write down the thoughts that were inspiring her. If he had given any utterances to his, and they were prophetic, they would have been these:

"I see Barsad, and Cly, Defarge, the Vengeance, the Juryman, the Judge, long ranks of the new oppressors who have risen on the destruction of the old, perishing by this retributive instrument, before it shall cease out of its present use. I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this abyss, and in their

struggles to be truly free, in their triumphs and defeats, through long, long years to come, I see the evil of this time and of the previous time of which this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for itself and wearing out.

" I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous and happy, in that England which I shall see no more. I see her with a child upon her bosom, who bears my name. I see her father, aged and bent, but otherwise recovered, and faithful to all men in his healing office, and at peace. I see the good old man, so long their friend, in ten year's time enriching them with all he has, and passing tranquilly to his reward.

" I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence. I see her, an old woman, weeping for me on the anniversary of this day. I see her and her husband, their course done, lying side by side in their last earthly bed, and I know that each was not more honored and held sacred in the other's soul, than I was in the soul of both.

" I see that child who lay upon her bosom, and who bore my name, a man winning his way up in that path of life which once was mine. I see him winning it so well, that my name is made illustrious there by the light of his. I see the blots I threw upon it, faded away. I see him foremost of just judges and honored men, bringing a boy of my name, with a forehead that I know and golden hair, to this place — then fair to look upon, with not a trace of this day's disfigurement — and I hear him tell the child my story, with a tender and a faltering voice.

" It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known."

NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DICKENS.

John Dickens, the father of the novelist, was a clerk in the "navy-pay" office of the British government at Portsmouth. He had married Elizabeth Barrow, the sister of a fellow clerk in the government service, and Charles John Huffham Dickens, one of eight children, three sons and five daughters, was the oldest son from this union. He was born at Landport, Portsea, a suburb of Portsmouth, February 7, 1812.

About the time the boy had reached his fourth year, the family moved to London; not too early, however, for the future novelist's retentive memory to store away some vivid pictures of his first home. In a little while, the elder Dickens's duties took him to Chatham, where the family lived until Charles was nine years old. He himself tells an interesting story of this period of his life. With his father he was passing Gadshill Place, and the child expressed much admiration for the stately mansion; and his father told him that he "might himself live in it, or in some such house, when he came to be a man, if he would only work hard enough." It was a rather hazardous prophecy, at the time, but it was destined to be literally fulfilled.

The future novelist's education was begun by his mother, who gave him the rudiments of English and of Latin. Very early he evinced a notable leaning toward fiction and the drama. He tells us, in *David Copperfield*, in a passage regarded as strictly autobiographical, of finding in an unused room in his father's house such treasures as *Robinson Crusoe*, *Tom Jones*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Roderick Random*, *Humphry Clinker*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Don Quixote*, and *Gil Blas*, all of which he eagerly devoured. Here, too, he became ac-

quainted with the *Arabian Nights*, the *Tales of the Genii*, the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, the *Idler*, the *Citizen of the World*, and Mrs. Inchbald's *Collection of Farces*. At Chatham he spent a short time at each of two schools, the latter directed by a young Baptist clergyman, William Giles, who was one of the first to perceive Dickens's genius, and who sent him, a few years later, a silver-mounted snuffbox with an admiring inscription "To the inimitable Boz."

From Chatham the family goes to London again, and here young Dickens soon begins to see, in unmistakable colors, the soberer side of life. Financial troubles seized upon John Dickens, and he was forced to take up his residence in Camden Town, one of the most wretched of London's suburbs. In these uninspiring surroundings, with no companions, no youthful society, the boy's mind floated back involuntarily to the far more congenial scenes which he had left at Chatham, and perhaps even at Portsea; and the contrast between these and his present life was so sharp that the poverty and misery now around him made a deep impression upon his receptive mind. When reading some of his descriptions of human wretchedness, it is almost impossible to withhold the exclamation: "This picture is surely reflected from Dickens's first impressions of London"; and when reading some of his scenes of a less metropolitan character, it is equally almost impossible to repress the thought: "This must be a photograph, or, at least, an imitation, of something he remembered at Chatham."

John Dickens's affairs went rapidly from bad to worse, and his wife attempted to set up a school to aid the family income. "A large brass plate on the door announced MRS. DICKENS'S ESTABLISHMENT." Charles was sent around the neighborhood, distributing circulars relating to the school; but no pupils came, and the visions of wealth from this source vanished into nothingness. Expenses continued, however, and strained relations resulted with the butcher and the baker. Unable to satisfy his little obligations, the elder Dickens was arrested as a delinquent debtor, and was thrown into Marshalsea Prison. The novelist's biographer, Forster, presents a touching picture of young Charles running errands for his father, and carrying messages which he "delivered with swollen eyes and through shining tears." Then articles from the home began to go

to the pawnbroker's, including Charles's precious books, until scarcely anything was left in the house.

The lad now went to work for his cousin, James Lamert, who was manager of a shoe-blacking factory. His wages were here six shillings a week, and his duties were to wrap up pots of blacking and paste labels on them. His own accounts of this place, his work, and his companions, show that his sensitive nature must have suffered very keenly while he was here. It is interesting to note that one of his fellow-employees in this place was a certain Bob Fagin, from whom he got the name of one of his characters in *Oliver Twist.* Finally, John Dickens learned of some details of his son's work that displeased him, and he wrote angrily to Lamert from the prison about the matter, Charles himself innocently carrying the letter to his employer. The result was a quarrel between the two men, the boy was discharged, and his father was unwilling for him to return to his employment, though Lamert had relented at Mrs. Dickens's entreaties, and had invited him back.

From 1824 to 1826, he was at school at the Wellington House Academy. One of his schoolmates there recollects him as "a healthy-looking boy, small, but well-built, with a more than usual flow of spirits, inducing to harmless fun, seldom or never, I think, to mischief, to which so many lads at that age are prone. I cannot recall anything that then indicated he would hereafter become a literary celebrity; but perhaps he was too young then." Leaving school, he became a clerk in the law office of Mr. Edward Blackmore, where he remained from May, 1827, till November, 1828. He also studied shorthand to qualify himself as a newspaper reporter, in which occupation his father was now engaged. After using his newly acquired skill for a short time in Doctors' Commons, he entered the service of the *True Sun* in 1831 as a parliamentary reporter; then followed similar engagements with the *Mirror of Parliament,* and with the *Morning Chronicle.* About this time, his attention was turned to the stage as a means of earning a living, and he wrote to Bartley, the stage manager of Covent Garden theater, asking for a trial. Something in his letter seems to have attracted Bartley's attention, and the young man was invited to recite before him and Charles Kemble, the most celebrated actor of the day; but when the appointed time

came, Dickens was " laid up with a terrible bad cold," and so failed to keep his engagement. Other concerns then intervened, and the matter of adopting the stage as a profession was never afterwards seriously considered. In relating this incident, he pertinently adds: " See how near I may have been to another sort of life."

Dickens's first printed article was published in the *Monthly Magazine*, December, 1833. He called it *A Dinner at Poplar Walk*, though when it was reprinted he gave it the title *Mr. Minns and His Cousin.* Retaining his occupation as a reporter, he contributed nine other articles to the same magazine, the last few signed " Boz." " This was the nickname of a pet child, his youngest brother, Augustus, whom, in honor of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, he had dubbed Moses, which, being facetiously pronounced through the nose, became Boses, and being shortened, became Boz." Then he was engaged to write similar pieces for the *Evening Chronicle*, and his literary pathway now seemed to be definitely opening. About this time, the publishing house of Chapman and Hall asked him to prepare descriptive and explanatory text for a monthly series of plates which they contemplated issuing. Dickens thought, however, that " it would be infinitely better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text," Mr. Hall gracefully yielded to the suggestion, and thus the celebrated *Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club* came into existence. The first of the monthly parts was published March 31, 1836, and two days later the author, perhaps now feeling that his future was safe married Miss Catherine Hogarth. After about twenty years of married life, they separated because of incompatibility of temperament; Mrs. Dickens received $3,000 annually from her husband; and he left her, at his death, the interest from an investment of $40,000.

At least as early as 1840, Dickens began thinking of a tour of the United States. At that time, he was projecting a new periodical publication, and proposed to journey " either to Ireland or to America, and to write from thence a series of papers descriptive of the places and people I see, introducing local tales, traditions, and legends, something after the plan of Washington Irving's *Alhambra*." A letter from Irving in 1841, after the publication of the *Old Curiosity Shop* added strength to his already strong desire to see the new world,

and Dickens and his wife set sail on the *Britannia*, January 4, 1842. In a five-months tour they visited almost every important city in the United States as far south as Richmond, and as far west as St. Louis; and they made a brief excursion into Canada, leaving New York for England on the 7th of June. Dickens created much unfavorable criticism at this time by bluntly finding fault with almost everything that struck his attention, from the lack of an international copyright law down to details in the habits of the people. Our author was now rapidly becoming an important figure in nineteenth century literature, and book followed book in continuous succession. In a few years he had accumulated considerable means; and, on March 14, 1856, he bought Gadshill Place, the mansion he had so much admired in his childhood, the purchase price being £1790.

He visited the United States a second time, arriving in Boston, November 19, 1867, and reaching England on his return in the first week of May, 1868. He came this time to give a series of readings from his works in leading cities, which he found a very profitable enterprise. An eyewitness gives the following account of the sale of tickets to the readings in New York: "The pay-place was to open at nine on a Wednesday morning, and at midnight of Tuesday a long line of speculators [persons who bought tickets to sell to others at a profit] were assembled in *queue;* at two in the morning a few honest buyers had begun to arrive; at five there were, of all classes, two lines of not less than 800 each; at eight there were at least five thousand persons in the two lines; at nine each line was more than three-quarters of a mile in length, and neither became sensibly shorter during the whole morning." And this, be it remembered, was in the middle of winter! In letters sent home at this time, Dickens manifested an almost childish pleasure at his success. "The New York reading of *Dr. Marigold* made really a tremendous hit. The people doubted at first, having evidently not the least idea of what could be done with it, and broke out at last into a perfect chorus of delight. At the end they made a great shout, and gave a rush towards the platform as if they were going to carry me off. . . . The manager is always going about with an immense bundle that looks like a sofa-cushion, but is in reality paper money, and it had risen to the proportions of a sofa on the morning he left for Philadelphia." The last

one of five readings at Boston paid him $3456, and the last one of five in New York yielded $3298. The smallest return of many mentioned by his biographer was $1640 for one night at New Bedford. His total profit from the series, after all expenses were paid, he estimated at $100,000. He was a good business man, leaving an estate valued at $465,000.

He died quite suddenly, June 9, 1870. He had given explicit directions in his will, forbidding pomp and ostentation at his funeral, and, like our own Benjamin Franklin, enjoining his friends to erect to his memory no costly or pretentious monument. " I direct that my name be inscribed in plain English letters on my tomb, without the addition of ' Mr.' or ' Esquire.' I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works, and to the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me in addition thereto." As far as possible his wishes were respected. None were present at the funeral but " those only who took part in the burial;" but, as soon as the place of interment was known to be Westminster Abbey, the mourning crowds came, and flowers were profusely thrown upon his grave, " as they still are thrown," says his biographer, " in this fourth year after his death." The stone above him is inscribed:

CHARLES DICKENS
BORN FEBRUARY THE SEVENTH, 1812
DIED JUNE THE NINTH, 1870

His most important works, with dates of publication, are: *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club* (1837), *Oliver Twist* (1838), *Nicholas Nickleby* (1838–9), *Master Humphrey's Clock, Old Curiosity Shop*, and *Barnaby Rudge* (1840–1), *American Notes for General Circulation* (1842), *Christmas Carol* (1843), *Martin Chuzzlewit* (1843–4), *Dombey and Son* (1846–8), *David Copperfield* (1849–50), *Bleak House* (1852–3), *Hard Times* (1854), *Little Dorrit* (1855–7), *A Tale of Two Cities* (1859), *The Uncommercial Traveler* (1860), *Great Expectations* (1860–1), *Our Mutual Friend* (1864–5), *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* (left unfinished).

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

General Questions and Suggestions.

History of the Work. Dickens's preface to *A Tale of Two Cities* says: "When I was acting, with my children and friends, in Mr. Wilkie Collins's drama of the *Frozen Deep* [in the summer of 1857], I first conceived the main idea of the story." Elsewhere he says: "I set myself the little task of making a *picturesque* story, rising in every chapter with characters true to nature, but whom the story itself should express, more than they should express themselves, by dialogue." The preface adds: "Whenever any reference (however slight) is made here to the condition of the French people before or during the Revolution, it is truly made on the faith of the most trustworthy witnesses. It has been one of my hopes to add something to the popular and picturesque means of understanding that terrible time, though no one can hope to add anything to the philosophy of Mr. Carlyle's wonderful book." While engaged in the preliminary work for the story, he "asked Carlyle for the loan of a few such authorities as might be useful for his purpose, and promptly received from the historian of the French Revolution two cartloads of books!" The novel appeared as a serial in *All the Year Round*, beginning with the first number of that journal, April 30, 1859, and closing in the issue for November 26, of the same year. It was also published separately in eight monthly parts, beginning June, 1859; and later, it came out in book form, at the price of nine shillings.

Dickens desired to have the *Tale* dramatized for the French theater, and wrote to his friend Regnier, "the distinguished actor of the Comédie Française," with that end in view; but it was feared that the story might be offensive to the French government, and the idea was abandoned. Why the author did not first think of putting it on the English stage does not appear. There were, however, several dramatizations in English. Thomas Taylor adapted it to the stage, arranging it in a prologue and two acts. This version, with assistance from Dickens himself, "was most successfully produced at the Lyceum Theater, London, on Monday, the 30th of January, 1860." Another

rendition, by Henry I. Rivers, "is, perhaps, principally worthy of note by reason of the extreme ingenuity with which the author succeeded in destroying all the point of the story, by doing away with Carton's self-sacrifice and guillotining Barsad to save Darnay—a perfect triumph of absurdity."

The Title. The title *A Tale of Two Cities* was not chosen in a moment. When Dickens conceived the first idea of the story, he noted down these titles: *Time! The Leaves of the Forest, Scattered Leaves, The Great Wheel, Round and Round, Old Leaves, Long Ago, Far Apart, Fallen Leaves, Five and Twenty Years, Years and Years, Rolling Years, Day after Day, Felled Trees, Memory Carton, Rolling Stones, Two Generations.* After the story had taken a somewhat definite shape in his mind, he considered these other titles: *One of These Days, Buried Alive, The Thread of Gold, The Doctor of Beauvais.* At the last moment, he settled upon *A Tale of Two Cities*, apparently for no better reason than that it suited the opening of the story as it was forming in his mind.

Consider these separately, weighing the appropriateness and the inappropriateness of each. Which ones seem too vague and indefinite? Which ones too slightly connected with the central figures, or with the chief movement of the story? Which ones too little suggestive of the story as Dickens has written it? Could a more suitable title have been devised? Would the first five words of the following passage from the Bible seem more appropriate?—"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—*John* xv. 13. Remembering who spoke these words, and under what circumstances they were uttered, does it seem to you that the title *Greater Love Hath No Man* would seem too irreverent?

General Note on the Plot. In *A Tale of Two Cities* Dickens has as his chief literary object the portrayal of the power of man's love for woman. In order to work this out artistically, he creates in the person of Sydney Carton a man of great natural nobleness and strength of character, but unfortunate in the lack of a high and steady purpose in his soul. Dickens brings Lucie Manette into Carton's life, and Carton loves her; but her affections are already engaged to Darnay, and Carton's case is hopeless. His love, however, is not altogether

fruitless; it operates silently in his own heart; for, as Longfellow makes Father Felician teach Evangeline:

" . . . affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment."

After learning that he can never win Lucie for his wife, Carton leaves her, only asking her to " think now and then that there is a man who would give his life to keep a life you love beside you." From this point, he plays no important part in the story, even dropping, for a time, entirely out of sight, until Darnay (now the Marquis of Evrémond) is condemned to death during the French Revolution. When all hope of rescue has faded away, and it seems certain that Darnay must die, all the slumbering nobleness and strength of Carton's nature asserts itself, and he quietly and determinedly makes use of a ruse to substitute himself for Darnay in prison. Darnay is smuggled out of Paris, and Carton's head falls by the guillotine. Such, in briefest form, is the chief thread in the plot of *A Tale of Two Cities*. All the other personages, all other incidents serve but to facilitate the development of this one chain of events.

General Suggestions and Questions on the Story. Compare the *Tale* with Scott's *Ivanhoe*, Bulwer's *Harold*, Reade's *The Cloister and the Hearth*, or some other historical novel, for definiteness and clearness of historical setting. Which one gives the clearest impression of the times it depicts? By what means does the author produce this definiteness and clearness of impression?

To what extent has Dickens used suggestion or hint, rather than direct statement, or vigorous action? Compare his work in this respect with some other novel. Does Dickens gain or lose by the process he has used?

Generally speaking, Dickens's most pronounced characteristics are humor, pathos, and caricature. What instances of these are to be found in the *Tale?*

Dickens was a thorough Englishman in his love of country, admiration of whatever was English, etc. Are there any indications of this feeling in the *Tale?*

Dickens was not always careful as to details of grammar and rhet-

oric. What examples of faults in either of these particulars are to be found in the *Tale?*

What is gained by beginning the story in the middle of the action? Why not begin it at the earliest point in the order of events? with, for instance, the kidnapping of Dr. Manette?

What is gained by making some of the characters English? Why should they not all be French? What is gained by having some parts of the story enacted in London, and some in Paris? Why not all in Paris, or, at least, in France?

Dickens had very pronounced dramatic instincts. What scenes in this story, or what elements of the plot illustrate this characteristic?

Who is the hero of the story? See if you can form a mental picture of him.

Is Darnay altogether an admirable character? How many noble actions throughout the book can be attributed to him? See Book the Second, Chapter XXIII. Why does not Dickens make him strong and aggressive? Can a novel have two heroes? Discuss the matter.

Is Lucie a distinct, strongly marked character, or is she indistinct, pale, colorless? Has she any very pronounced traits, that give her an inspiring individuality, or such as would demand admiration? Compare her with a similar figure in some other novel, such as Scott's Rebecca, or Rowena; or Thackeray's Beatrix, or Rachel Esmond, or Jane Austen's Elizabeth or Jane Bennet.

Why is it best for Lucie to be motherless? Have you noticed that many of the heroines of fiction are motherless?

What is the need of Dr. Manette in the story? Why does Dickens make him a physician, and not, for instance, a lawyer, a clergyman, or a merchant?

What is the need of Mr. Stryver? of Miss Pross? of Solomon Pross (John Barsad)? of Jerry Cruncher?

What is Dickens's reason for making Jerry a resurrectionist, that is, a person who digs up newly buried bodies and sells them to physicians to dissect? See Book the Second, Chapter XIII, and Book the Third, Chapter VII. In selecting the name " Cruncher " for this character, does Dickens have any suggestion in mind?

Did he intend any suggestion in the name " Stryver "?

For the meaning of the word *gabelle*, see explanatory note to page 83. In giving to this character a name denoting a tax on one of the necessities of life, did the author have any suggestion in mind?

MORE DETAILED QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Book the First.

Chapter I.

Page 7. Is there any good reason why Dickens makes Mr. Lorry take this journey at night? Why not in the daytime?

8. Note the "steaming mist" and the late hour, both contributing to a feeling of awe and mystery.

The two passengers not named are no real part of the story. They are put in chiefly to help make up the scene, though they have a minor use for a moment later in the story. See pages 50 and 55. Note how summarily they are dismissed (page 11, foot) as soon as they are no longer of service.

11. Note Jerry's comment on Mr. Lorry's message. It is a hint at something to be developed later.

Chapter II.

13. What is the significance of Mr. Lorry's "digging, digging, digging"?

14. Note the description of the peculiarity of Miss Manette's forehead. It will appear again. Dickens often uses a characteristic expression of this kind for its picturesqueness. Compare the lifting of Madam Defarge's eyebrows (page 23), Jerry Cruncher's "spiky hair" (page 41), the dints in Monseigneur's nose (page 77), the inclination of Barsad's nose (page 131); and, in *David Copperfield*, Miss Dartle's scar, and Uriah Heep's habit of rubbing his hands together.

Note the gradualness with which Dickens brings Mr. Lorry back to Miss Manette's recollection.

Is it or is it not strange that Mr. Lorry has seen nothing of Lucie

from her second to her seventeenth year, especially as she has been in the care of Tellson's Bank all the time, and also especially as the two are intimately associated from this time on? Can any good reason be assigned for this?

15. Note the evidence of Mr. Lorry's nervous embarrassment.

Why should Lorry and Lucie have started on this journey separately? Would it not have been far more natural for them to travel the whole journey together? What is Dickens's reason for this?

Chapter III.

22. What suggestiveness is there in the spilling of the wine, and the rest of the scene?

23. What is the significance of Madame Defarge's cough?

25. Remember the words "the child of his old master." They form a link in a chain. See also page 32. What is the meaning of the "remarkable transformation" in Defarge's aspect? Observe how the sense of gloom is accentuated by the repetition of the word "gloomy."

Chapter IV.

30 (1st line). **the last feeble echo of a sound made long and long ago:** A very delicate hint at Dr. Manette's long imprisonment, as if the sounds were echoed from the far time before he was incarcerated.

36. Note the suggestion of weeping implied in the words "When the quiet of the garret had been long undisturbed . . ."

BOOK THE SECOND.

Chapter I.

40. Note how the English dislike of change is brought out in the description of Tellson's Bank. Compare Lamb's "The South Sea House," in the *Essays of Elia*.

41 (2nd paragraph). **Hanging Sword Alley:** There is actually an alley in London bearing this name. Observe how Dickens seizes upon everything that can add to the suggestiveness of his work.

42 (last paragraph). **Always rusty:** A hint at Jerry's secret employment. There are many other such hints.

Chapter II.

43. Why does Jerry think " It's hard in the law to spile a man" ?

Chapter III.

48. A very vivid and circumstantial court scene. Compare it with that described in Book the Third, Chapter V. What matters in this chapter are of special value in working out the rest of the story?

56. What was on the paper that Carton tossed to Stryver?

Chapter IV.

62 (lines 1 and 2). **an intent look . . . fear:** Does this indicate that Dr. Manette had recognized Darnay? See also pages 73, 101–102.

Note the excellent description by suggestion of Carton's indolent, aimless life. The words " leaning " and " strolled " imply more than could be put into any definite statement. See also page 65, and the words " lounged " (page 73), " leaned " (page 74), " lounging " (page 75), and " lounger " (page 109).

65 (last paragraph). **a long winding-sheet in the candle:** Perhaps suggestive of Carton's own end, to which events are tending.

Chapter V.

70 (9th paragraph). **Not knowing . . . himself again:** Note this: it is a prophecy.

73 (4th paragraph). **the same singular look:** Compare page 62. Why is Dr. Manette so perturbed here? What particular matter in Darnay's story of the Tower distressed him most? With this compare the effect produced upon the queen by the artlessness of " the little maid " in *Guinevere* (Tennyson: *Idylls of the King*).

74 (4th paragraph). **echoes of all the footsteps:** What is the suggestion here?

75 (1st paragraph). **I take . . . lightning:** Perhaps, at the time, Carton uttered these words lightly and thoughtlessly; how did he actually carry them into effect?

What is the suggestiveness of the " storm of thunder and lightning "? Compare the scenes where the witches appear in Shakespeare's *Macbeth.*

Chapter VI.

78 (4th paragraph). **A tall man:** Note the adjective. Novelists frequently use a personal peculiarity like this to identify a character later in the story. See page 83.

81 (lines 5 and 6). **knitting . . . fate:** Is there any suggestion here? Read the article on Clotho in a Classical Dictionary.

Chapter VII.

81. Consider "steep hill," "steeped in crimson," "broken country" (page 81), "specter" (page 83), "steepness of the hill," "burial ground" (page 84), "the shadow was exchanged for the light of a flambeau" (page 85). Are these details accidental, or does Dickens intend to suggest anything to the mind of the reader?

81–82. Note how vividly the poverty of the place, and, by suggestion, that of the people, is brought out in the repetition of "poor." The same device is used in many other places in the book.

82 (2nd paragraph). **mender of the roads:** This man appears several times in the story, but no name is assigned to him. Why? See note to Monseigneur, page 76.

83 (11th paragraph). **specter:** Why does Dickens make the speaker compare the mysterious man to a specter?

85 (next to last paragraph). **Monsieur Charles . . . England:** Note the French form of sentence. Many of the speeches of the French characters of the story are distinctly French in form and flavor.

Chapter VIII.

86. What is the significance of the title "The Gorgon's Head"? See explanatory notes. What was the Gorgon's head here, and whom did it change into stone?

Observe that Monseigneur and his nephew are types of the old régime and the new.

Chapter IX.

101 (4th paragraph). **If there were . . . for her sake:** A hint that Dr. Manette is almost, but not quite, sure who Darnay is. Why is he unwilling to be told who Darnay really is?

Chapter XII.

112 (4th from last line). **a life you love:** Note the promise; and compare page 263.

Chapter XIII.

116. Why did Jerry go to the funeral? to the medical man?

116–118. Note how Dickens keeps up the figment of fishing.

119. Something had gone wrong with him. What was it? See pages 232–233.

Chapter XIV.

121. Is there signaling from one conspirator to another here?

124 (2nd paragraph). **bring him fast to his tomb:** Compare page 96. Does Dickens use similar wording in these two passages to emphasize the hatred of the populace and the nobility for each other?

126 (6th paragraph). **the shadow . . . rests upon it:** Symbolical of the cruelty of the aristocrats, casting a shadow over France.

127 (6th paragraph). **The château . . . Extermination:** Note this, as it leads to important complications.

Note the practical use of the knitting.

Chapter XV.

131–133. Note how much more determined and relentless Madame Defarge is than her husband. Has Dickens any object in representing her thus, or is there any reason in the construction of the story to make her more resolute and implacable than he? See page 268.

132 (8th paragraph). **I tell thee . . . and coming:** With this passage compare "It comes slowly." "It comes surely" (page 74).

133. What was the purpose of the rose? "Age about forty, etc." The exactness of this repetition adroitly portrays Madame Defarge's tenacity of purpose. Not a detail has escaped her.

138. Why should the news of Lucie's approaching marriage produce "a palpable effect" upon Defarge?

Chapter XVII.

144. What was the cause of the great change in Dr. Manette?

Chapter XVIII.

151. Why was the relapse "not quite unforeseen by its subject"?

152. What caused the "strong and extraordinary revival of the train of thought and remembrance that was the first cause of the malady"?

Chapter XIX.

159 (last line). **God bless . . . compassion:** Compare page 110.

Chapter XX.

160. What is the suggestion in "echoing footsteps"?

Note the change that has come over Carton.

163. Note the force gained by the repetition of word and form in the two paragraphs at the end of the page.

Chapter XXI.

168. Note the strength of the balanced sentence: "I know how hard . . . life in you."

Chapter XXII.

174 (4th paragraph). **He took . . . puff of smoke:** What is the symbolism?

BOOK THE THIRD.

Chapter V.

214. Another very natural court scene. Compare it with that described in Book the Second, Chapter III.

Chapter VII.

224. Why should Jerry think Solomon Pross a ghost? Where, and under what circumstances, had he seen Solomon before?

225. Observe that, from this time on, Carton is no longer the listless, indifferent, aimless character that he has been up to this time. He is now a strong, determined man, with the ballast of a steady purpose. What is that purpose?

234. Why does Carton pour this glass of brandy upon the hearth? Is it emblematical of his pouring out his life for Lucie's happiness?

Chapter IX.

247. What is there here that may identify the two men who had sought Dr. Manette's services? Reread Chapter VII of Book the Second.

252. Who was the boy's younger sister? See page 268.

262. We know now that Dr. Manette had actually recognized Darnay, and can understand the good man's distress when he saw that his child's happiness was wrapped up with that of a man whom his own words might some day bring to ruin.

265. Why does Dickens, at such a juncture of the story, make Carton say " Yes. He will perish; there is no real hope."? What is the significance of his " settled step "?

Chapter XI.

265. What is Carton's purpose in showing himself to the people? Why does he select Defarge's wine shop as the place to pass his idle time?

266. Why does Madame Defarge look at him so keenly?

268. Here is the secret of Madame Defarge's vindictiveness. What is the meaning of Carton's perplexity in counting his change?

Chapter XII.

275 (2nd paragraph). **He never thought of Carton:** A touch of real pathos.

277. Why should Carton have " something so bright and remarkable in his look "?

278. What is Carton's purpose in having Darnay write this letter? Why did he not write it himself before he entered the prison? Was it to distract Darnay's attention while the drug was operating upon him?

Chapter XIII.

293 (5th paragraph). **The basin fell . . . :** Does Dickens intend this as an omen of evil to Madame Defarge?

297. What principle of literary art demands that Madame De-

farge should be killed? If she must be killed, is an accident the proper means of compassing her death? Dickens himself does not seem to be quite sure upon this point. See Forster's *Life of Dickens*. Is Miss Pross the appropriate person to bring about her death? Is there any one more appropriate? If so, who?

298. Why does Dickens make Miss Pross deaf for the rest of her life?

The final scene is one of the noblest in literature. It may be interpreted in the following manner. Carton realizes that his misspent life is all behind him. Even Lucie is only a memory. He is now a stronger, nobler Carton, purified by his sacrifice of himself. At this moment of great spiritual elevation, the ignorant little seamstress comes into his life for an instant, a frail, weak girl into the life of a man ennobled by denying himself; and, instead of devoting his last moments to his own reflections, he generously spends them in comforting and strengthening a fellow-unfortunate, the only human being to whom he can now do good.

NOTES.

Book the First, Chapter I. A circumstantial description of a stage-coach journey in olden times may be found in the *Spectator*, No. 132.

Page 7. late in November: The time is the year 1775. See page 50.

Shooter's Hill: in Kent, about eight miles southeast of London. It is supposed to have taken its name from the habit of archers to assemble there for practice. It is 482 feet above the level of the sea, commanding an extensive view of the adjacent country. It was formerly the scene of many highway robberies.

the near leader: the horse on the left side of the pair in front. The word "near" came to be used in this sense in early times, because the horse on the left side was nearest to the driver, who walked on the left side so as to have his right hand next to the horses, the more conveniently to manage them. The horse on the other side was called the "off" horse. The terms are still thus used in the southern part of the United States.

9. skid the wheel: In hilly countries, vehicles are provided with chains by which one or both of the rear wheels may be secured so as to keep them from revolving, thus retarding the descent of a steep hill.

In the king's name: the formula by which the guard summons the passengers to help him defend the mail.

11. head drawer: chief waiter, so called because he draws liquor for customers.

12. Concord: In former times, the rooms of hotels were distinguished by names instead of numbers. So, at an inn in Goldsmith's *Good-natured Man*, Act V, there are rooms known as the "Dolphin," the "Lamb," and the "Angel."

sea-coal: mineral coal, as distinguished from charcoal. So called because it was transported from the mines by sea.

13. a marine ostrich: Alludes to the notion that an ostrich hides its head upon the approach of danger.

17. privilege: "The minister used to give generously blank *lettres-de-cachet* to the intendants, the bishops, and people in the administration. Saint-Florentin alone gave away as many as 50,000." —Michelet, *Historical View of the French Revolution.* Of course, the possessor of one of these blanks could use it for the incarceration of anyone he pleased.

19. for years overlooked: Many of the persons released had been imprisoned for reasons known only to the deceased king and to those who had caused the issuance of the *lettres-de-cachet.* Some had been imprisoned since the time of preceding ministers; and among these were many who were not known, or who had long been forgotten. Among those released from the Bastile was an Italian tourist, who had spent thirty-five years within its walls. Though a total stranger, he had been arrested on the day of his arrival in Paris, and incarcerated without any trial whatever. The cause of his arrest was never known. See Saint-Simon's *Mémoires*, Chapter 420.

22. the suburb of Saint Antoine: in the immediate neighborhood of the Bastile. It had been for centuries inhabited by the lower classes.

24. Jacques: the name by which the revolutionary conspirators identified one another. As a distinctive term to denote the people

as opposed to the nobles, the name is at least as old as the reign of John the Good, 1350–1364.

25. gives on: In America we should say " opens upon."

36. the ground: The English often use " ground " where we, in the United States, say " floor." It occurs again in this sense on page 296.

40. Temple Bar: a gateway separating Fleet street from the Strand. It stood before the Temple, was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, but was removed in 1878, and replaced by a monument called Temple Bar Memorial.

Fleet street: a continuation of the Strand. It is on the opposite side of the Temple from the river, and runs nearly east and west.

41. Whitefriars: The part of London about the Temple, inhabited by the lowest classes. It is also called *Alsatia*. See Macaulay's *History of England*, Chapters III and XXII. **Hanging Sword Alley,** one of " a nest of furtive little lanes between Fleet street and the river." It was, perhaps, the wickedest part of the Whitefriars district.

42. the Temple: on the Thames, at the southwestern corner of the ancient city of London. It was originally, in the 12th century, a monastery of the Knights Templars, from whom it takes its name. It is now occupied by lawyers.

43. Old Bailey: the most important criminal court of England, at the corner of Newgate and Old Bailey streets, about a half-mile from the Temple.

48. Attorney-General: The attorney-general and the **solicitor-general** are both officers of the government, the former being of the higher rank.

54. my lord: the judge.

62. robing-room: the room where the judge and the members of the bar put on the ceremonial robes required by English court etiquette.

63. Chair there! The call for a sedan chair, much used in earlier times instead of a cab for short distances.

66. Soho Square: a residence district a little south of Oxford street and a little west of Charing Cross road, in the western part of London. The neighborhood is now almost entirely occupied by business houses.

Clerkenwell: a residence district immediately north of that part of London known as "the City."

72. the Tower: The Tower of London stands on the north bank of the Thames, at the eastern extremity of the old walled city. The oldest part of the structure is known as the "White Tower," and was built by Gundulf the Weeper, a bishop-architect, in the reign of William the Conqueror. Besides the White Tower, there are many others in a group, the whole being known as the Tower of London. Very many persons of high degree have been imprisoned there.

75. Saint Paul's: on a hill a half-mile east of the Temple. It is said that a Christian church stood there as early as the year 610, and tradition says that the ground was previously occupied by a heathen temple. The cathedral of the present day is one of the world's great buildings. It was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, and was in process of building from 1675 to 1697. It is said to have cost about £750,000.

76. Monseigneur: Literally, "My lord." Dickens very skillfully uses the term here to denote a noble of high rank, apparently the king himself, and in the next chapter to denote one of lower degree, while in both places it distinctly suggests a type rather than an individual. The account on page 76 is not at all overdrawn. Compare the ceremonial of Louis XIV's daily life as detailed by Saint-Simon, *Mémoires*, Chapter 417.

79. Monsieur the Marquis . . . out of their holes: The cruelty of the French nobleman towards the lower classes at this time, and his indifference toward their life or death, are almost incredible. It is related, for instance, that the Comte de Charolais used to shoot at the workmen covering a roof for him "just to see them fall to the ground."

83. Monsieur Gabelle: The word *gabelle* means a tax on salt. Some account of the tax may be found in Saint-Simon's *Mémoires*, Chapter 479.

85. died of want: Somewhat before the period of the story, the Marquis d'Argenson wrote: "In this time of peace, with the prospect of a harvest tolerable, if not abundant, people browse upon grass, and die of hunger all about us," and another says: "In many provinces the use of meat is unknown."

86. The Gorgon's Head: According to classical mythology, the head of Medusa, one of the Gorgons, had the power of changing into stone anyone who looked upon her.

dogs upon the hearths: Andirons are still sometimes called " dogs " in the southern part of the United States.

89. lettre de cachet: a written order from the king for the imprisonment, without any semblance of trial, of a person obnoxious to him or to any of his favorites. It is said that during the reign of Louis XV (1715–1774) no fewer than 150,000 such letters were issued.

90. lead: Formerly the roofs of important buildings were often covered with sheet lead.

96. the German ballad of Leonora: Probably Dickens has in mind Bürger's weird *Lenore*, translated into English by William Taylor, whose version seems to have inspired Sir Walter Scott's paraphrase called *William and Helen*. See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*.

103. the long vacation: In English courts there are four vacations annually: (1) December 24 to January 6; (2) Good Friday to Tuesday after Easter; (3) Saturday before Whitsunday to Tuesday after it; (4) August 13 to October 23. These are called respectively: Christmas, Easter, Whitsun, and long vacations.

105. Vauxhall Gardens: A famous resort on the opposite side of the Thames, a short distance up the river from London proper, not far from the present Vauxhall railway station. Previously known as the Spring Garden. Some idea of the place may be got from the *Spectator*, No. 383; Fielding's *Amelia*, Book IX, Chapter IX; or Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, Vol. I, Chapter VI. The place was closed in 1859.

Ranelagh: A popular resort, similar to Vauxhall, but on the north side of the river, not far from the Chelsea Barracks. It was closed in 1805.

the house: the head of the Tellson company.

114. had assisted: had been present.

115. the Strand: an important street in ancient as well as in modern London. It is a continuation of Fleet street southwestward from the ancient city.

Saint Pancras: The old church is about two miles northwest of the Temple, not far from St. Pancras railway station. The grave-

yard contains the remains of William Godwin (the father of Shelley's second wife), Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, his wife, Jeremy Collier, and John Walker, the lexicographer. A new church of Saint Pancras was erected at the southeast corner of Euston Square, 1819–1822.

116. short commons: little food.

117. Izaak Walton: an English author (1593–1683), best known for his *Complete Angler*.

163. Bastile: a celebrated French state prison in the southeastern part of Paris, at the intersection of Rue St. Antoine and Boulevard St. Antoine (now Boulevard Beaumarchais). It was begun by King Charles V, in 1369, was captured by the revolutionists, July 14, 1789, and was soon afterwards destroyed. The site is now a public square, distinguished by a bronze column, the "Column of July," erected to the memory of those who overthrew the government of Charles X, in July, 1830.

165. Show it me: The English generally omit the preposition in such phrases. Compare *Give it me* on the next page.

166. linstock: a short pole with a light at the end, used to fire a cannon.

167. Hotel de Ville: the city hall: on the north bank of the Seine, opposite the eastern end of the "Island of the City."

169. Foulon: The death of Foulon, one of the ministers, is here but slightly modified from actual history. He is reported to have said that "the common people would be too happy if one should give them hay to eat;" and that "France must be mowed." Upon the outbreak of the revolution, he had fled for refuge to Viry, in the environs of Paris, where he was at length captured by the peasants, who put a necklace of nettles about his neck, a bouquet of thistles in his hand, a bundle of hay upon his back, and led him to the city hall. The celebrated Marquis de la Fayette tried in vain to save him from the mob. He was hanged to a lamp-post, as hinted at on page 171. A French historian (Michelet) calls attention to the suggestiveness of his name: *foulons* means "let us trample."

170. forty Furies: The furies, as usually mentioned by Greek and Latin writers, were three in number, Alecto, Tisiphone, and Megæra.

176. sacristan: an officer having custody of the vessels, robes, etc., of a church.

tocsin: an alarm signal.

184. Abbaye: originally a monastery, built by the French architect, Gomard, in 1522. Underground dungeons were added about 1680, and the building gradually became a prison for youthful offenders, but later a military prison. It stood in the Quartier Saint Germain, about one third of a mile south of Pont Neuf. It was destroyed in 1854.

189. French leagues: The French league is about two and three-quarters English miles.

190. Emigrant: In these troublous times, and even previously, many nobles left France, either for their own safety, or to try to secure foreign aid in repressing the rising populace. These were called *émigrés*, emigrants.

193. La Force: about a quarter of a mile west of the Bastile. It was originally the residence of Charles of Anjou, the warlike brother of Saint Louis (Louis IX); then it became the residence of the Dukes of La Force, always prominent in France, one of them being a member of the Council of State during the regency of the Duke of Orleans, after the death of Louis XIV. It became a prison not long before the outbreak of the revolution.

194. sanded it: Before the invention of blotting paper, writers used sand instead. A quantity of fine sand, in a box with a perforated cover, kept on the desk, was sprinkled over a newly written sheet, and then shaken off, carrying the superfluous ink with it.

199. the Saint Germain quarter: Paris is divided into twenty (twelve before 1860) *arrondissements*, each of which is subdivided into four *quartiers*. There are two St. Germain quarters in Paris: *St. Germain l'Auxerrois*, in the *Arrondissement du Louvre*, and *St. Germain des Prés*, in the *Arrondissement du Luxembourg*, the latter being the one Dickens means. It is on the south side of the river, near the *Île de la Cité*.

211. Notre Dame: (French, *Our Lady*). On the *Île de la Cité*. The most famous church in Paris. Its site was in ancient times occupied by a Roman temple. The corner stone of Notre Dame was laid by Pope Alexander III, in 1163, in the reign of Louis VII. Philip II carried on the work of construction, but the building was not completed until 1312.

dragon's teeth: The old Greek story is that Cadmus, by the advice of Athena, scattered broadcast the teeth of a dragon which he had slain. From the teeth thus sown there sprang up armed men, who fought with one another until only five were left alive. Cadmus and these five built the famous city of Thebes, in Bœotia.

the evening . . . first day: Compare *Genesis*, i. 5: "And the evening and the morning were the first day."

the king: Louis XVI; he reigned from 1774 till 1793.

his fair wife: Marie Antoinette, a remarkably beautiful woman. The queen's hair is reported to have turned white in a single night.

213. **Conciergerie:** Said to be the oldest prison in Europe. It is a part of the Palace of Justice on the Island of the City, in the central part of Paris. That part of the building is called the *Conciergerie* from the fact that it was the quarters of the *concierge*, a sort of superintendent of the king's household; and its use as a prison grew out of the ancient custom of placing important prisoners in the custody of the *concierge*. The building is now used as a city jail.

214. **Carmagnole:** the most popular dancing song of the common people of the period. The name was taken from a peculiar costume worn by the revolutionists, and described in the Century Dictionary. "The melody and the dance have a tremendous effect upon all: in the aristocrats it makes the blood congeal, and with the common people makes it run quicker." The most popular stanza of all was:

"Madame Véto avait promis—
Madame Véto avait promis—
De faire égorger tout Paris—
De faire égorger tout Paris;
Mais son coup a manqué,
Grâce á nos canonniers!"

which may be translated:

"Madame Veto had promised
To have the throats of all Paris cut;
But her blow has failed,
Thanks to our cannoneers!"

222. Pont Neuf: (French, *New Bridge*). A magnificent structure of stone over the Seine, crossing the lower end of the Island of the City. It was begun by Henry III, in 1578, and was finished by his successor, Henry IV, in 1604. An equestrian statue of the latter stands in an open space on the Island of the City. Despite its name, it is now the oldest of the many bridges over the Seine.

240. a chemist's shop: In the United States we should say "a drug store."

Island of Paris: Generally known as the *Island of the City* (*Île de la Cité*) because it is the island in the Seine where the first settlement was made by the Gauls before Cæsar invaded the country; also as the *Island of the Palace* (*Île du Palais*) because it contains the court building known as the *Palace of Justice* (*Palais de Justice*). The modern city has spread out in all directions from this central point.

255–6. their pride . . . with a peasant: An edict of Louis XIV condemned to death by hanging any plebeian who had challenged a gentleman to a duel, and had wounded him.

260. virtues of antiquity: Doubtless Dickens had particularly in mind the story of Lucius Junius Brutus, consul of Rome, who put to death his two sons for plotting to restore the Tarquins to the throne. See the first line on page 223.

261. are at rest: Compare *Job* iii. 17: "There the wicked cease from troubling and there the weary be at rest."

286. Samson: the name of the executioner.

294. Lucifer: "Every one knows the metaphor of Isaiah, 'How hast thou fallen from heaven, thou star which rose in the morning!' This discourse was imagined to have been addressed to the Devil; and as the Hebrew word answering to the planet Venus was rendered into Latin by the word Lucifer, the Devil has ever since been called Lucifer."

a tight . . . woman: The word "tight" is used by the English in a variety of senses unusual in America, but always indicating power, capability, efficiency, or something of the sort. They often speak of Britain as the "tight little isle."

303. I am the Resurrection . . . never die: Compare *John* xi. 25–26.

Twenty-three: Is it possible that the slang use of "Twenty-three" could have come from this incident?

One . . . sufferers: Madame Roland, executed November 9, 1793. She had been imprisoned since May 31, and had employed her time in writing her *Memoirs*—"the thoughts that were inspiring her."